



the

TARGET

WHITE STREAK

★ THE CADET ★

CHAMELEON

October

10¢

HARRISON

With unleashed fury, Kit Carter, the  
Cadet, leaps up on the parachuting spy!

Vol. 2 No. 8





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# THE TARGET and the

# TARGETEERS

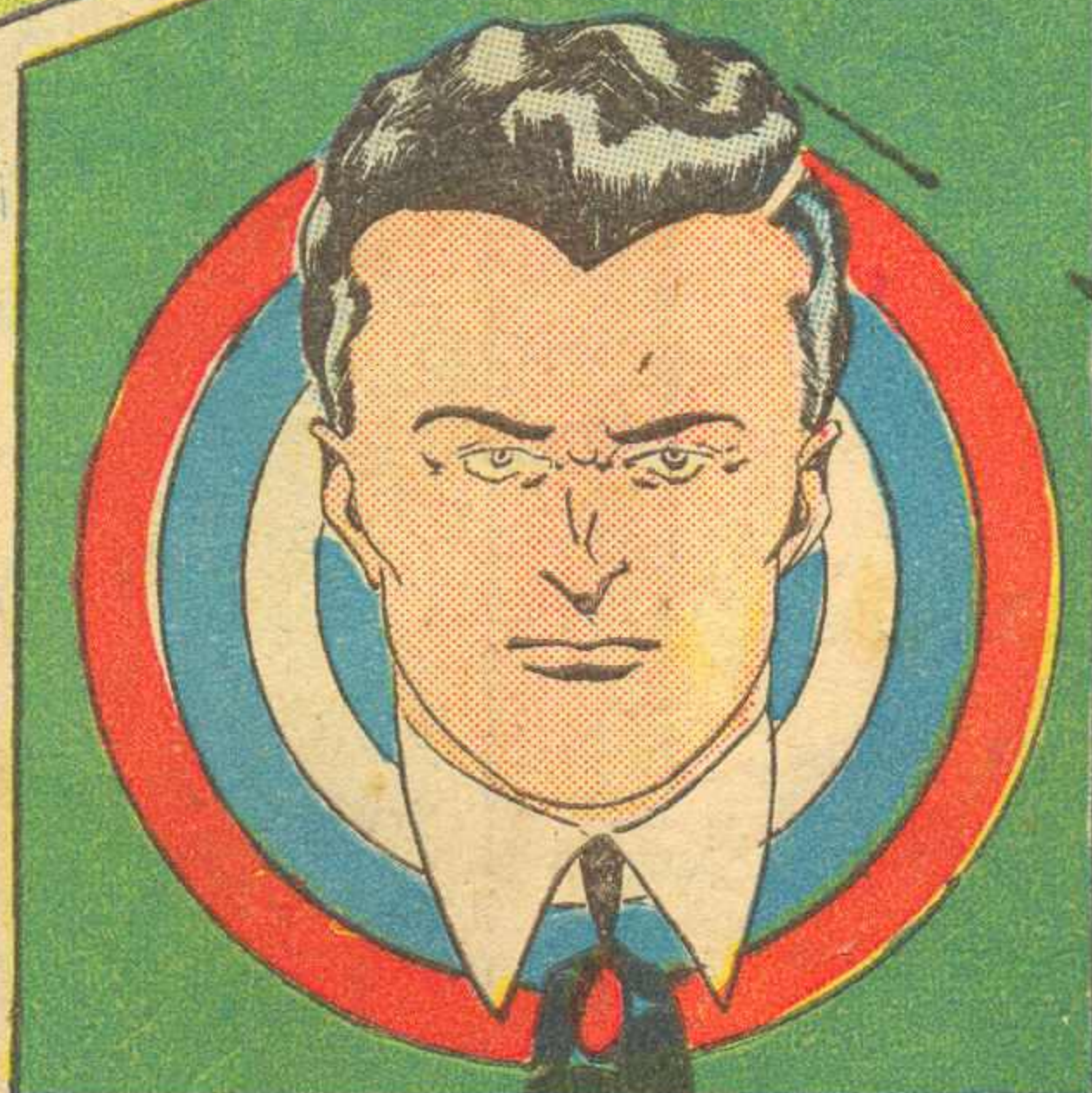


NILES  
REED.

by SID GREENE

**N**ILES REED, WHO IS IN REALITY THE **TARGET**, CONTINUES IN HIS CAMPAIGN TO DESTROY EVERYTHING THAT HAS TO DO WITH BAD OR EVIL. RELENTLESSLY TRACKING DOWN THE MOST BAFFLING CRIMES, HE TACKLES, WITH HIS FAITHFUL FOLLOWERS, THE **TARGETEERS** —

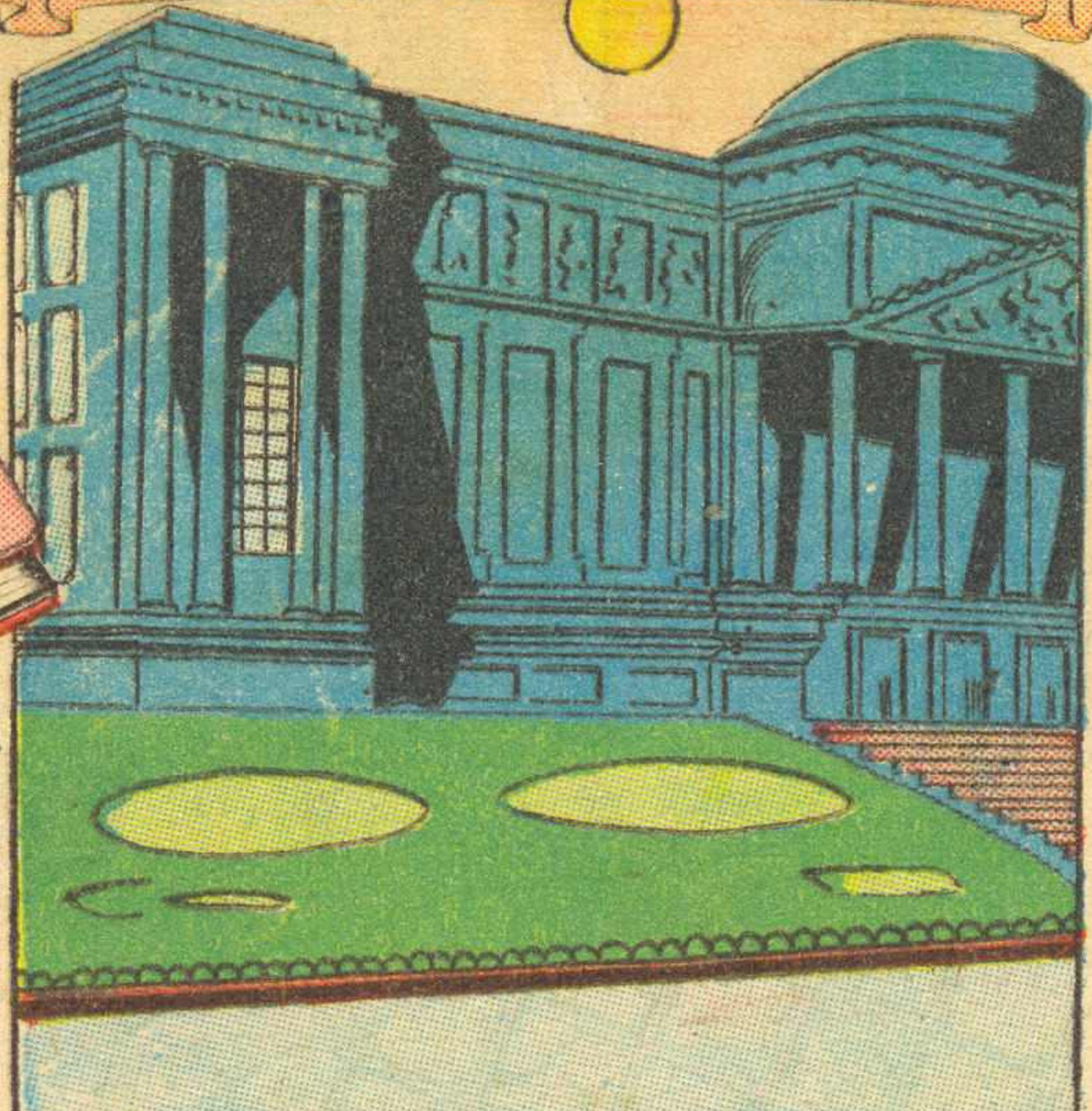
THE CASE OF THE BROKEN NECKS!



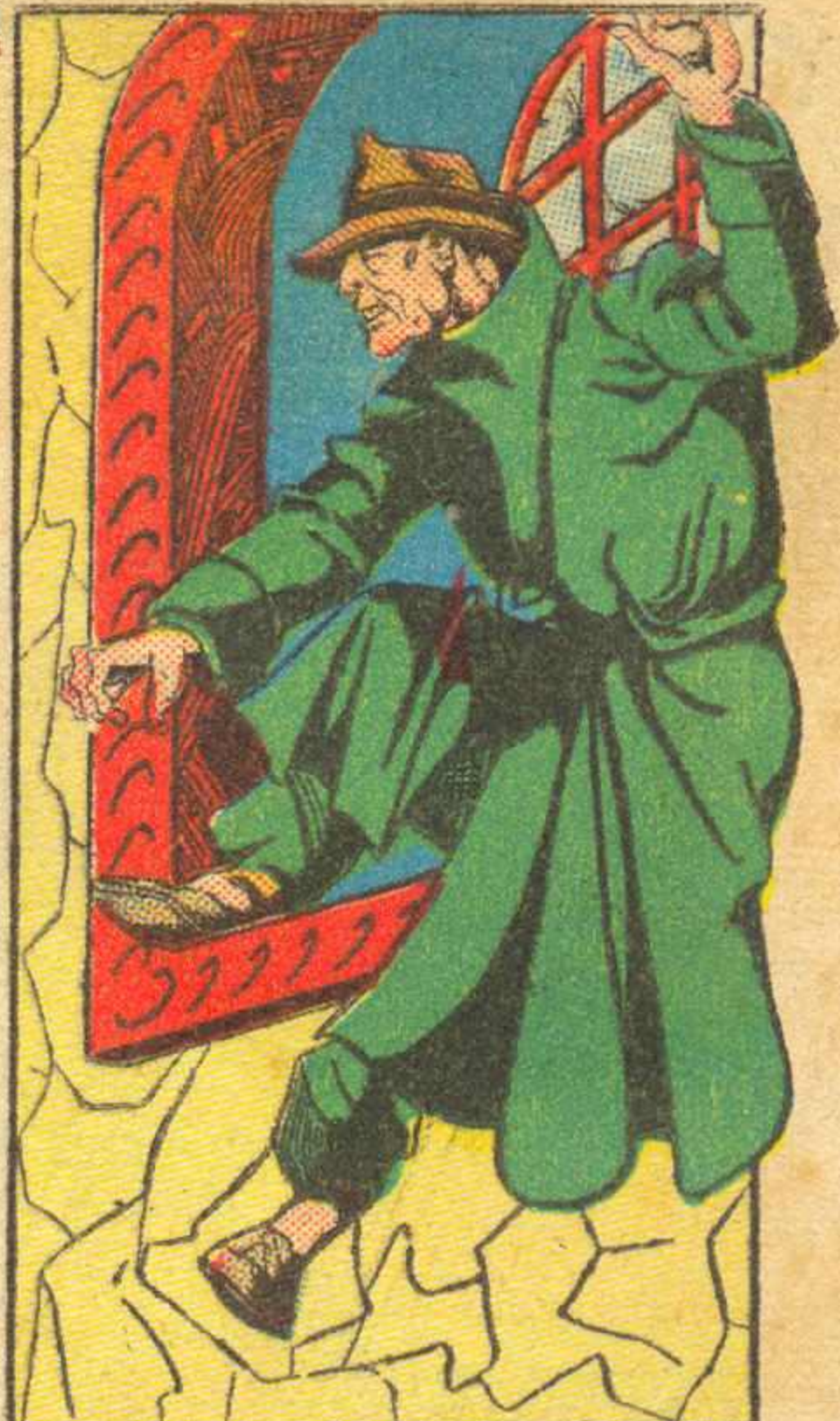


**A** SERIES OF STRANGE CRIMES HAVE BROKEN OUT IN THE WORLD'S GREATEST CITY. MUSEUMS, LIBRARIES AND MANY PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS HAVE BEEN ROBBED OF VALUABLE, ARTISTIC OBJECTS. IN EACH CASE WATCHMEN HAVE BEEN FOUND DEAD WITH THEIR NECKS BROKEN.

**A** QUIET, COLD OCTOBER MOON REVEALS THE GREAT CITY MUSEUM WHERE A CRIME IS ABOUT TO BE COMMITTED.



**A** SINISTER FIGURE CLIMBS THROUGH A WINDOW OF THE MUSEUM.



HA-HEH-HEH-HEH! JUST WHAT I WANTED! THE SOLID GOLD TRINKETS, STUDDED WITH EMERALDS, AND WORN BY THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS!



WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE'S COMING!

**T**HE WATCHMAN GOES TO INVESTIGATE THE NOISE

I'M SURE I HEARD THE CRASH OF BROKEN GLASS



**T**WISTING AND TURNING, THE MADMAN BREAKS THE NECK OF THE WATCHMAN.



NO ONE CAN STOP ME! I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE! I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE! HA-HA-HA!



**The American News**  
 VOL. XL NO. 333  
 THREE CENTS

# MADMAN STILL AT CITY MUSEUM

## LARGE ROBBER. WATCHMAN COMB. MAN SLAIN.

### DODGERS WIN WORLD SERIES

Appy Leo Durocher's onus Dodgers yesterday collaborated effectively with the weather men at Ebbets Field as they lost their fifth straight game to the Yankees, 15 to 0. Behind the thump of Curt Davis, who hit three home runs, the Dodgers won their fifth season. Whitey Wise, who was whitewashed by the Yankees, and one of the other players have also been in the last thirty-day career in the Dodgers, who are surprising it. The course of the litigation 1,125 notes have been cashed or reduced by cash payments of \$239,541,870.48. Losses of \$239,541,870.48 are listed in note transactions. Much of the un- to the Street on of cash on unpaid of \$7,000,000, a total value of which, a c- larity of which, a c- es, "are rather bad later prove to be a tax of 439 property ed, 316 as owner, ree in possession, ent are in Hudson. This is immission al of the ing mon- on busine tter than

**ENGLAND WUK**  
 British Navy, acquired a contr- interest in the company. Operations have been very su- useful. A crude oil output of 225,000 barrels daily is ob-

THE NEXT DAY.

THAT VERY SAME NIGHT, THE MADMAN BREAKS INTO A PRIVATE LIBRARY AND STEALS A VALUABLE, OLD VOLUME.



AH! THE GUTTENBERG, BIBLE! IT'S WORTH MILLIONS! AND I'LL ADD IT TO MY TREASURES!

A WATCHMAN COMES UPON THE THIEF...

HA! HA! YOU FOOL!

AT THE HOME OF NILES REED-

NILES, ANOTHER KILLING. ISN'T THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO?

THERE ISN'T A CLUE, TOM! I WISH WE COULD GET HIM!



YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



TOM, DAVE, I'M GOING DOWN TO SEE MY GOOD FRIEND, POLICE CHIEF RAFFERTY!



NOW, LOOK HERE, REED! YOU'RE BUSY WRITING A BOOK ON CRIME AND I'M BUSY TRYING TO CATCH THIS NUT! NOW DON'T BOTHER ME!

ALL RIGHT CHIEF, ALL RIGHT. BUT LET ME IN WHEN YOU MAKE A BREAK ON THIS CASE.



EXCUSE ME CHIEF, BUT MR. HUBERT VAN DANN IS HERE TO SEE YOU.

HUBERT VAN DANN? SEND HIM IN!



CHIEF RAFFERTY, I'VE TAKEN MY EMERALDS OUT OF THE MUSEUM. THEY'RE NOT SAFE THERE. I WANT SOME POLICE TO GUARD MY HOME, TONIGHT. YOU MUST! UNDERSTAND?

BUT WHY MR. VAN DANN? I CAN'T SPREAD MY POLICE FORCE ALL OVER THE CITY!

WE'RE GUARDING ALL MUSEUMS! WHY DIDN'T YOU LEAVE YOUR EMERALDS THERE?

THEY'RE NOT SAFE THERE! I WANT PROTECTION!

ALL RIGHT MR. VAN DANN! AS A PRIVATE CITIZEN, YOU CAN DEMAND PROTECTION! BUT I CAN ONLY SPARE TWO OFFICERS FOR YOUR HOME! THERE'S NO TELLING WHERE THIS MANIAC WILL STRIKE NEXT! NOW GOODBYE!

BUT CHIEF, YOU CAN'T SEND ONLY TWO MEN TO GUARD HIS HOME! YOU NEED.....

....YOU STILL HERE REED? GET OUT! GO HOME! GO WRITE YOUR BOOK! C'WAN, SCRAM!

THAT FELLOW REED SURE GETS IN MY HAIR!

IN A DARK, DAMP CELLAR OF AN OLD TENEMENT HOUSE.

HA! HA! HA! HEH-HEH! SO I SEE BY THE PAPER, THAT MY FRIEND, VAN DANN, HAS ASKED FOR PROTECTION! I'LL VISIT HIM ANYWAY TONIGHT!

THAT NIGHT AT THE HOME OF NILES REED.

WELL BOYS, NOW THAT WE'VE GOT OUR SUITS ON, WE'RE OFF TO THE VAN DANN MANSION.

RIGHT! LET'S GO!

-AND I HOPE THERE'S ACTION!

ATER, AT THE VAN DANN MANSION.

WE CAN SEE ANY ONE WHO ENTERS THE HOUSE, FROM THIS ROOF!

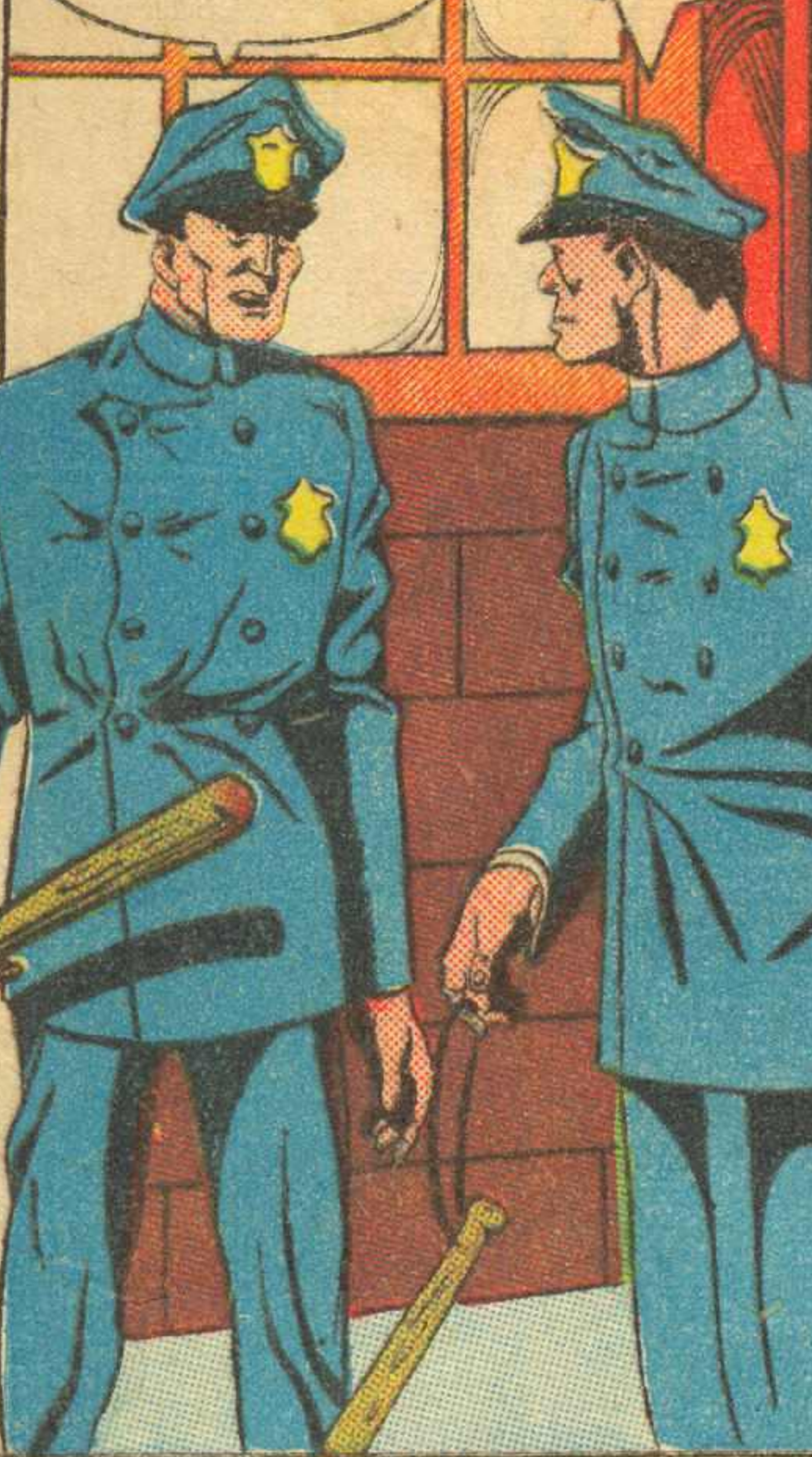
THAT'S RIGHT, THERE'RE THE TWO COPS.



**D**OWN NEAR THE HOUSE

AW, NOTHING 'LL HAPPEN HERE TONIGHT, STEVE.

-CAN NEVER TELL, MIKE.



NILES! NILES, LOOK! THEY'R AT THE REAR OF THE HOUSE!

YEP, THAT'S OUR MAN! HE'S SNEAKING IN THROUGH THE CELLAR.



**T**HE MANIAC ENTERS THE HOUSE, UNSEEN BY THE TWO POLICEMEN.



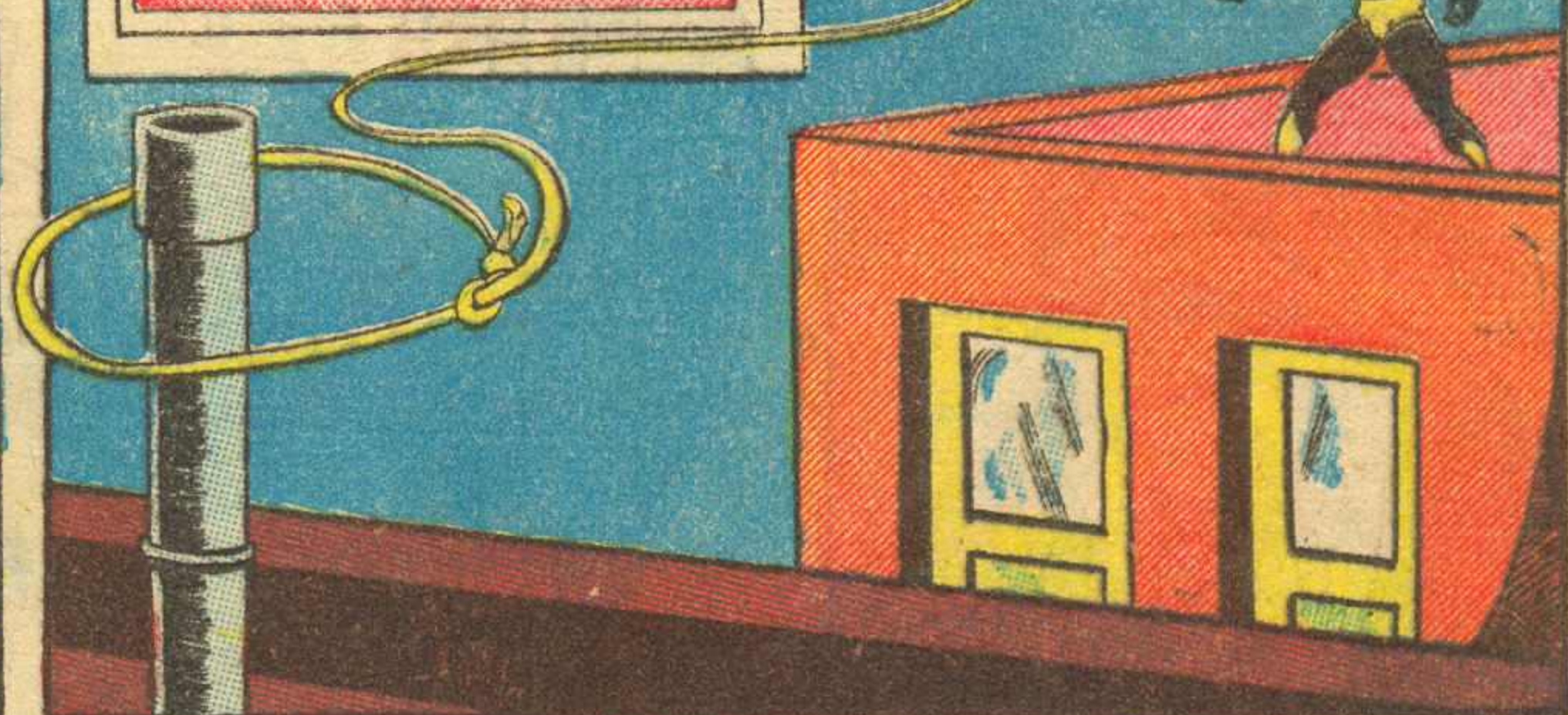
HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET ACROSS, NILES?

YEAH, WE DON'T WANT THE POLICE TO SEE US.

I'LL SHOW YOU. GET THAT CLOTHES LINE ROPE, OVER THERE.



**M**AKING A LASSO OUT OF THE ROPE, THE TARGET CATCHES HOLD OF A PIPE ON THE VAN DANN HOUSE.



**O**NE BY ONE, THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS CROSS

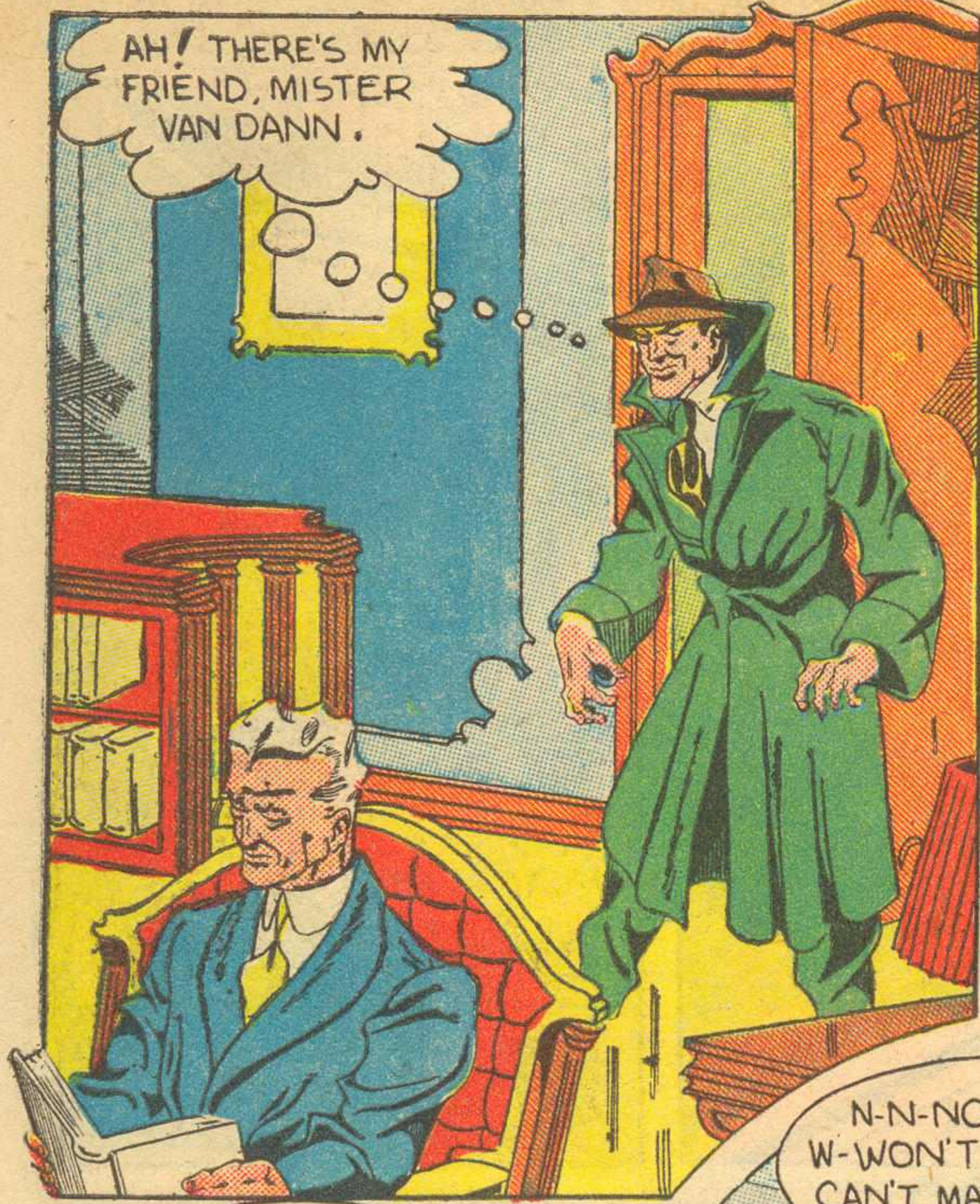


WHEW! MADE IT. NOW TO GET INTO THE HOUSE!





**M**EANWHILE, INSIDE THE HOUSE ....



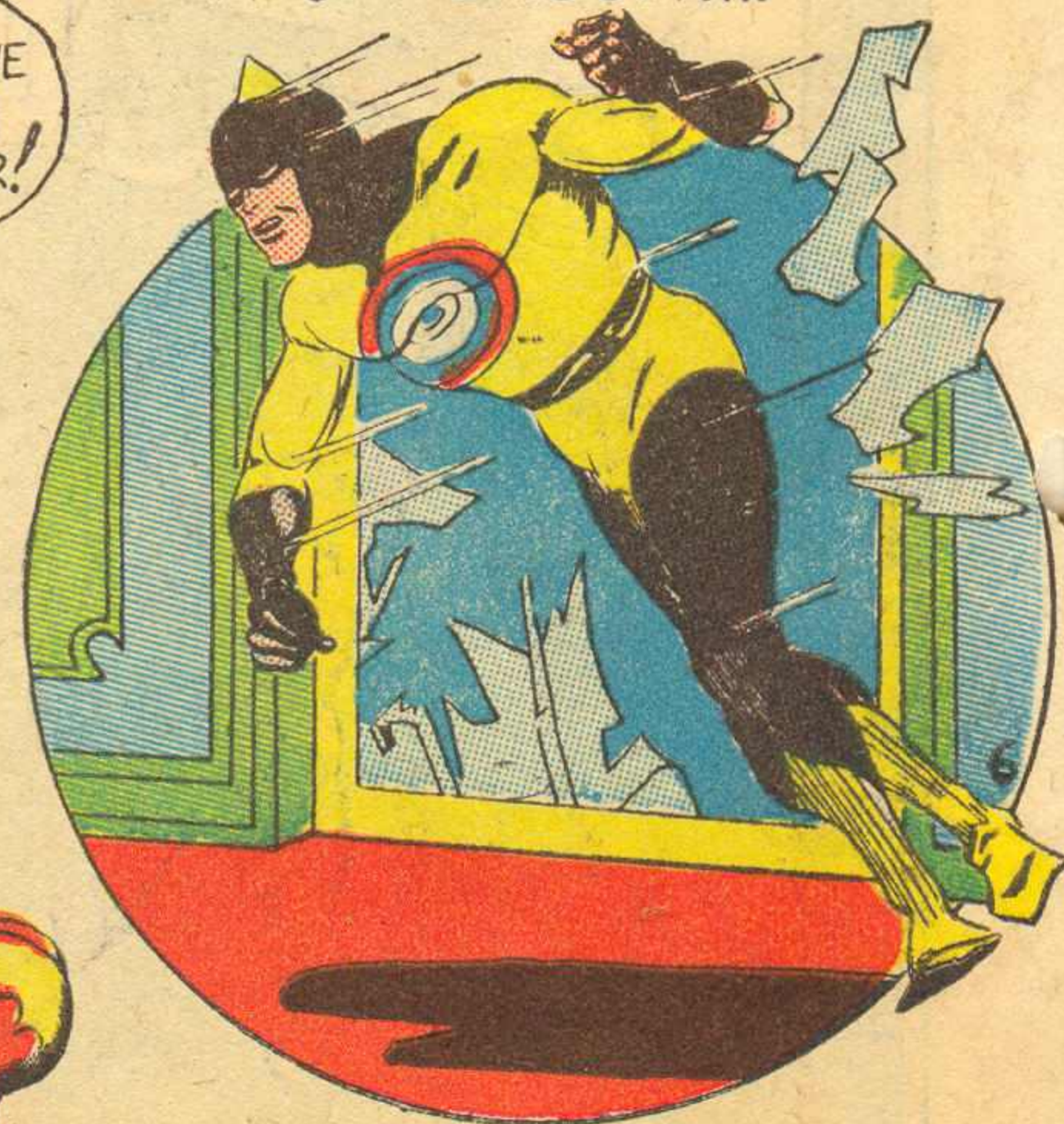
**S**UDDENLY, VAN DANN'S DAUGHTER ENTERS THE ROOM...



**O**UT ON THE BALCONY WATCHING ALL THAT TRANSPIRES .....



**T**HE TARGET CRASHES INTO THE ROOM ....





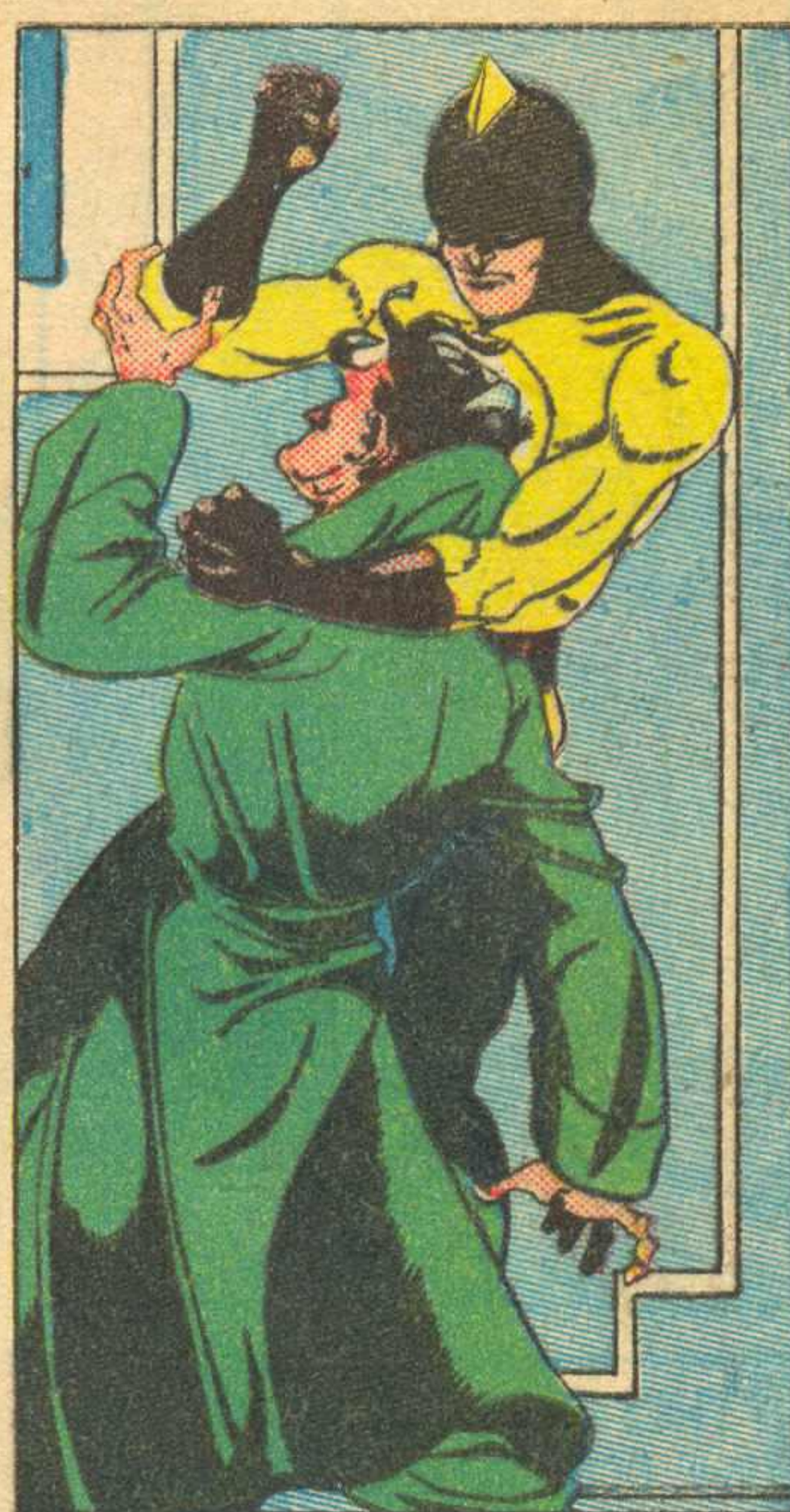
.... AND LACES INTO THE MADMAN.

DUCK! VAN DANN!

WHAT HIT ME?

I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL KILL YOU!

THE TARGET FINDS HE HAS A TOUGH OPPONENT.



AS THE POWERFUL MANIAC CATCHES HIM ON THE POINT OF THE CHIN WITH A TERRIFIC BLOW.....

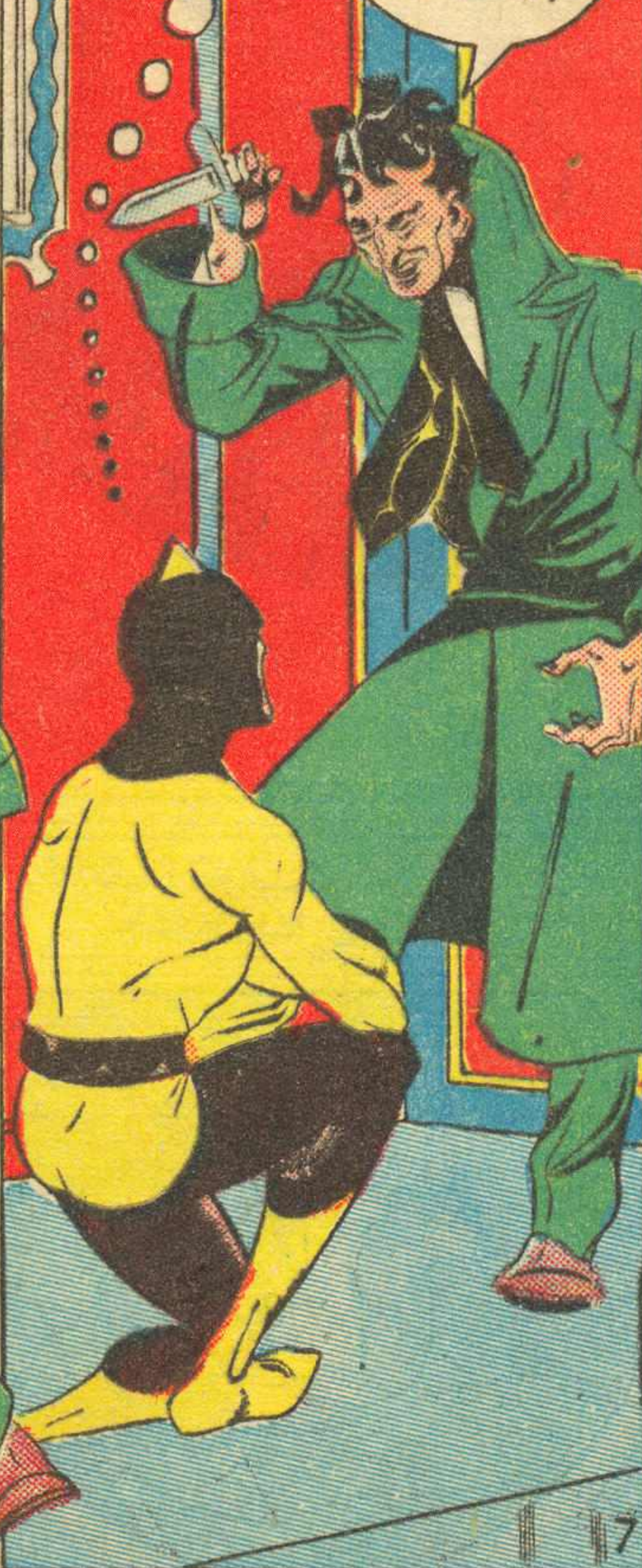
WOW! THAT GUY SURE PACKS A WALLOP!

NOW I'LL FINISH YOU OFF! SEE IF YOU CAN STOP COLD STEEL!

THE TARGET'S BULLET-PROOF COSTUME CAUSES THE DAGGER TO BEND OUT OF SHAPE AS IT STRIKES HIM.



HA! THE BRAVE MAN IS NOT SO MIGHTY!



WH-WHAT HAPPENED?







**C**AUGHT OFF GUARD BY THE MANIAC'S  
SPEEDY ATTACK, THE TARGET IS KNOCKED  
MOMENTARILY SENSELESS.....



**T**HE TWO OFFICERS,  
ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE,  
RACE INTO THE ROOM.



**A** FINAL TELLING BLOW  
STOPS THE MADMAN...





**T**HE MADMAN THEN BEGINS TO RELATE A STRANGE, FANTASTIC TALE....

TWENTY YEARS AGO, I AND HUBERT VAN DANN WERE SENT ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE ARCTIC-



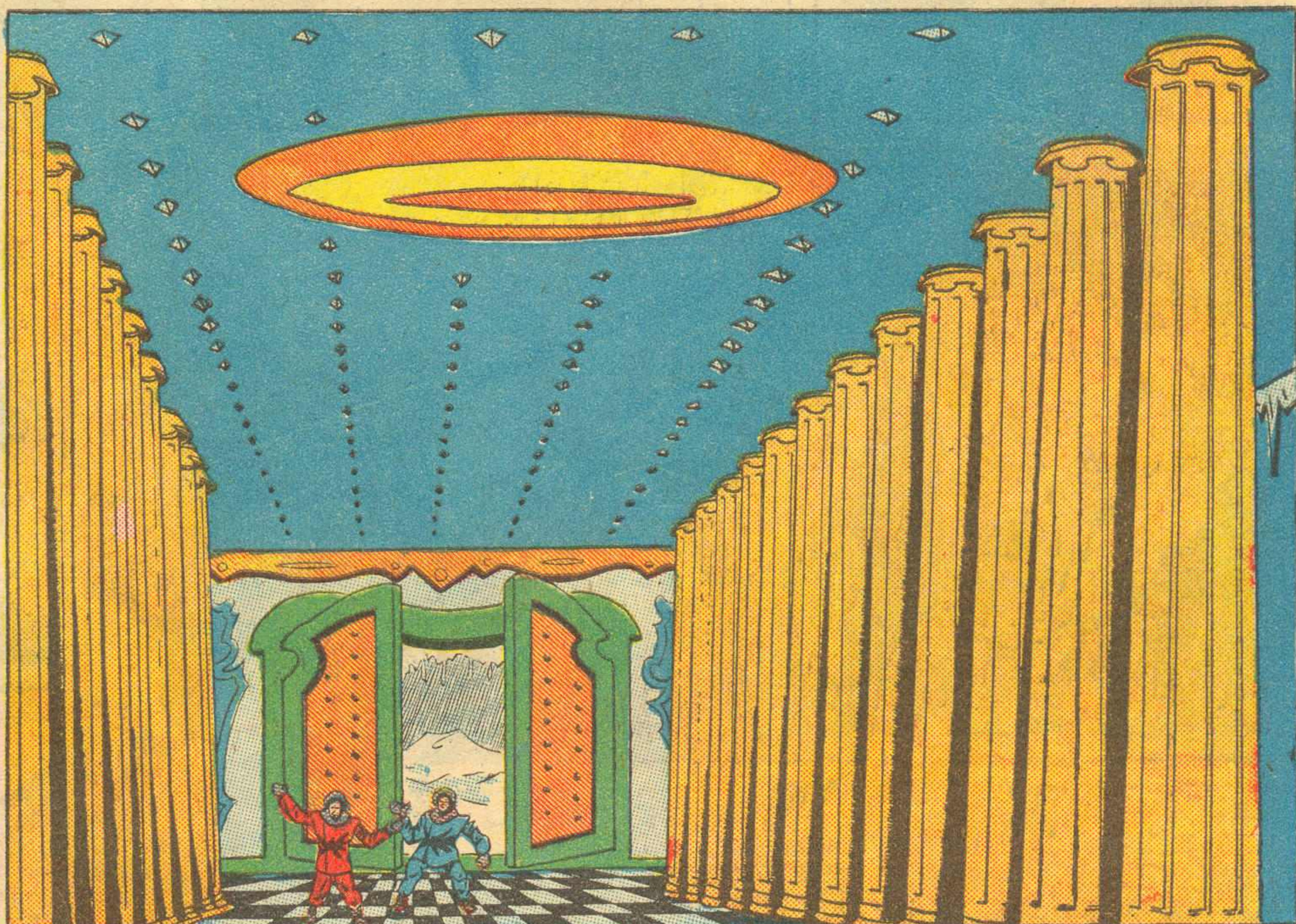
**"W**E WERE YOUNG AND ENTHUSIASTIC TO BE AT THE HEAD OF A GREAT EXPEDITION.



**"I**T WAS ABOUT NINETY MILES FROM THE NORTH POLE THAT WE CAME UPON THE DISCOVERY THAT MADE VAN DANN RICH AND FAMOUS.....

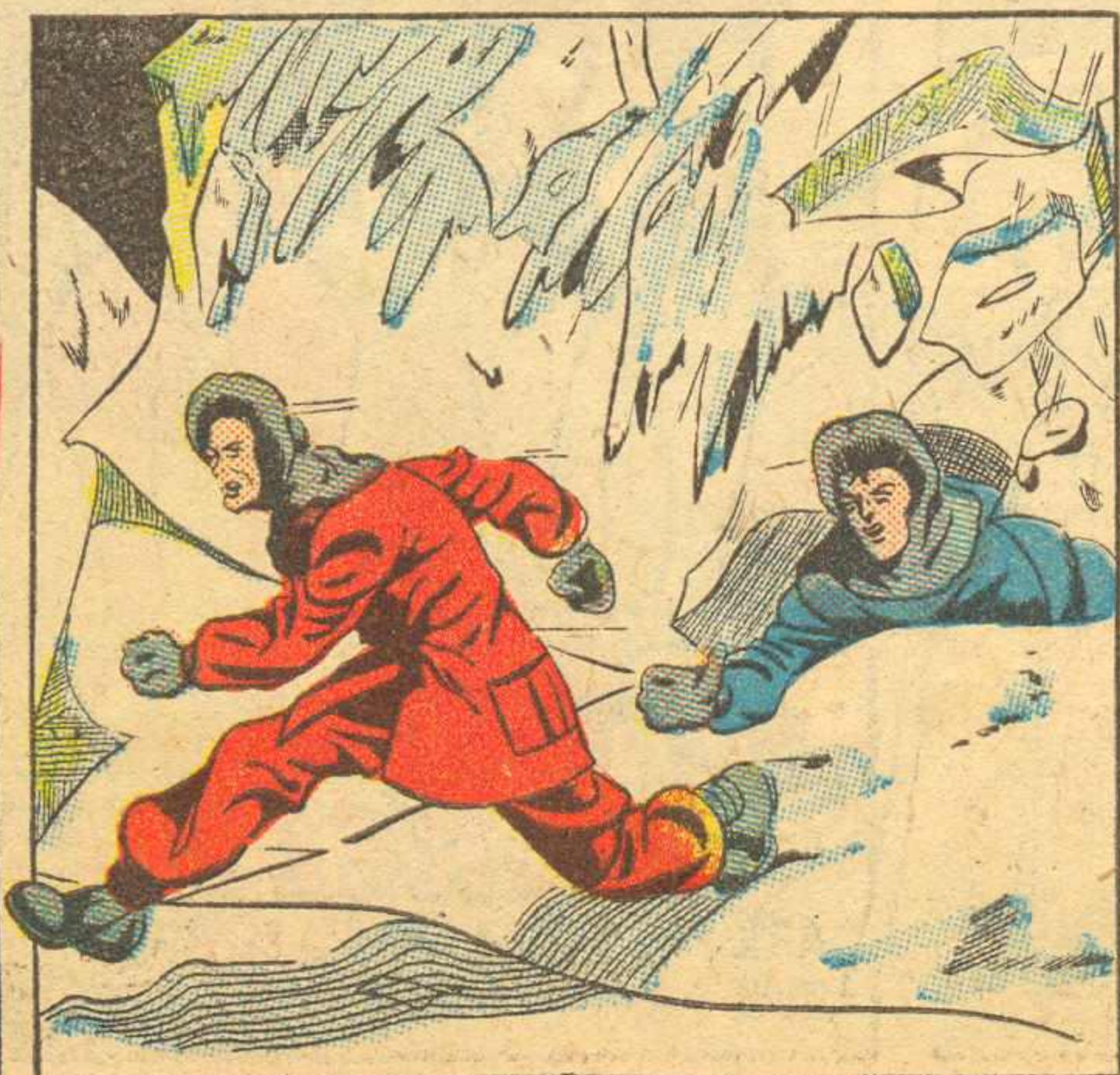


**J**UST IMAGINE OUR GLEE. WE HAD DISCOVERED PART OF THE REMAINS OF THE LOST CITY OF ATLANTIS, SO WE BELIEVED. WE STUFFED OUR POCKETS WITH THE PRECIOUS DIAMONDS AND EMERALDS THAT ONCE BELONGED TO THE ANCIENT ATLANTANS. IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL SPECTACLE. GOLD PILLARS RAN UP TO A DIAMOND-STUDED CEILING, AND ALL THIS WAS IN A CAVE OF ICE.



**B**UT OUR JOYOUS SHOUTS AS WE LEFT, CREATED AN AVALANCHE WHICH SEALED THE ENTRANCE.

**"I** WAS CAUGHT BENEATH THE ICE, BUT VAN DANN LUCKILY ESCAPED.



**"V**AN DANN THEN CAME TOWARD ME. NOT WITH THE INTENTION OF HELPING ME-NO! HE BEAT ME OVER THE HEAD WITH A HEAVY CAKE OF ICE, UNTIL HE THOUGHT I WAS DEAD. THEN HE TOOK THE VALUABLE GEMS I HAD AND LEFT ME TO DIE."







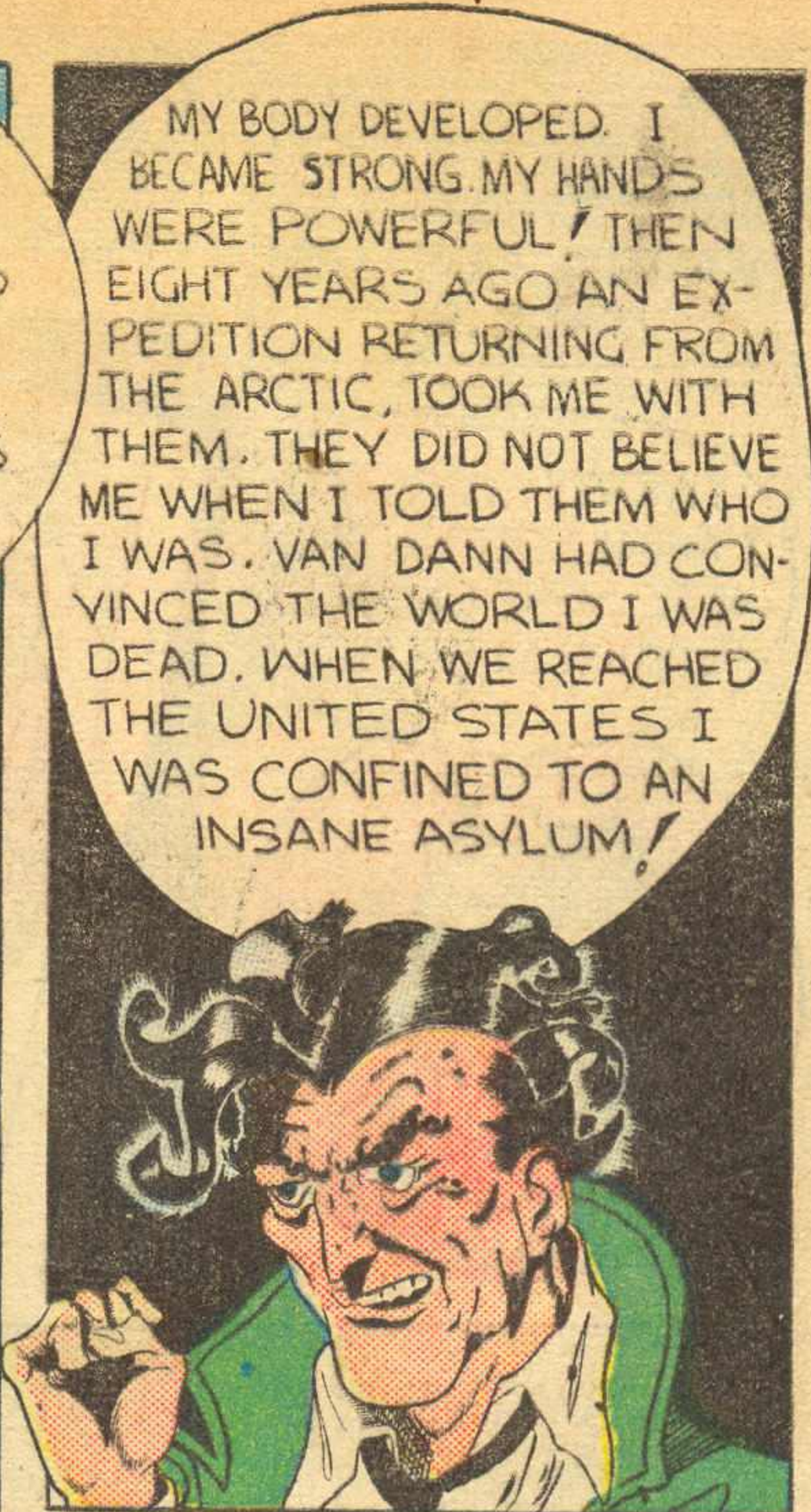
IS ALL THIS TRUE, VAN DANN?

YES, YES, OH, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! WHY I EVER DID IT I DON'T KNOW!



GO ON WITH YOUR STORY!

YOU KNOW NOW, WHO I AM—I'M ROGER ST CLAIR. THERE'S NOT MUCH MORE TO TELL. I WAS RESCUED BY ESKIMOS AND FOR TWELVE YEARS I WORKED WITH THEM.



MY BODY DEVELOPED. I BECAME STRONG. MY HANDS WERE POWERFUL! THEN EIGHT YEARS AGO AN EXPEDITION RETURNING FROM THE ARCTIC, TOOK ME WITH THEM. THEY DID NOT BELIEVE ME WHEN I TOLD THEM WHO I WAS. VAN DANN HAD CONVINCED THE WORLD I WAS DEAD. WHEN WE REACHED THE UNITED STATES I WAS CONFINED TO AN INSANE ASYLUM!



DURING THE EIGHT YEARS I WAS IN THE ASYLUM, I LEARNED THAT VAN DANN HAD ADOPTED MY BABY GIRL SO THAT HE COULD CLAIM ALL MY WEALTH! I RESOLVED TO BECOME RICH BY ANY MEANS. I ESCAPED FROM THE INSANE ASYLUM. THE REST YOU ALL KNOW!



O.K. BOYS YOU HEARD THEIR CONFESSIONS! GET GOING.

RIGHT, TARGET! GET CHIEF RAFFERTY, MIKE.

**T**HE NEXT DAY.....



**TARGET NEWS**

**MANIAC CAUGHT**

VAN DANN INDICTED FOR ASSAULT AND ROBBERY

TARGET AIDS POLICE

WAR NEWS

SID GREENE

**THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS**  
ARE PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE NEWSREEL IN THE NEXT ISSUE! ACTION...CAMERA!



# The CADET

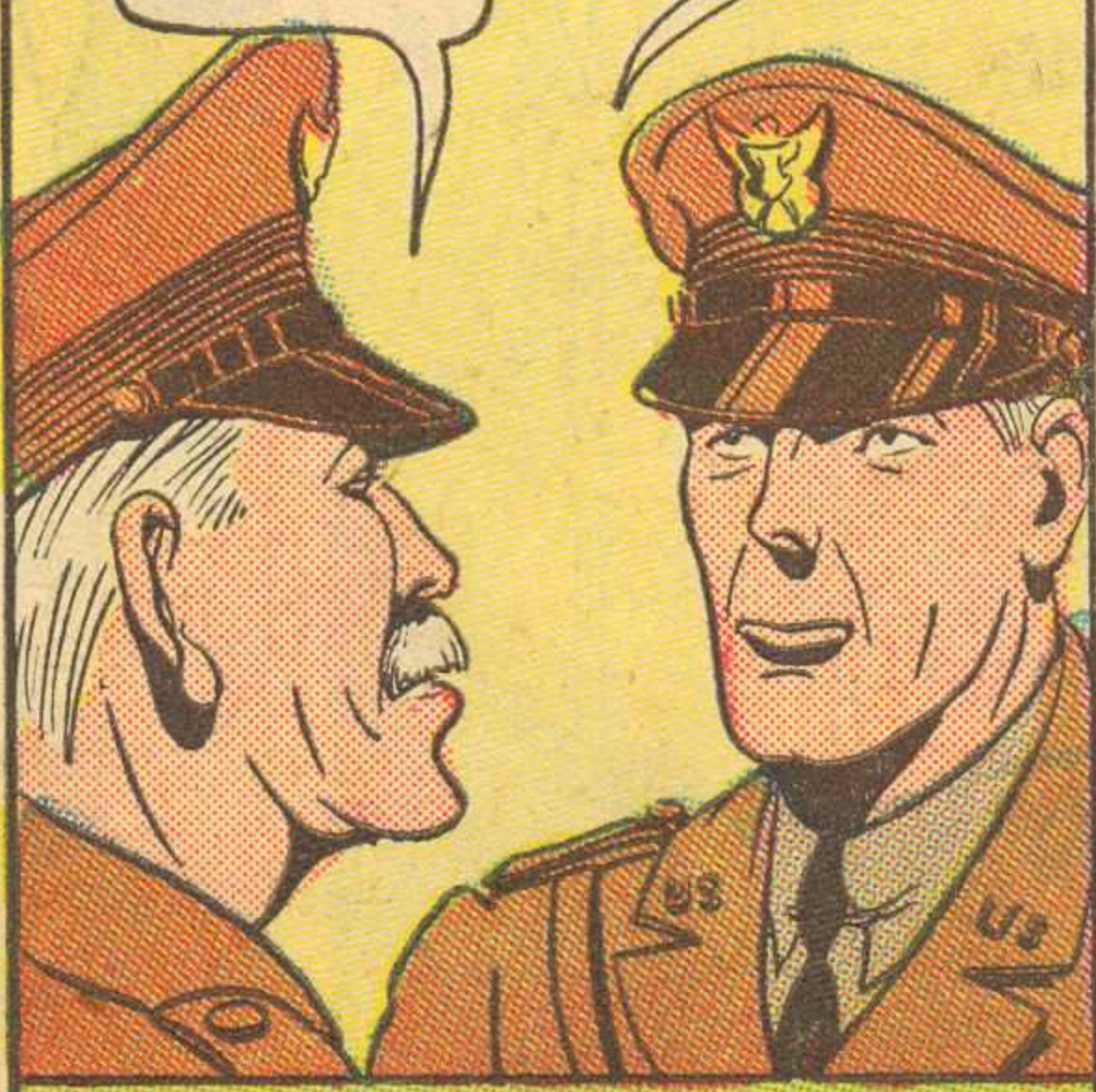
FEATURING  
**KIT  
CARTER**

IN THE  
**BOMBING ATTACK ON DAUNTON!**

**T**HE THUNDER OF CANNON AND THE EERIE SCREECH OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE BOMBS, ONCE MORE ARE HEARD AROUND THE WORLD. THE STREETS WHICH ONCE ECHOED THE HAPPY LAUGHTER OF CHILDREN, HEAR ONLY THE MOAN OF THE WOUNDED AND --- THE OMINOUS TRAMP TRAMP OF THE GOOSE-STEPPING LEGIONS OF THE CONQUEROR. COUNTRY AFTER COUNTRY IS LEFT IN RUINS, BUT THE HUNGER OF THE WAR-GOD SEEMS NEVER SATISFIED!

CONGRESS HAS AUTHORIZED US TO BUILD FIFTY THOUSAND PLANES A YEAR. WE MUST HAVE MEN TO FLY THEM!

I HOPE THEY HAVE NOT REALIZED OUR DANGER TOO LATE SIR!



WASHINGTON D.C.

**E**VEN AS THE CAPTAIN UTTERS HIS FERVENT WISH, IN EUROPE, THE DREAD DIVE BOMBERS OF THE CONQUEROR ARE METHODICALLY EMPLOYED AT THEIR DEVASTATING WORK. THEN----



PREPARE!

I WAS BORN IN EUROPE, BUT I'M AN AMERICAN

I'VE BEEN CONSCRIPTED!

THE NEW YORK  
**SERBIA FALLS**

IN ALL PARTS OF AMERICA!



IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE CONQUEROR, AMERICA'S ATTITUDE HAS NOT GONE UNCHALLENGED!!

BUT WHAT OF OUR COUNTRYMEN, WHO NOW LIVE IN AMERICA?

YOU FORGET, THEY FLED FROM HERE BECAUSE OF PERSECUTION!

THEN, THE SECRET POLICE MUST SEND VON KUKLER TO DISRUPT THEIR DEFENSE PREPARATIONS!!

SO-- FOR THE SECOND TIME -- DISGUISED AS A TOURIST, THE MAN WHOSE STING IS EVEN MORE DREADED THAN THE TANK AND DIVEBOMBER, FINDS HIS WAY INTO OUR LAND-- VON KUKLER!

AH! AMERICA. THIS IS MY SECOND VISIT. IT'S BEEN 25 YEARS-- I FAILED BEFORE-- BUT ACH--- I WAS YOUNG AND FOOLISH. THIS TIME--- I SHALL SUCCEED!

WE'LL BE TYING 'ER UP SIR IN LESS THAN AN 'OUR--- YOU'D JOLLY WELL BETTER GET YOUR PASSPORT READY!

THANKS--MY GOOD MAN... OH! SAY!...

WILL YOU BE SO KIND AS TO STEP INTO MY STATE-ROOM FOR A MOMENT, MR. CONNOR.

MINUTES LATER IN THE STATE-ROOM OF THE SECRET AGENT.

QUICKLY VON KUCKLER CHANGES CLOTHES WITH HIS VICTIM!!

AH-HAH!! IT'S GOOD TO BE RID OF THE EYE GLASSES!! WHY I'M THE SPITTING IMAGE OF HIM! NOW, TO GET ASHORE UNNOTICED.

OH! MR. CONNER, HERE'S A LETTER. IT WAS WAITING FOR US WHEN WE DOCKED--- MUST 'AVE COME BY CLIPPER.

OH THANK YOU LADDIE! H'IT'S A LONG WAY FROM 'OME EH!

and Will is dear Our little boy asks for his daddy every day. Oh-- we will be so glad to have you home again. Each day we will watch for your ship to arrive.

Your loving wife,  
Rose

ACH-- SENTIMENTAL TOMMYROT!



AND THUS----  
THE DREADED,  
HATED AND FEAR-  
ED VON KUKLER  
ARRIVES IN  
NEW YORK.

WELL, HERE I  
AM IN THE BIG  
CITY! THAT  
WAS EASIER  
THAN I EXPECT-  
ED.

IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE HE ASSERTS  
HIMSELF AS HEAD OF HIS COUNTRY'S  
SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITIES IN AMERICA.

AND OUR JOB IS TO  
DESTROY AS MANY  
OF THE DEFENSE  
PLANTS AS POSSIBLE.

IT WILL BE  
A PLEASURE!

IN THE WEEKS THAT  
FOLLOW, BLAST AFTER  
BLAST CREATES HAVOC IN  
OUR DEFENSE INDUSTRIES.

POW

BAM

IN FEAR OF THEIR LIVES,  
WORKERS QUIT THEIR  
JOBS, RATHER THAN RISK  
THE FURY OF THE SABOTEURS!

BE GORRA,  
I'LL NOT WORK IN  
THIS PLACE ANOTHER  
DAY---WE MIGHT BE  
NEXT!

BUT WHAT HAS  
WITH KIT CARTER ??  
PLANNED THEIR MEETING YEARS BEFORE KIT'S BIRTH!

PAUL VON KUKLER TO DO  
IT SEEMS THAT DESTINY  
PLANNED THEIR MEETING YEARS BEFORE KIT'S BIRTH!

IT WAS IN 1917

VON KUKLER---ON  
EVIDENCE PRODUCED  
BY CAPTAIN TILGHMAN,  
THIS COURT FINDS YOU  
GUILTY OF ESPIONAGE.

LATER, IN VON KUKLER'S  
CELL IN A FEDERAL  
PRISON.

SOME DAY, CAP-  
TAIN, WE WILL  
MEET AGAIN.



MANY YEARS PASS--  
CAPTAIN TILGH-  
MAN, WHOSE EV-  
IDENCE SENT VON  
KUKLER TO  
PRISON, IS NOW  
COLONEL TILGH-  
MAN, HEAD OF  
DAUNTON MILI-  
TARY ACADEMY--  
ALL DAUNTON IS  
NOW TALKING  
ABOUT WHO IS  
GOING TO BE THE  
NEW CADET MAJOR!

AND TODAY, BACK AT DAUNTON  
MILITARY SCHOOL, WHERE KIT  
CARTER IS ENROLLED AS A CADET...

WE WILL SELECT  
THE CADET MAJOR  
IN A FEW DAYS.

MY VOTE WILL  
BE FOR KIT--  
COLONEL  
TILGHMAN!

WITH SUMMER VACATION OVER, THE CADETS HAVE  
SETTLED DOWN TO A RIGID SCHEDULE AND THE  
AIR IS FILLED WITH OMINOUS TENSION----

I JUST GOT THE  
WORD---WE START  
MANEUVERS TOMORROW.

GOSH! THEY'RE GO-  
ING TO USE REAL  
PLANES!! EH?

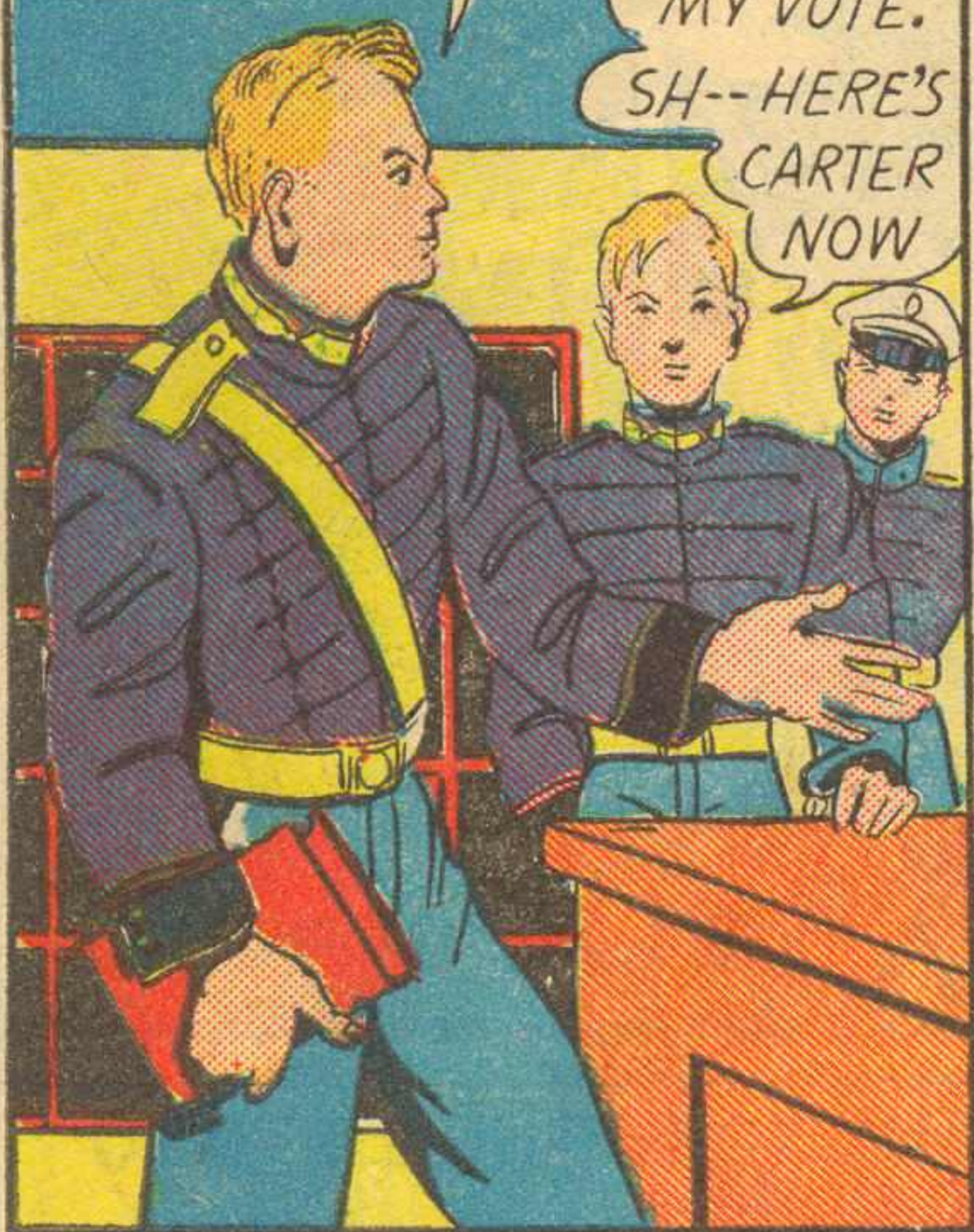
ARMY

YALE



NAW! LEWIS ISN'T HERE YET! THEY ARE WAITING FOR HIM TO GET HERE, BEFORE SELECTING A CADET-MAJOR.

OH, KIT CARTER WILL BE ELECTED, ANYHOW- HE GETS MY VOTE. SH-- HERE'S CARTER NOW



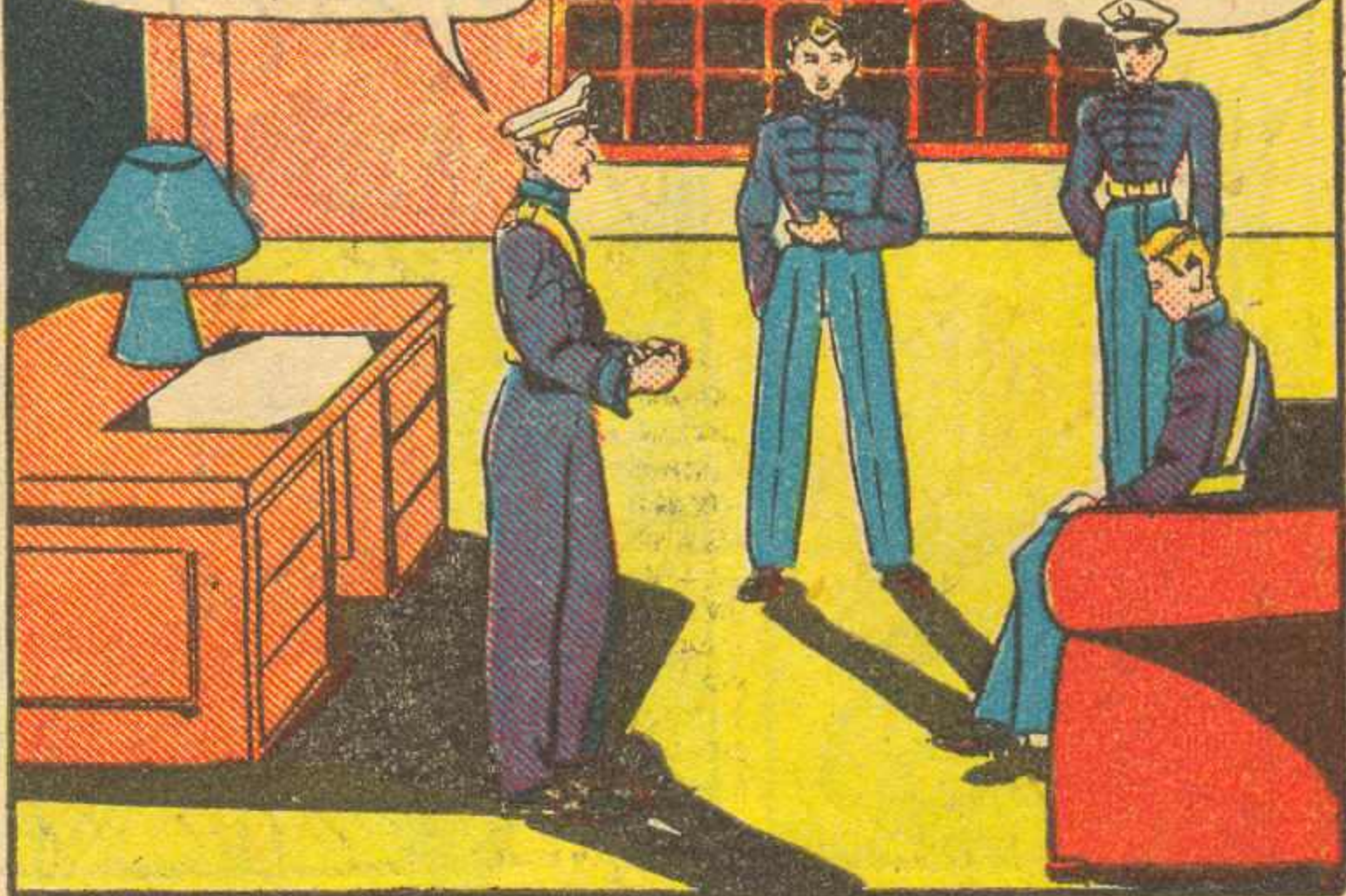
ALTHOUGH A NEWCOMER AT DAUNTON, KIT CARTER HAS EARNED THE RESPECT AND FRIENDSHIP OF HIS FELLOW STUDENTS.

SAY FELLOWS! DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS?



COLONEL TILGHMAN TOLD ME, IN MANEUVERS TOMORROW, WE ARE USING ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS. BUT INSTEAD OF FIRING SHELLS, WE WILL HAVE A CAMERA ATTACHMENT THAT WILL TELL HOW ACCURATE OUR AIM IS!

YEP! WE HEARD ABOUT IT, AND THE PLANES WILL DROP BAGS OF FLOUR, SO THEY CAN PRACTICE BOMBING.



SOON--THE DEAFENING ROAR OF PLANES IS HEARD OVER HEAD!!!

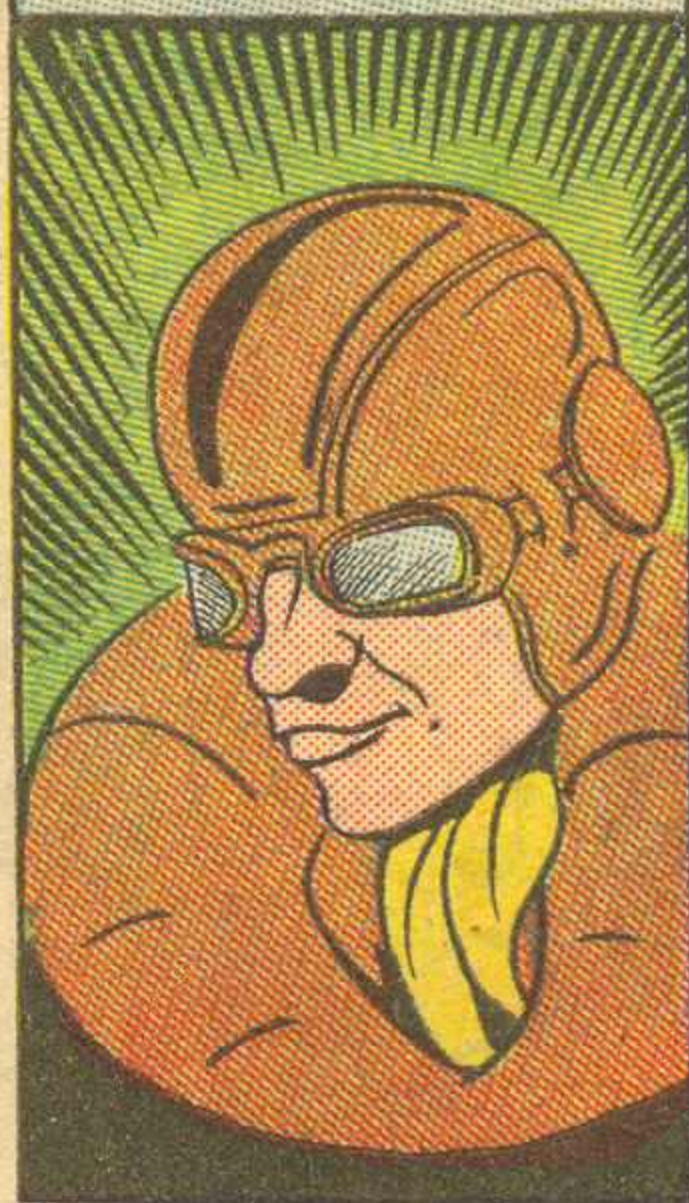
THE NEXT DAY---ON THE SCHOOL PARADE GROUNDS!

I'VE BEEN EXPECTING OUR NEW INSTRUCTOR, CAPTAIN LEWIS, BUT AS HE HAS NOT YET ARRIVED, WE WILL BEGIN OUR OPERATIONS AT ONCE, WITHOUT HIM.

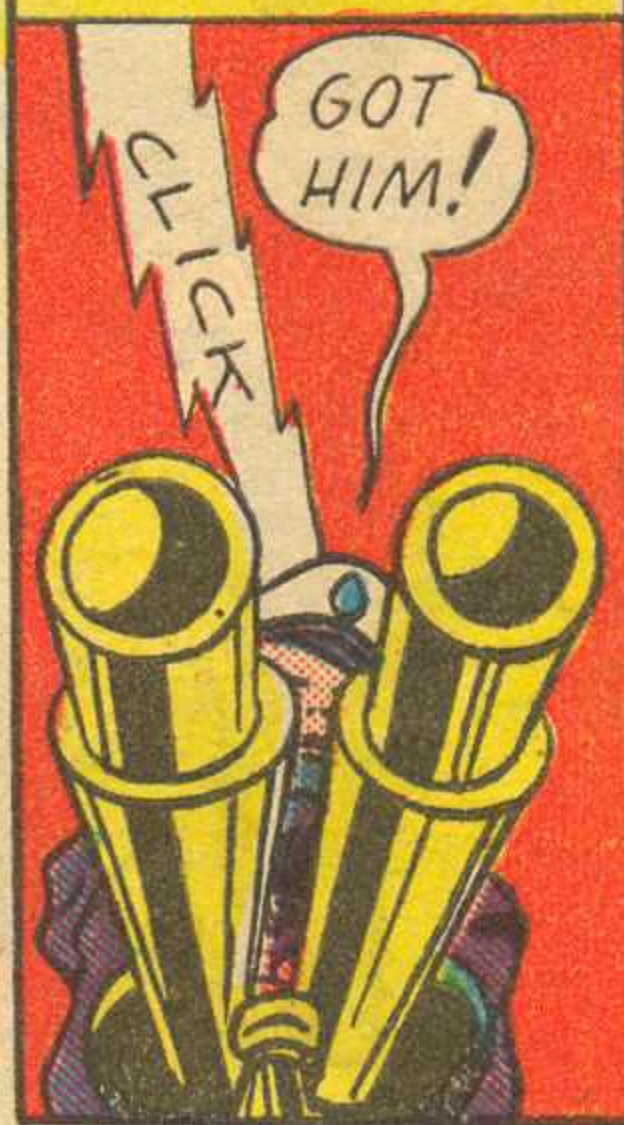


HERE THEY COME!

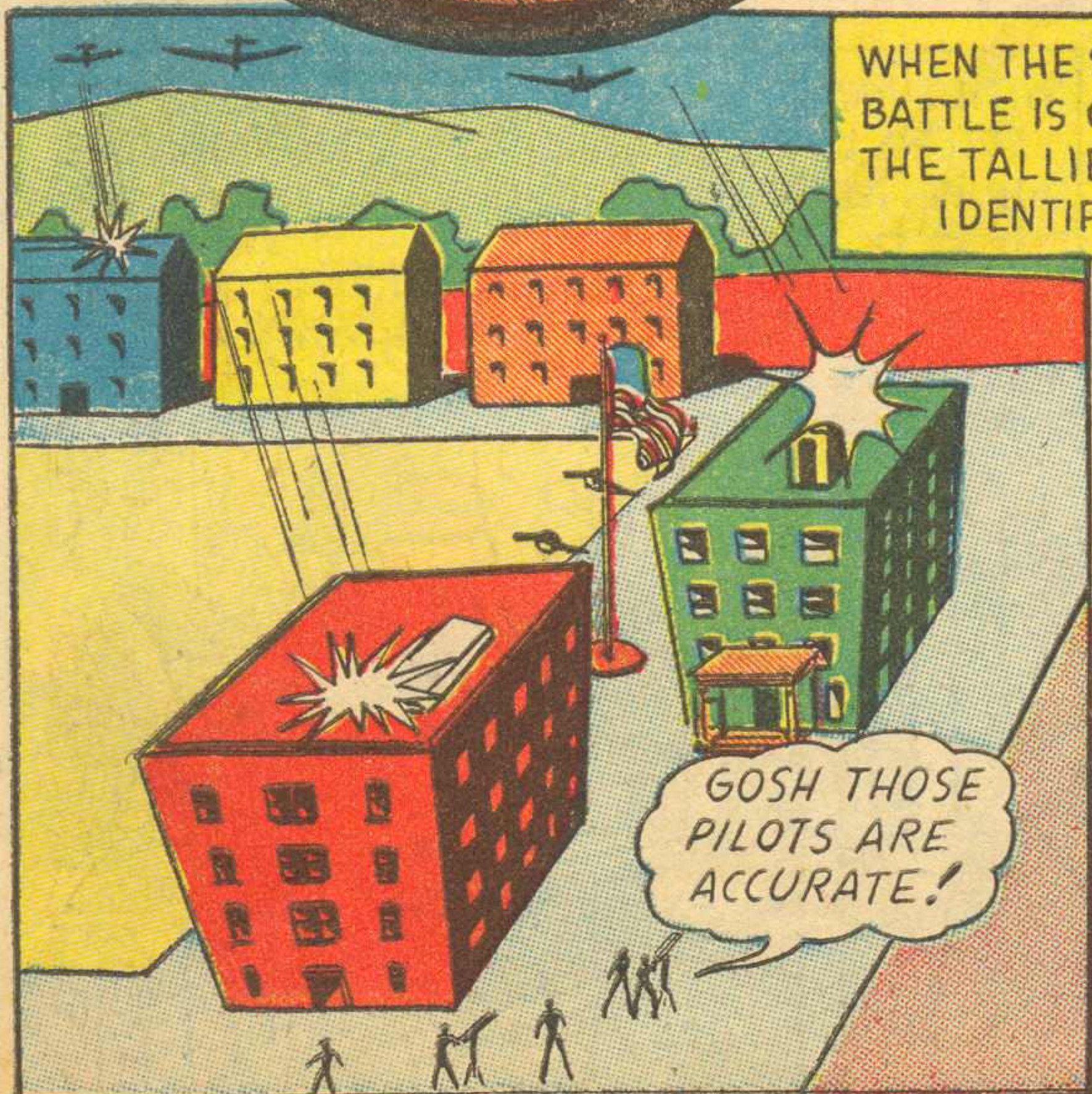
METHODICALLY, THE ARMY ACES DROP THEIR HARMLESS MISSILES ON THEIR OBJECTIVES BELOW---



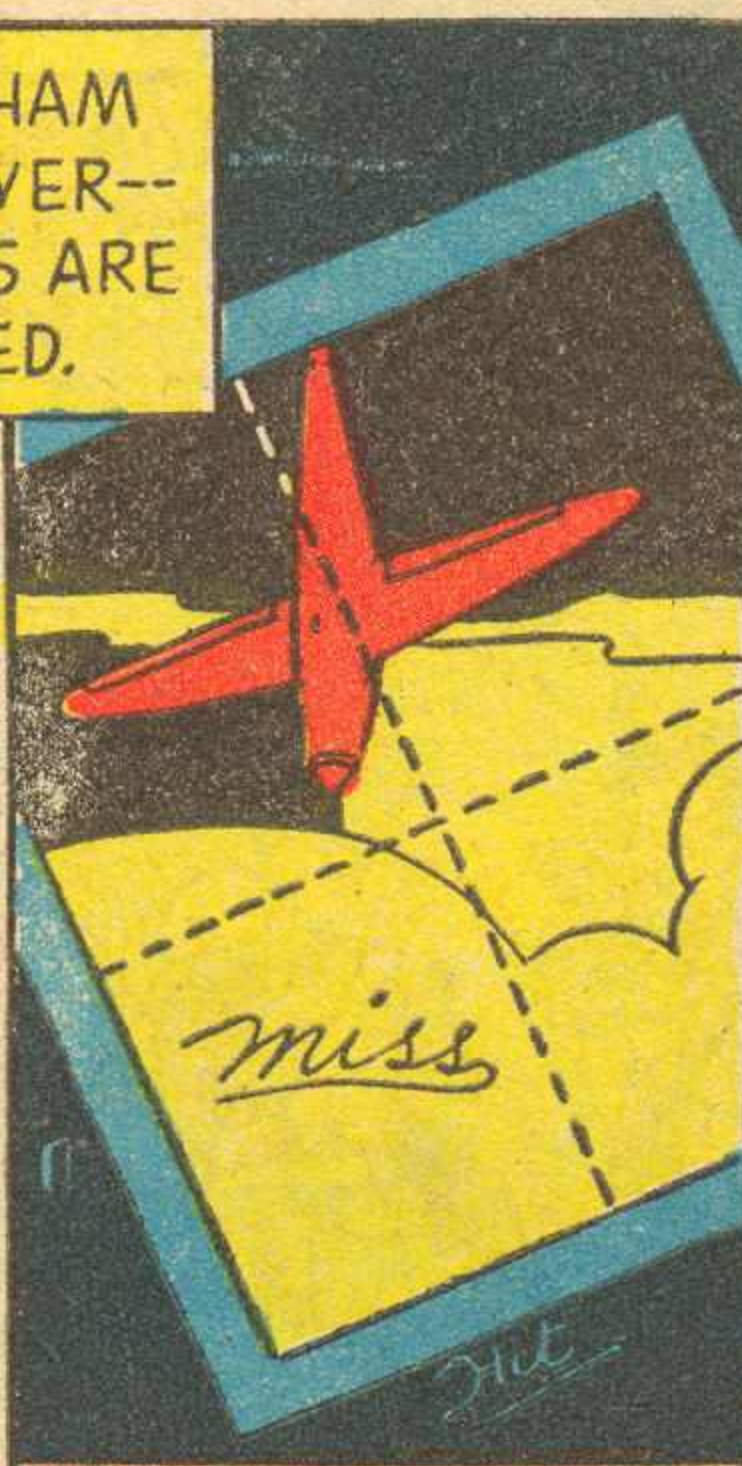
AND, AT THEIR ANTI-AIRCRAFT STATIONS, THE CADETS SIGHT THEIR CAMERAS ON THE PLANES ABOVE.



WHEN THE SHAM BATTLE IS OVER--THE TALLIES ARE IDENTIFIED.



GOSH THOSE PILOTS ARE ACCURATE!



THE PHOTOS ARE DEVELOPED BY THE CADETS!!

MEANWHILE--SUPER AGENT KUKLER HAS READ OF PLANS FOR THE UNIQUE BATTLE, AND UNSEEN BY THE CADETS, WITNESSES THE FRAY!

COL. TILGHMAN, AGAIN WE MEET!







OUR NEXT JOB WILL BE TO DESTROY THE ARMORY OF THIS SCHOOL.



BUT WHY, BOSS?--WE'RE BIG TIMERS, MUNITION FACTORIES AND RAIL-ROADS. WHY BOTHER WITH A BOY'S SCHOOL?



FOOL! HOW OFTEN MUST I TELL YOU NOT TO QUESTION MY MOTIVES!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE STUDY OF THE HEAD MASTER, COLONEL TILGHMAN.

DING-A-LING!



OH YES! CAPTAIN LEWIS--I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU! YES, I'LL SEND A CADET OVER RIGHT AWAY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER---KIT CARTER IS ON HIS WAY TO THE AIRPORT, TO PICK UP CAPTAIN LEWIS! ON THE COLONEL'S ORDER.

GOSH!--CAPTAIN LEWIS IS A FAMOUS PILOT.



ARRIVING AT THE AIRPORT ENTRANCE, A STRANGE SIGHT MEETS KIT'S EYE!

THOSE MEN ARE DOING SOMETHING WITH THAT PLANE---AND THEY AREN'T ARMY MEN!

THIS PLANE JUST CAME IN. IT MUST BE ONE OF THE PLANES WHICH WILL BE IN THE MANEUVERS TOMORROW

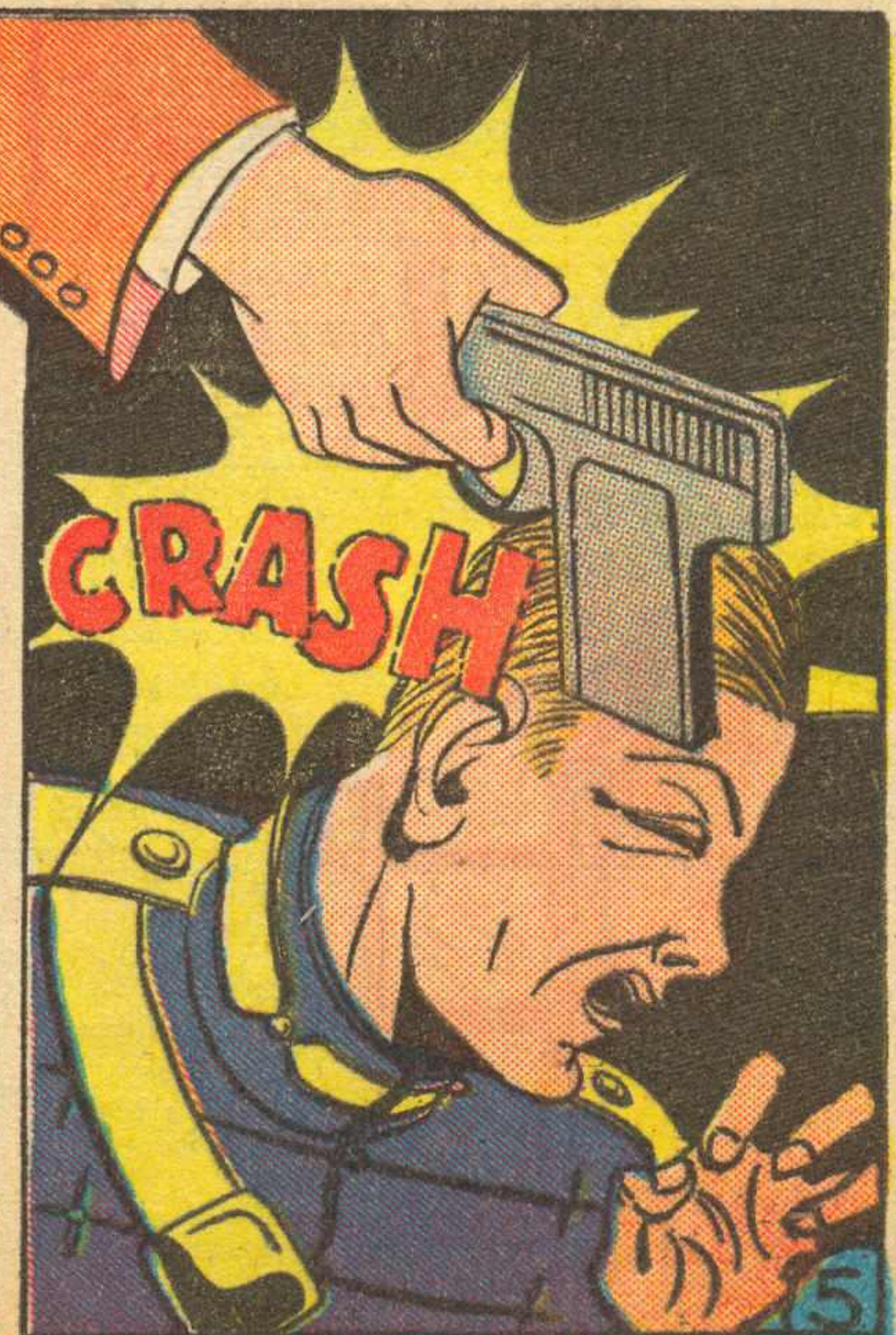
THIS BAG OF FLOUR WILL SURPRISE TILGHMAN!



RACING ACROSS THE FIELD, KIT IS MET BY THE SNARLING PLOTTERS.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING--BUT---

NEVER MIND ABOUT THE CHANGE OF FLOUR BAGS RIGHT NOW! THE T.N.T. WILL WAIT UNTIL WE SETTLE MATTERS!



CRASH





PUT HIM IN THE CAR--- QUICK!!

LET'S FINISH HIM RIGHT HERE.



**NO!** WE MUST KEEP HIM ALIVE--TO DELIVER MY REGARDS TO THE COLONEL--- IN A STRANGE WAY--- TOMORROW!



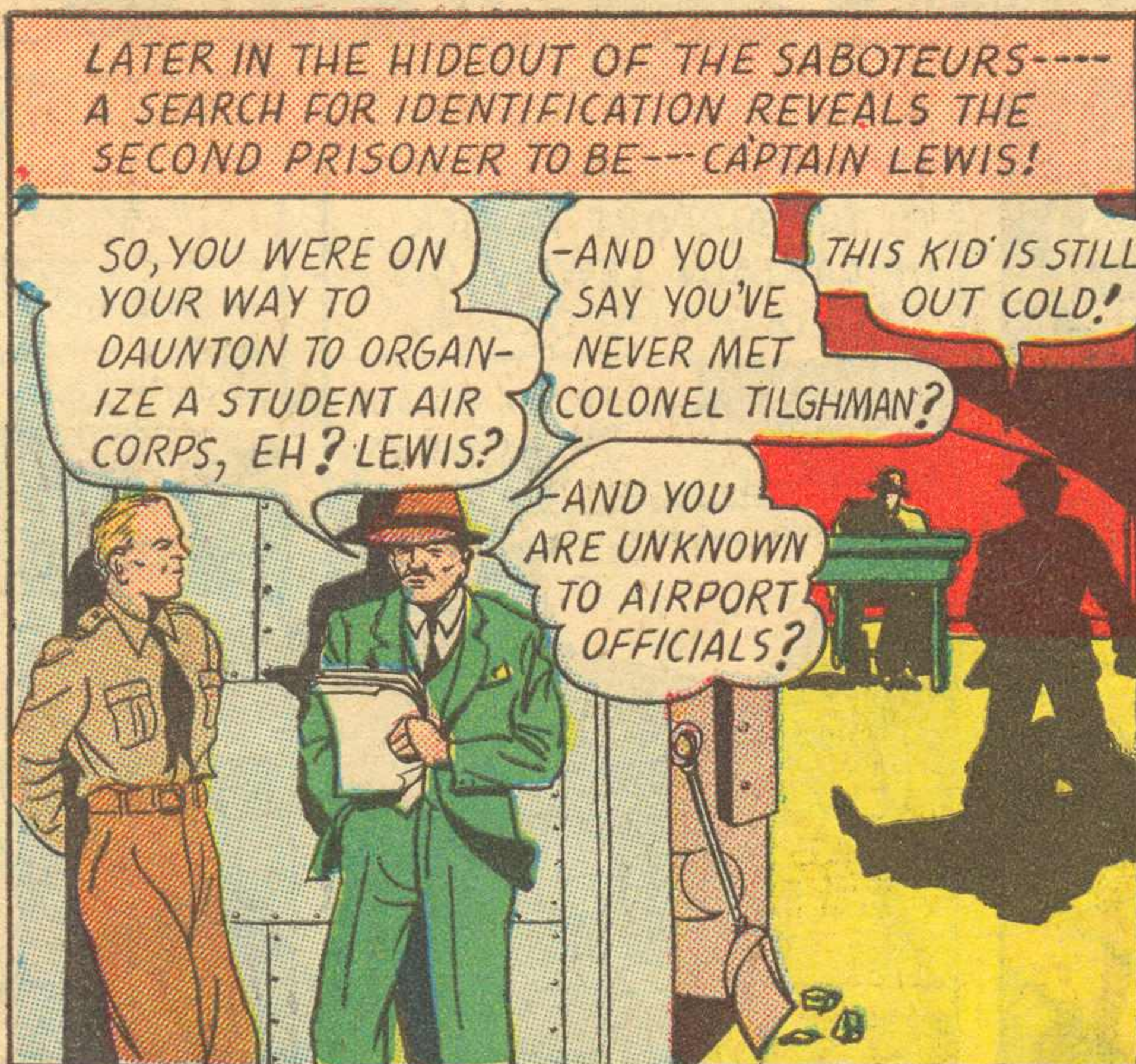
ANOTHER HENCHMAN OF KUKLER APPEARS WITH A SECOND PRISONER.

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?



I FOUND THIS BIRD SNOOPING AROUND. WE'D BETTER TAKE HIM WITH US, BOSS!

OK' PUT HIM IN THE CAR



LATER IN THE HIDEOUT OF THE SABOTEURS---- A SEARCH FOR IDENTIFICATION REVEALS THE SECOND PRISONER TO BE--- CAPTAIN LEWIS!

SO, YOU WERE ON YOUR WAY TO DAUNTON TO ORGANIZE A STUDENT AIR CORPS, EH? LEWIS?

-AND YOU SAY YOU'VE NEVER MET COLONEL TILGHMAN?

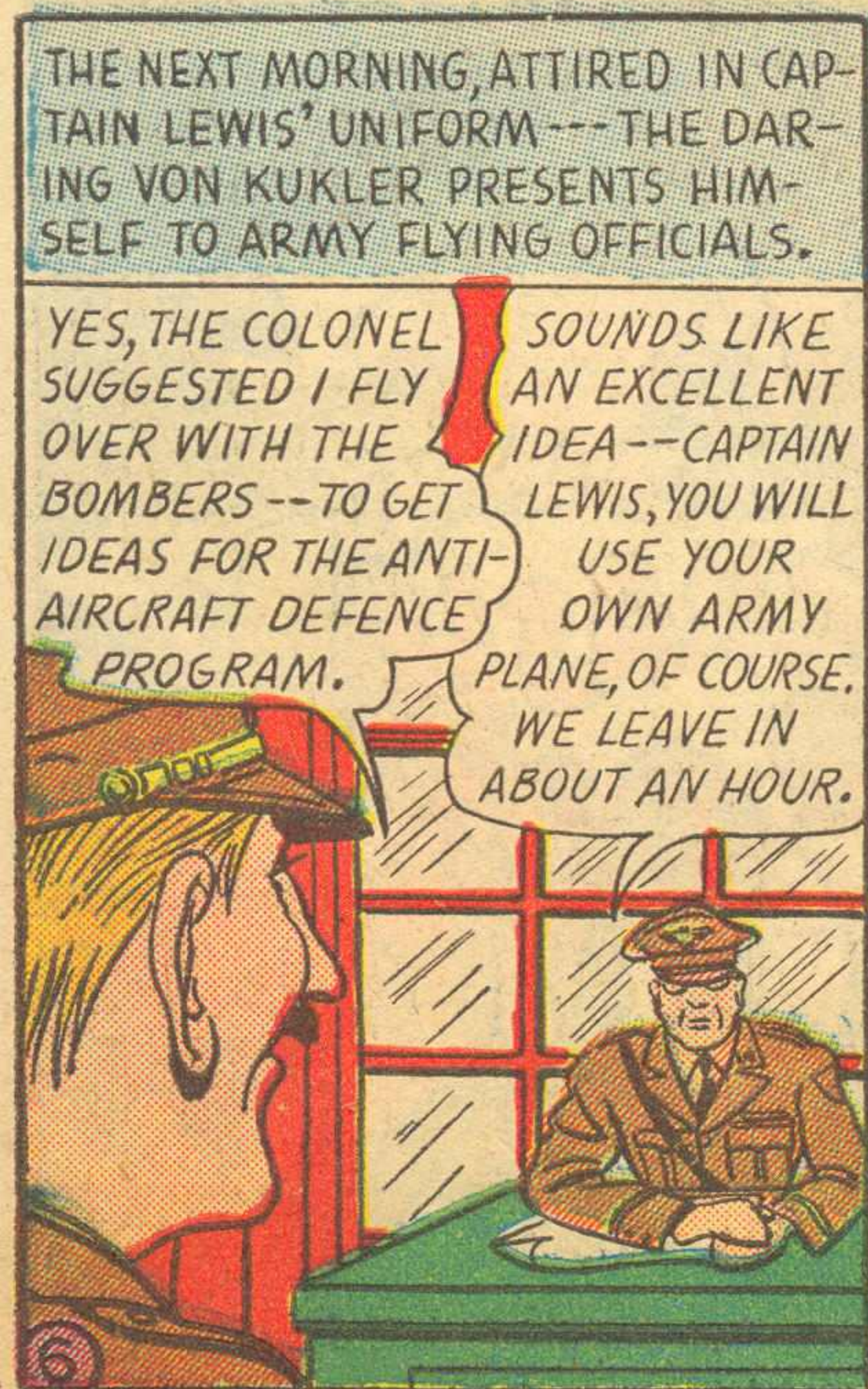
-AND YOU ARE UNKNOWN TO AIRPORT OFFICIALS?

THIS KID' IS STILL OUT COLD!



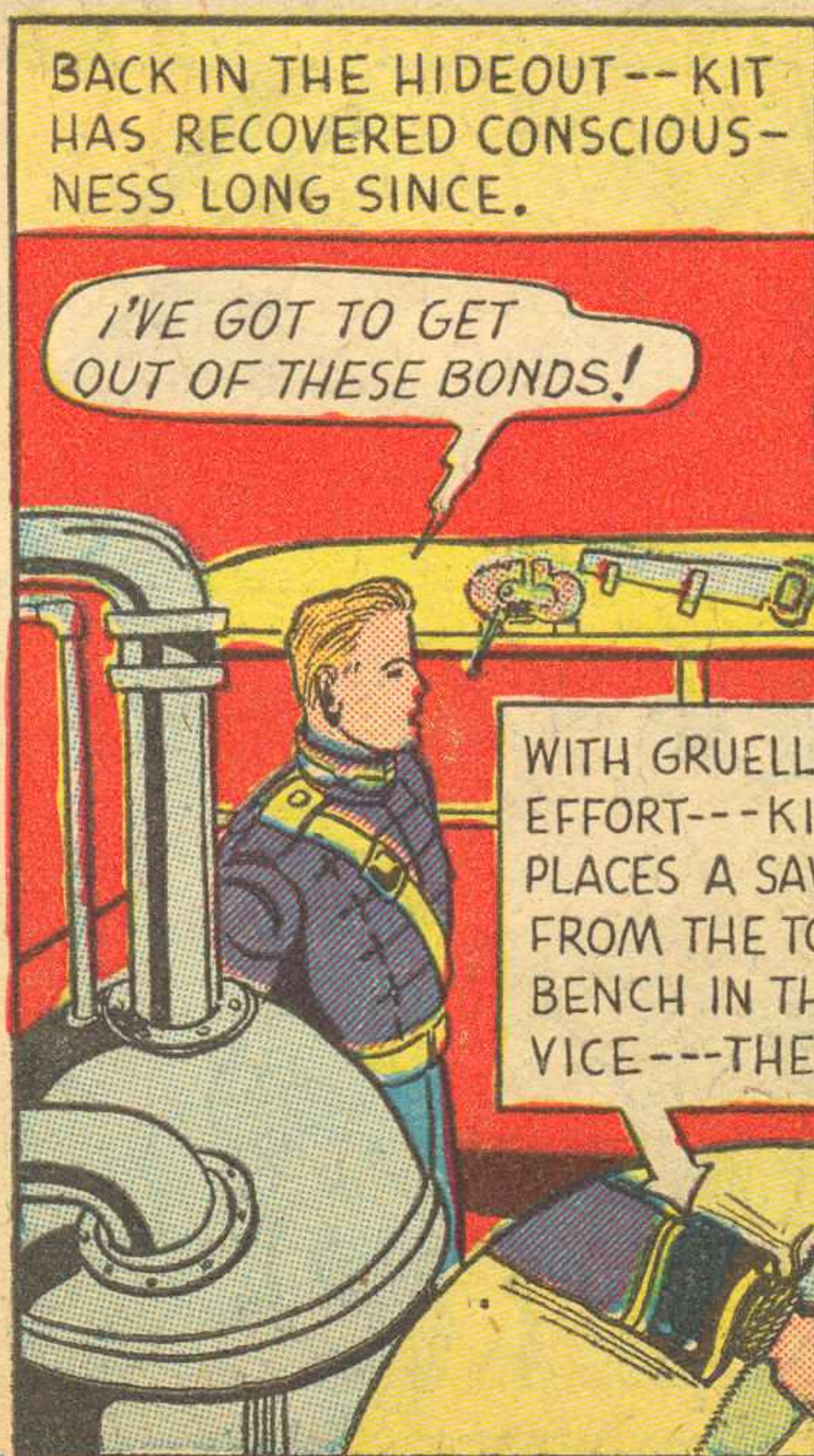
BOY-OH BOY-THIS GIVES ME THE CHANCE I'VE WAITED TWENTY FIVE YEARS FOR!

COLONEL TILGHMAN! YOUR CADET ARRIVED ALL RIGHT. THIS IS LEWIS-- THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE AIR CORPS STATION HAS INSISTED WE STAY OVER, AND FLY OUT WITH THE MANEUVERS IN THE MORNING -- WILL BE GOOD EXPERIENCE FOR THE LAD...



THE NEXT MORNING, ATTIRED IN CAPTAIN LEWIS' UNIFORM--- THE DARING VON KUKLER PRESENTS HIMSELF TO ARMY FLYING OFFICIALS.

YES, THE COLONEL SUGGESTED I FLY OVER WITH THE BOMBERS -- TO GET IDEAS FOR THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCE PROGRAM. SOUNDS LIKE AN EXCELLENT IDEA -- CAPTAIN LEWIS, YOU WILL USE YOUR OWN ARMY PLANE, OF COURSE. WE LEAVE IN ABOUT AN HOUR.



BACK IN THE HIDEOUT-- KIT HAS RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS LONG SINCE.

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THESE BONDS!

WITH GRUELLING EFFORT---KIT PLACES A SAW FROM THE TOOL BENCH IN THE VICE---THEN.

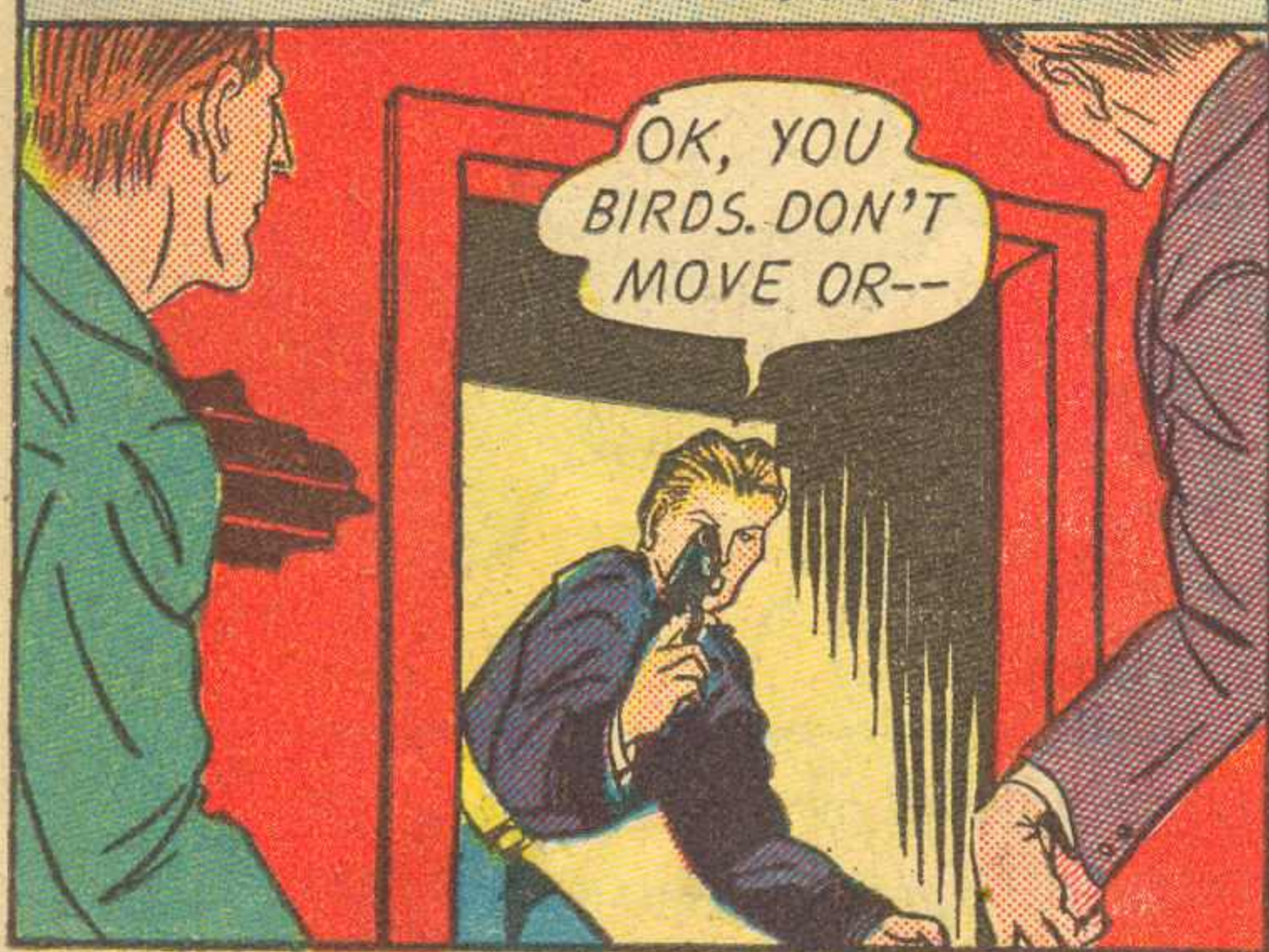


WHEN FREE, HE CALLS OUT AS IN ANGUISH, AND ONE OF THE GUARDS RUSHES FROM AN ADJOINING ROOM.

HERE'S A QUIET, QUICK ONE, NOSEY!



PICKING UP THE THUG'S GUN, KIT QUIETLY MAKES HIS WAY TO THE OUTER ROOM.



OK, YOU BIRDS. DON'T MOVE OR--

AFTER TYING UP THE THUGS, KIT FREES CAPTAIN LEWIS, WHO EXPLAINS VON KUKLER'S DEPARTURE!

YOU SAY HE TOOK YOUR UNIFORM AND CREDENTIALS?

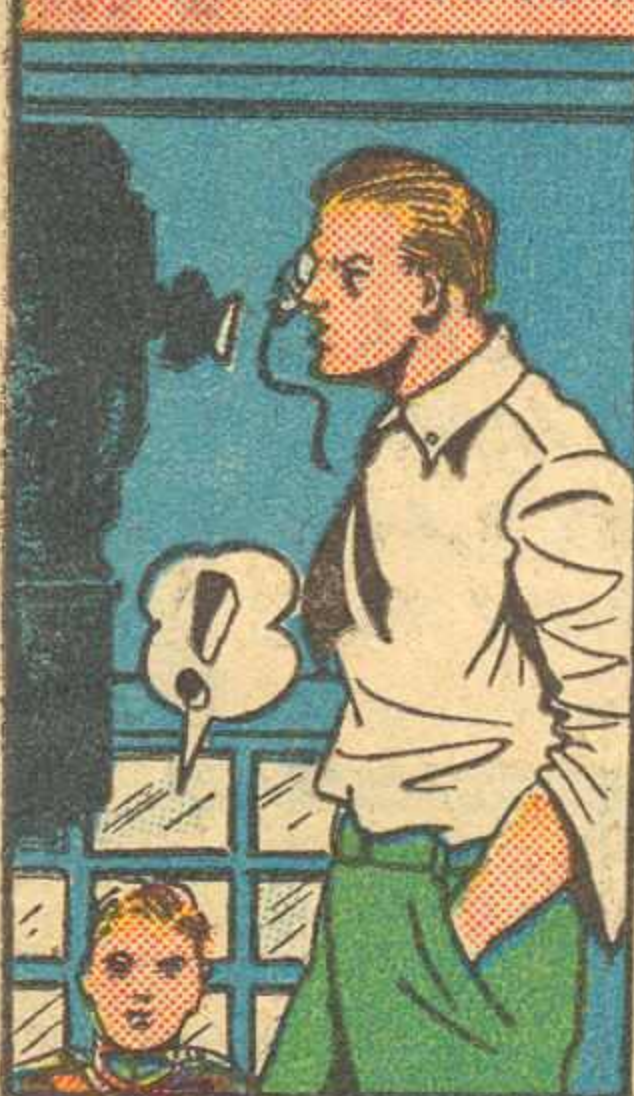
YES! AND THEN HE LEFT ON THE FLY!



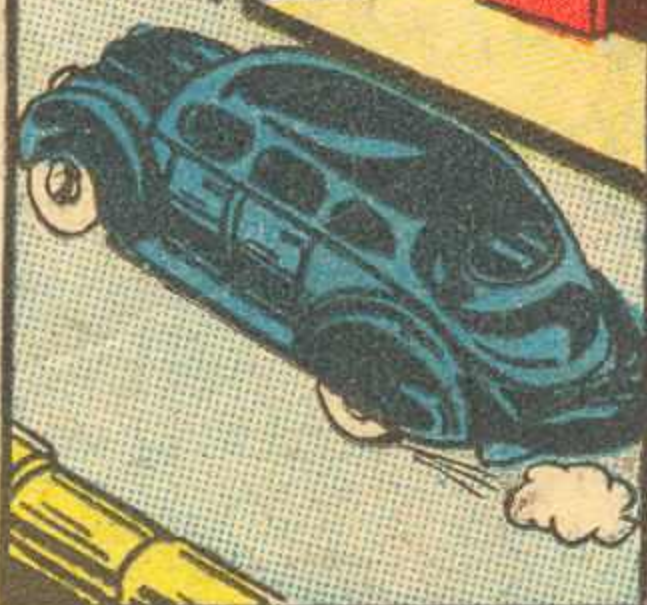
COME ON! WE'VE GOT NO TIME TO LOSE.

THESE BIRDS WILL KEEP-- LET'S GET TO A PHONE!

HAILING A PASSING CAR, THE PAIR RUSH TO A TELEPHONE.



WE CAN JUST MAKE THE SCHOOL, STEP ON IT!!



THE ARRIVAL AT DAUNTON IS NONE TOO SOON.



I'VE GOT THE SHELLS

YOU SAY YOUR PLANE IS THE ONLY ONE WITH TWO WINGS?

GET YOUR CAMERAS READY, BOYS, HERE THEY COME.

REACHING HIS ANTI-AIRCRAFT STATION, KIT REMOVES HIS CAMERA ATTACHMENT, AND JAMS A CLIP OF REAL CARTRIDGES INTO THE GUN!



CARTER, I THOUGHT YOU WERE UP THERE. SAY!-- HAVE YOU GONE MAD? STOP!!

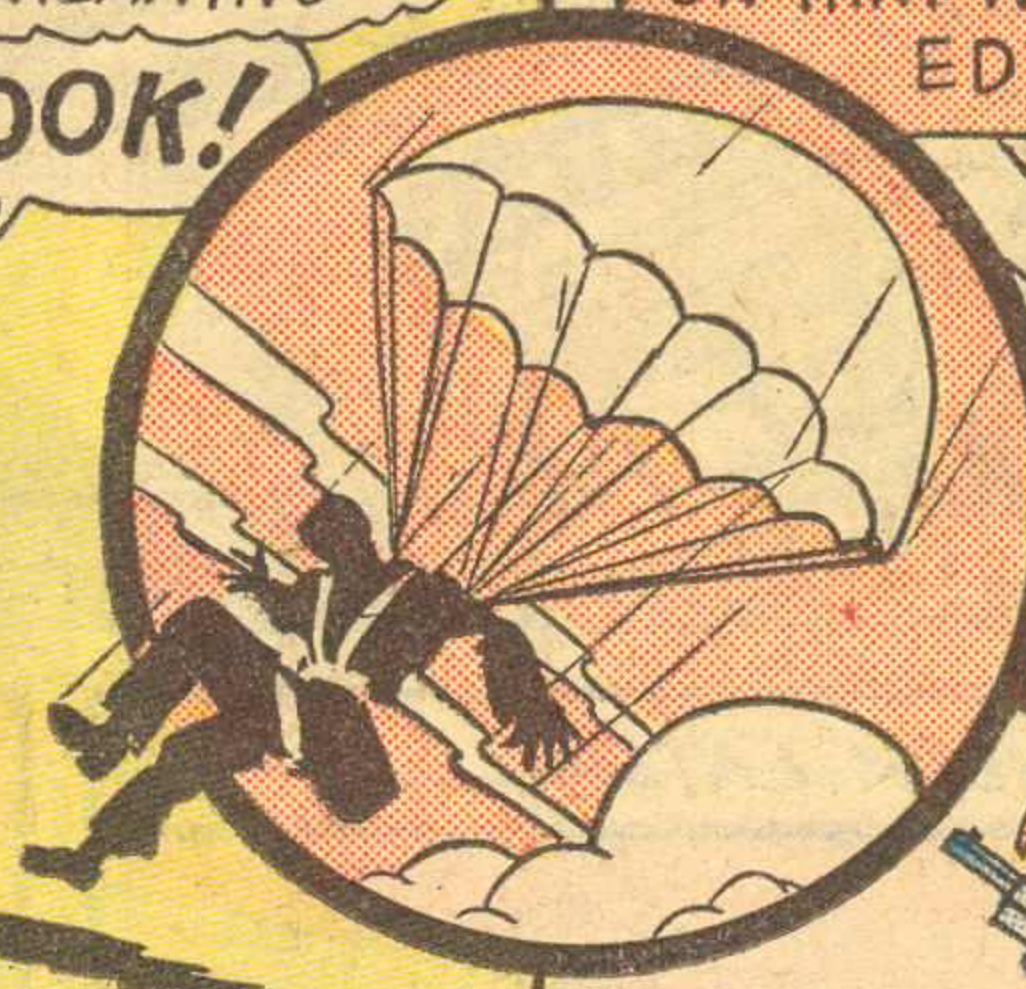
BANG BANG BANG

AS THE STUNNED COLONEL GAZES SKYWARDS---FLAMES BURST FROM A PLANE ABOVE---THEN A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION:



CARTER!---ARE YOU INSANE? WHAT'S THE MEANING--

LOOK!



AS THE PARACHUTING PILOT HITS THE GROUND--KIT IS UP ON HIM WITH UNLEASHED FURY.



CAPTAIN LEWIS AND COLONEL TILGHMAN REACH THE SCENE.

IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, CAPTAIN LEWIS--HOLY HANNAH--IT'S PAUL VON KUKLER, THE SPY I TRAILED YEARS AGO!



THAT PLANE CARRIED REAL BOMBS AND A DANGEROUS SPY, SO I SHOT AT IT WITH REAL BULLETS. IF THAT IS DISOBEDIANCE-- I'M SORRY, SIR!



THE REMAINDER OF THE GANG ARE EASILY CAPTURED. THUS, BECAUSE OF THE LUST FOR REVENGE OF ONE MAN-- THE SABOTEURS ARE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.



KIT, YOU'RE BOUND TO BE ELECTED MAJOR!

THANKS FELLOWS, BUT I'M NOT SURE I DESERVE SUCH HONOR!

THE CADET, KIT CARTER, WILL APPEAR IN ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF MILITARY ACADEMY LIFE, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF--

TARGET COMICS!



The  
FATAL  
FOG

by  
HARRY  
FRANCIS  
CAMPBELL.

# LUCKY BYRD of G2

Flier

LIEUTENANT LUCKY BYRD, ACE OF ARMY G-2, IS A GRADUATE OF THE ARMY'S PILOT TRAINING SCHOOL, AT RANDOLPH FIELD, TEXAS! NOW, ALL OF HIS ENERGIES AND INTELLIGENCE ARE DEVOTED TO THWARTING OUR NATION'S ENEMIES, WORKING TO DISRUPT US FROM WITHIN. A SERIES OF APPARENTLY ACCIDENTAL AIRLINE CRASHES ATTRACT LUCKY'S ATTENTION—BUT, GO ON WITH THE STORY....

EXTRA DAILY TABLOID  
AIR CRASH KILLS SEN.  
SMITHERS AND 12 MORE  
NO REASON FOR  
CRASH DISCOVERED  
WEATHER

THREE DAYS LATER...

ANOTHER CRASH AT MORTON AIRPORT! STEPPED ON IT!

YEAH! AND  
REP. WILLINSTON  
WAS  
KILLED!

PRESS

A WEEK LATER....

AL EVENING BLA

CRASH AT JIN  
RT: CO-ORDI  
RD MYSTERY KOOTEN  
CRASH IN DAYS CRASH VI

THE NEXT AFTERNOON, AT  
MORTON AIRPORT....





LUCKY BYRD INVESTIGATES THE FOUR 'ACCIDENTAL' CRASHES...

THERE'S NO **APPARENT** REASON FOR THESE FOUR CRASHES AT MORTON; WEATHER WAS GENERALLY CLEAR! COLONEL CLIVE, **I'M FLYING DOWN TO MORTON AIRPORT!** THE PILOT OF THAT LAST PLANE IS STILL **LIVING!**

YOUR HUNCHES ARE **USUALLY** SOUND, BYRD! GO TO IT!

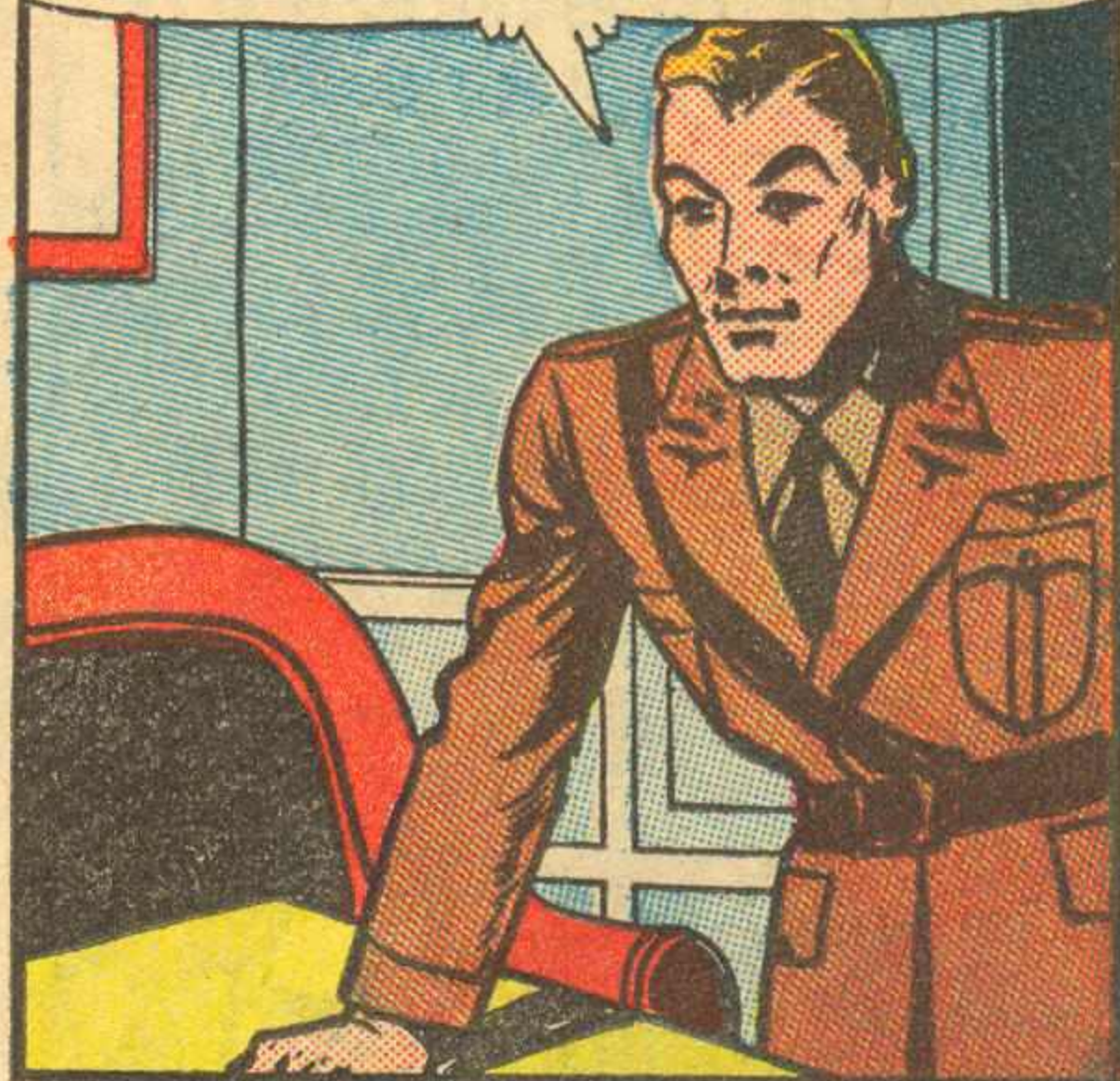


YOU, SEE, I'M **CERTAIN** THOSE CRASHES WERE **NOT ACCIDENTS**, AND IT IS MORE THAN **COINCIDENCE** THAT A MAN, VITAL TO **NATIONAL DEFENSE** DIED IN **EACH** CRASH!

YOU'RE **RIGHT**, BY GOSH!



THE CHAIRMAN OF THE SENATE MILITARY AFFAIRS COMMITTEE, CHAIRMAN OF THE HOUSE COMMITTEE, THE FEDERAL COORDINATOR, AND THE ARMY'S CHIEF STRATEGIST!



AND THERE IS ONLY **ONE** ANSWER - **FIFTH** COLUMNISTS! I'M ON MY WAY TO **MORTON AIRPORT** TO SEE **STEWART**, THE **SURVIVING PILOT!**



3 HOURS LATER, AT MORTON HOSPITAL.

CAPTAIN STEWART CAN SEE YOU FOR A FEW MINUTES, LIEUTENANT!



CAPTAIN, TELL ME ABOUT THE CRASH!

BYRD, OVER HIGHTON HILL, JUST NORTH OF THE AIRPORT, I SUDDENLY RAN INTO **FOG**. IT DIDN'T WORRY ME BECAUSE I WAS ON THE **RADIO BEAM!** IT HAD JUST COME BACK ON!



SUDDENLY, I SAW TREES AND ROCKS AHEAD! I YANKED THE WHEEL BACK INTO MY LAP TO TRY TO CLEAR THEM, AND THAT'S THE LAST THING I REMEMBER!



10 MINUTES LATER, LUCKY HAS COLONEL CLIVE ON LONG DISTANCE-----

COLONEL, **BYRD** SPEAKING, I'VE JUST FOUND OUT SOMETHING! THERE WAS A LOCAL FOG, AND THE RADIO BEAM WAS ACTING STRANGELY WHEN THAT PLANE CRASHED. I WANT YOU TO **HELP** ME! LISTEN!



3 MINUTES LATER....

IT **SHOULD** WORK, BYRD! I'LL ARRANGE FOR THE **RADIO BROADCAST** AND HAVE THE **PLANE READY** FOR YOU WHEN YOU GET BACK HERE!





IN A HIDDEN CAVERN....

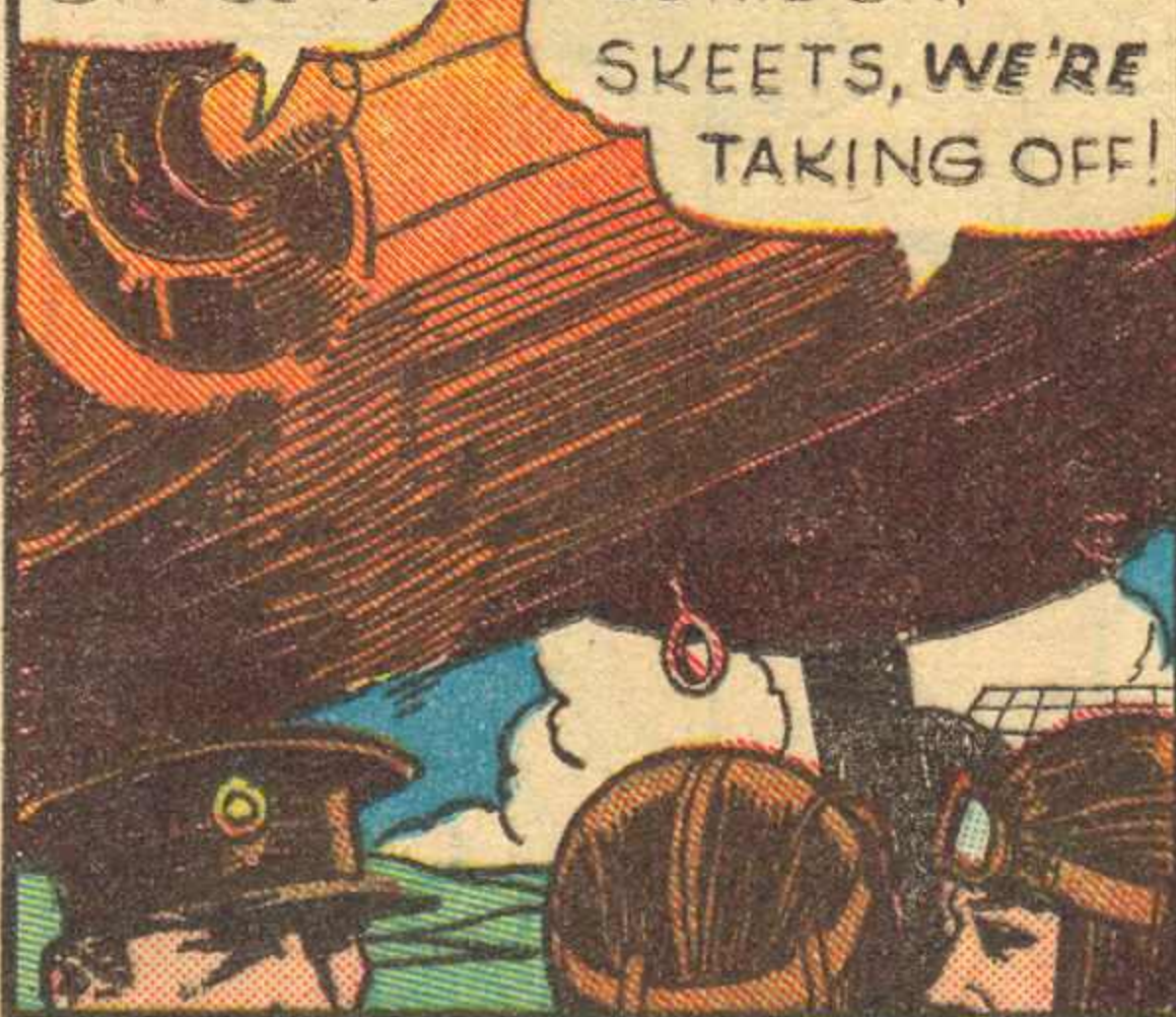
ARMY G-2 REPORTS THAT THE HEAD OF G-2 WILL FLY DOWN TO MORTON AIRPORT IN BOMBER 372 TO INVESTIGATE THE CRASHES -

WE'LL WATCH FOR BOMBER 372, KARL!



TANKS ARE INSTALLED, AND FILLED WITH **CALCIUM CHLORIDE**, SIR! CONTROL WIRE'S ON THE RIGHT OF THE OFFICE\*!

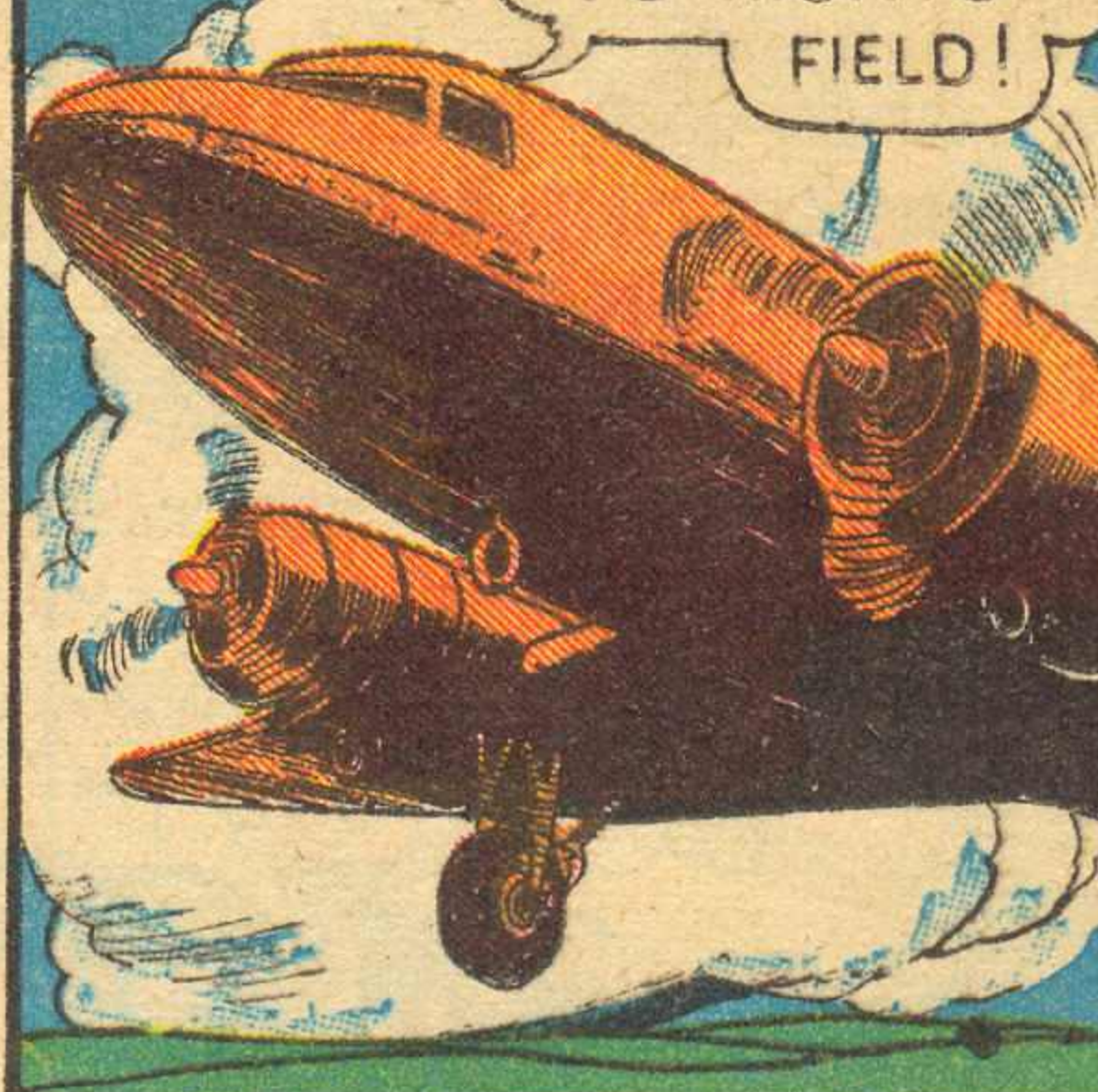
THANKS, CORPORAL. COME ON, SKEETS, WE'RE TAKING OFF!



\*OFFICE - ARMY SLANG FOR COCKPIT.

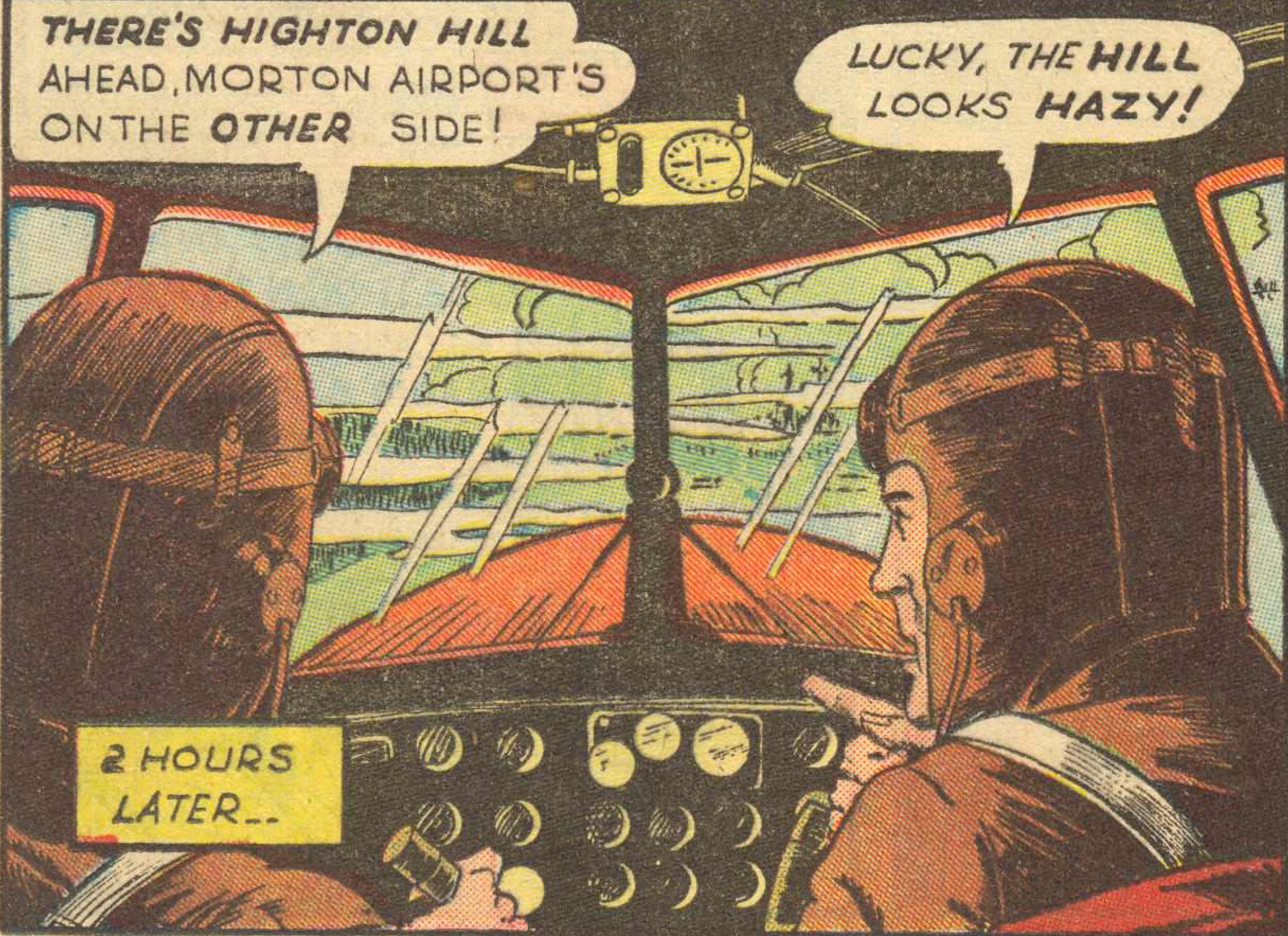
THAT CALCIUM CHLORIDE **STILL** PUZZLES ME, LUCKY!

YOU'LL FIND OUT, WHEN WE **GET** TO MORTON FIELD!



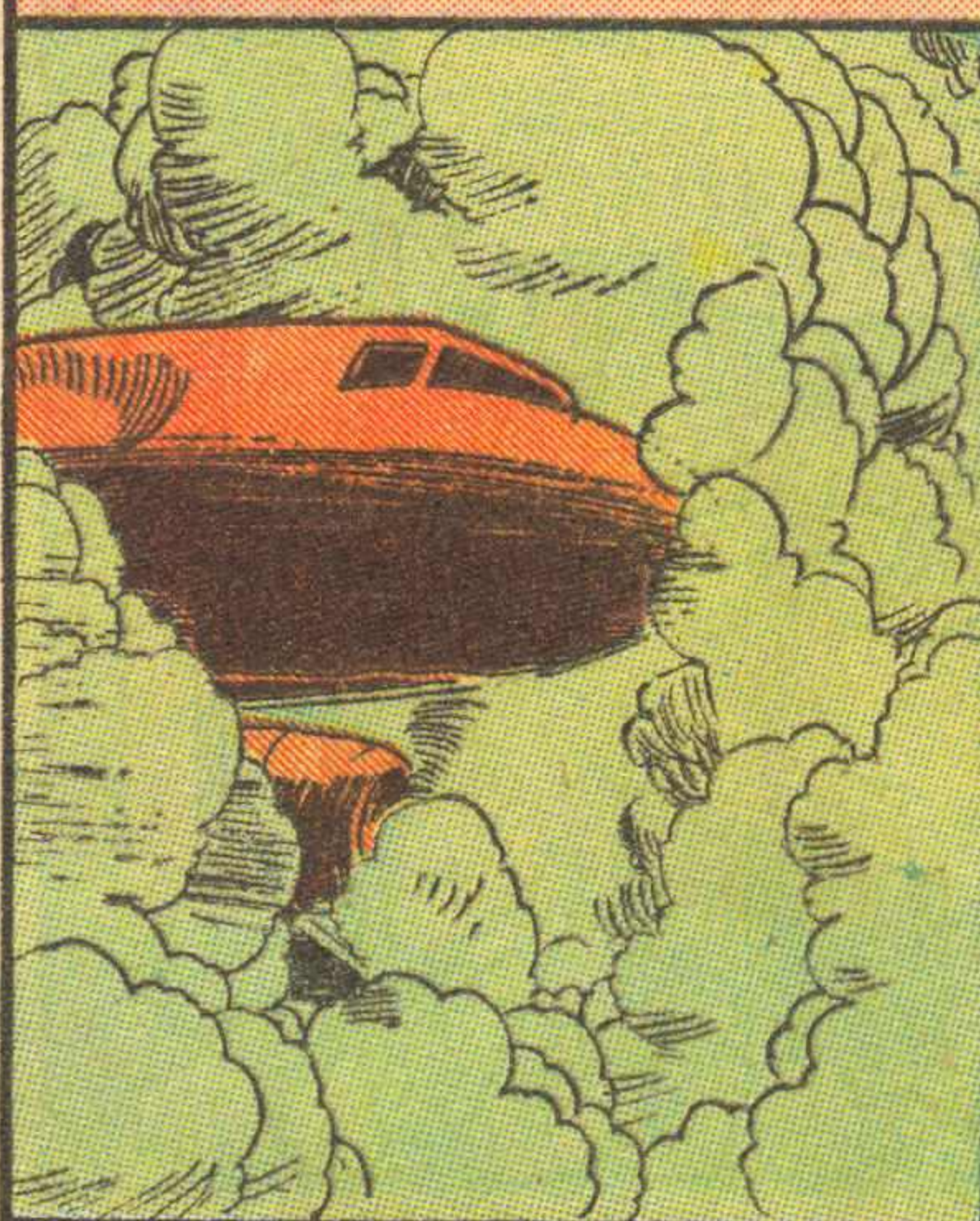
THERE'S HIGHTON HILL AHEAD, MORTON AIRPORT'S ON THE **OTHER** SIDE!

LUCKY, THE **HILL** LOOKS **HAZY**!



2 HOURS LATER...

AS THE SHIP REACHES THE HILL, IT IS ENVELOPED IN A DENSE FOG.



STATIC ON THE LANDING BEAM IT'S **BACK**, BUT I'M **NOT FOLLOWING IT!** YANK THAT **WIRE** TO YOUR **RIGHT**, SKEETS!

THE WIRE RELEASES THE CALCIUM CHLORIDE. AS IT STRIKES THE FOG, THE MIST VANISHES.





LUCKY! YOU'RE OFF THE BEAM!

AND MAKING A 180 DEGREE TURN! RIGHT!

THE PLANE ROARS BACK THROUGH THE SPACE CLEARED BY THE CALCIUM CHLORIDE.

AND, APPROACHING MORTON FIELD FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE, LANDS

INSIDE THE CAVERN, ON HIGHTON HILL

SOMETHING WENT WRONG! HE DIDN'T CRASH! MAYBE THE AMERICANS KNOW!

IMPOSSIBLE, FRITZ!

WE SHALL CONTINUE TO CRASH THEIR PLANES HERE, AND KILL THEIR LEADERS!

MEANWHILE, AT MORTON FIELD

AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL, NOW CLEAR OF FOG....

GET ME A BAG OF CALCIUM CHLORIDE, SKEETS I'M GOING TO EXPLORE HIGHTON HILL IF I'M NOT BACK IN 3 HOURS, COME WITH A SEARCHING PARTY, AND FAST!

OK, LUCKY!

HEY, STRANGER!

WHAT IS IT, GRANDPOP?



BETTER STAY OFFEN  
HIGHTON HILL. THEM  
WHAT GOES UP THAR —  
GENERALLY, DON'T COME  
BACK! THAR'S QUEER  
GOINS ON!



I'LL TAKE  
THAT  
CHANCE!

LUCKY DISCOVERS AN ODD  
PIPE - AND CROSSES A  
BEAM OF BLACK LIGHT.



WHAT'S THAT DOING  
HERE? FOG!

INSIDE THE CAVERN..

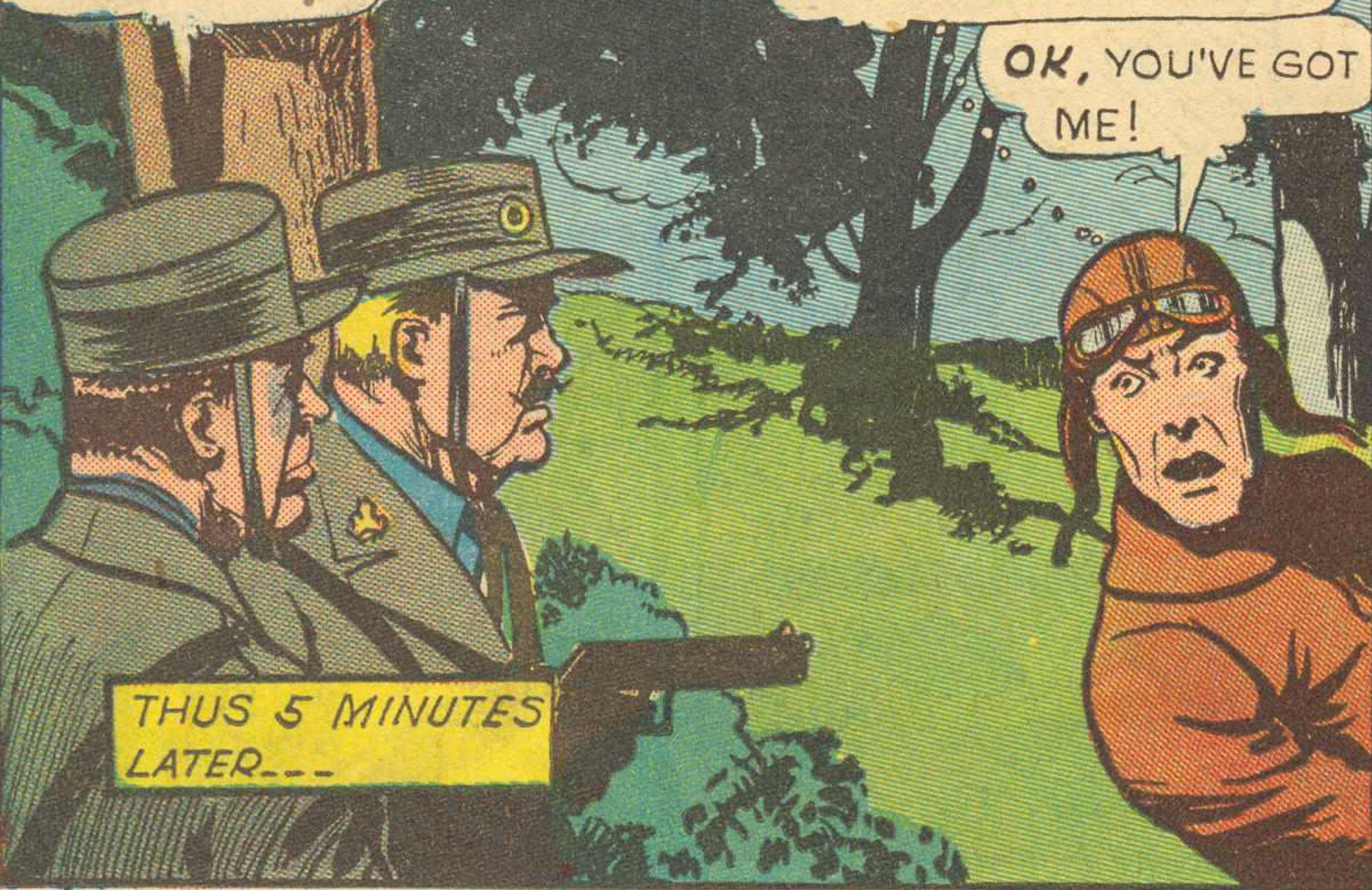
THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC ALARM!  
SOMEONE'S AT FOG PIPE  
THREE!



RING!

TAKE CARE  
OF HIM!

MEDDLER! UP WITH  
YOUR HANDS!

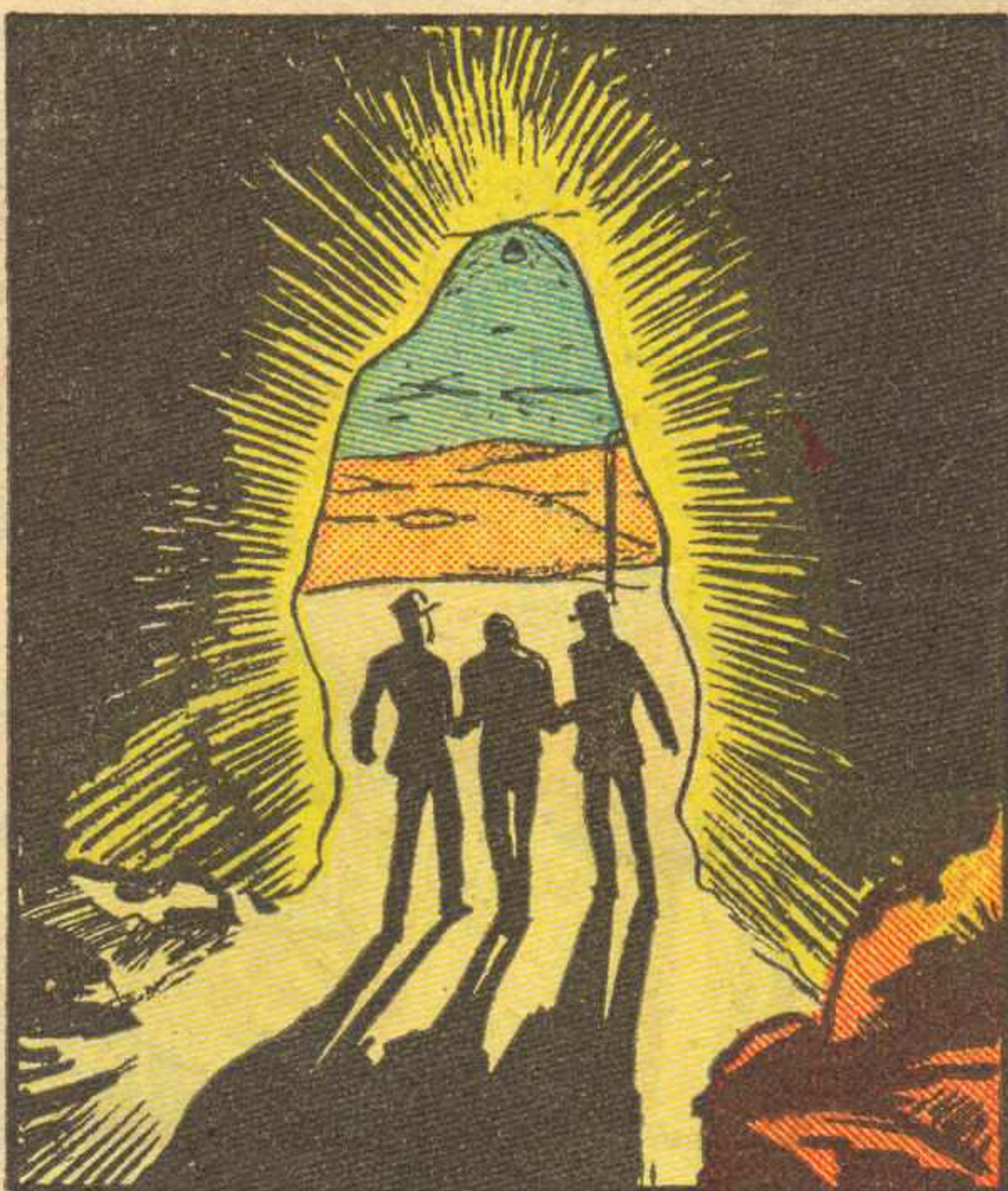


THIS IS ONE WAY TO GET  
INTO THEIR HANGOUT

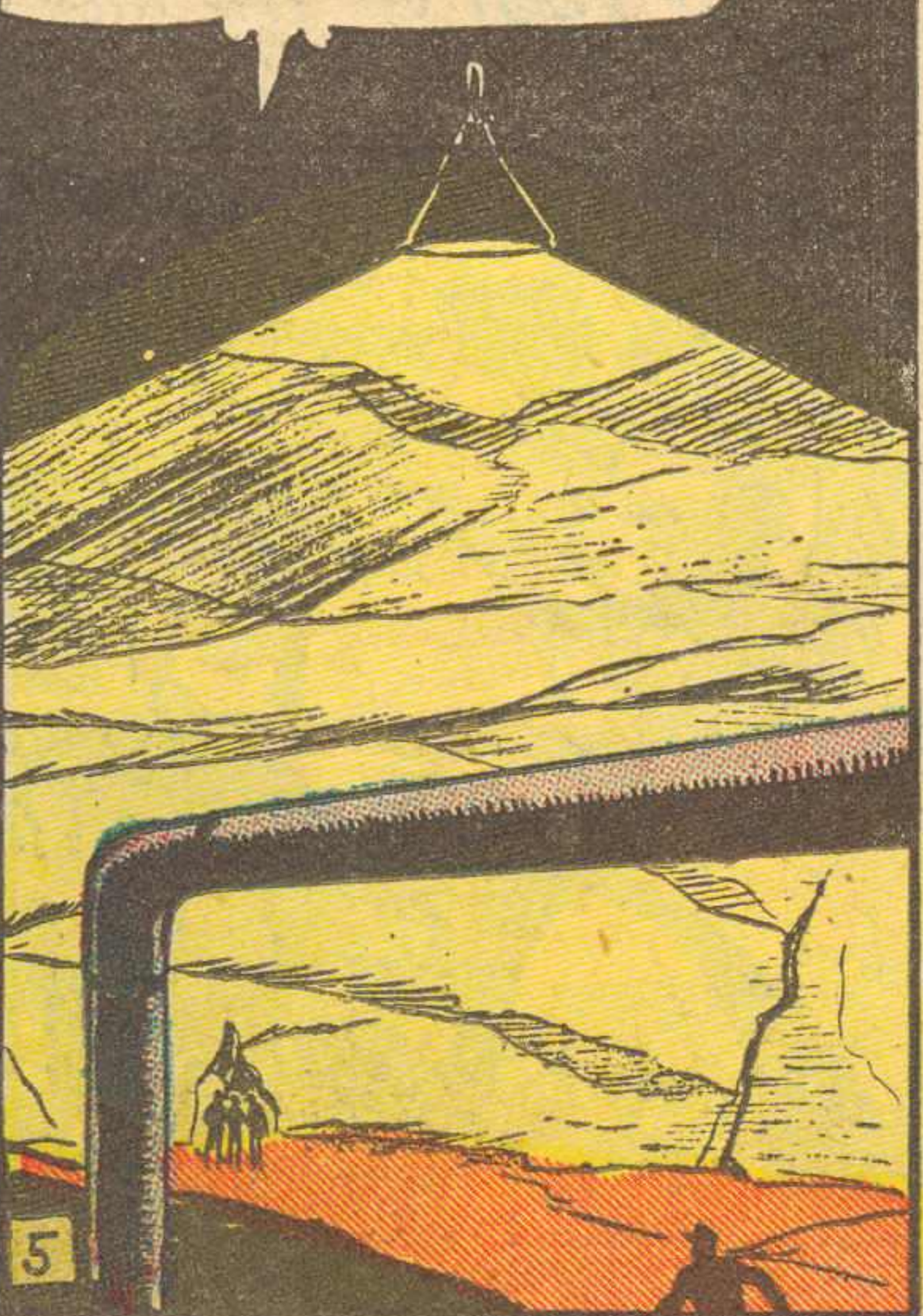
OK, YOU'VE GOT  
ME!

THUS 5 MINUTES  
LATER---

LUCKY IS LED THROUGH  
A NARROW TUNNEL INTO  
A LIGHTED CAVE



WOW! QUITE A CAVE!



SO! YOU'RE LUCKY BYRD,  
G-2'S PET! NOW, A FAKE  
MESSAGE TO COLONEL CLIVE,  
SUPPOSEDLY FROM YOU,  
TELLING HIM TO COME  
HERE!



NOW, WHAT DO I DO?



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER..

THE COLONEL WALKED INTO  
OUR TRAP! HE'S **ON HIS  
WAY DOWN  
HERE.**

TO FIND THEIR  
VULNERABLE  
POINT I MUST  
GET LOOSE!

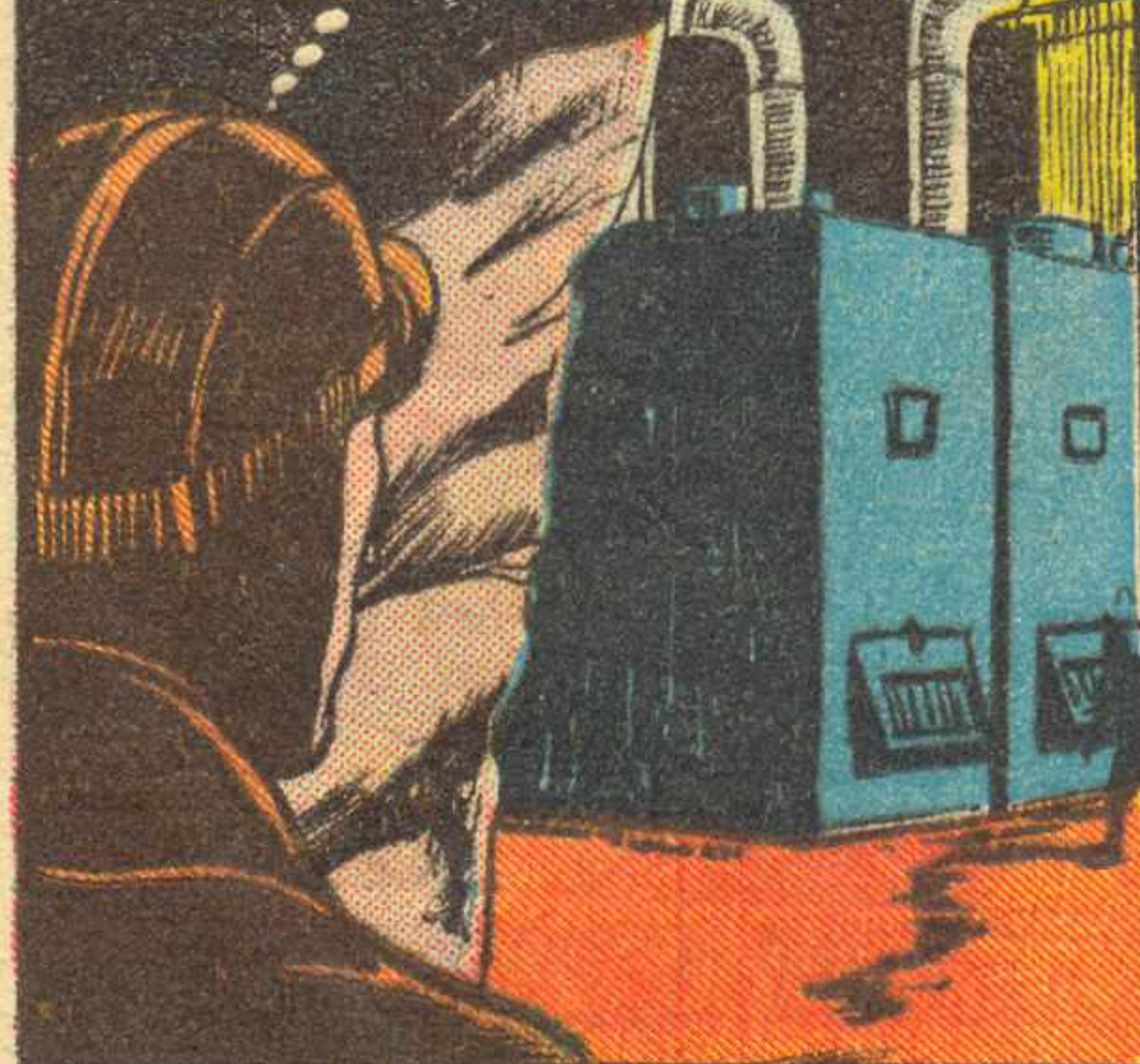


ONE SIDE, FRITZ!



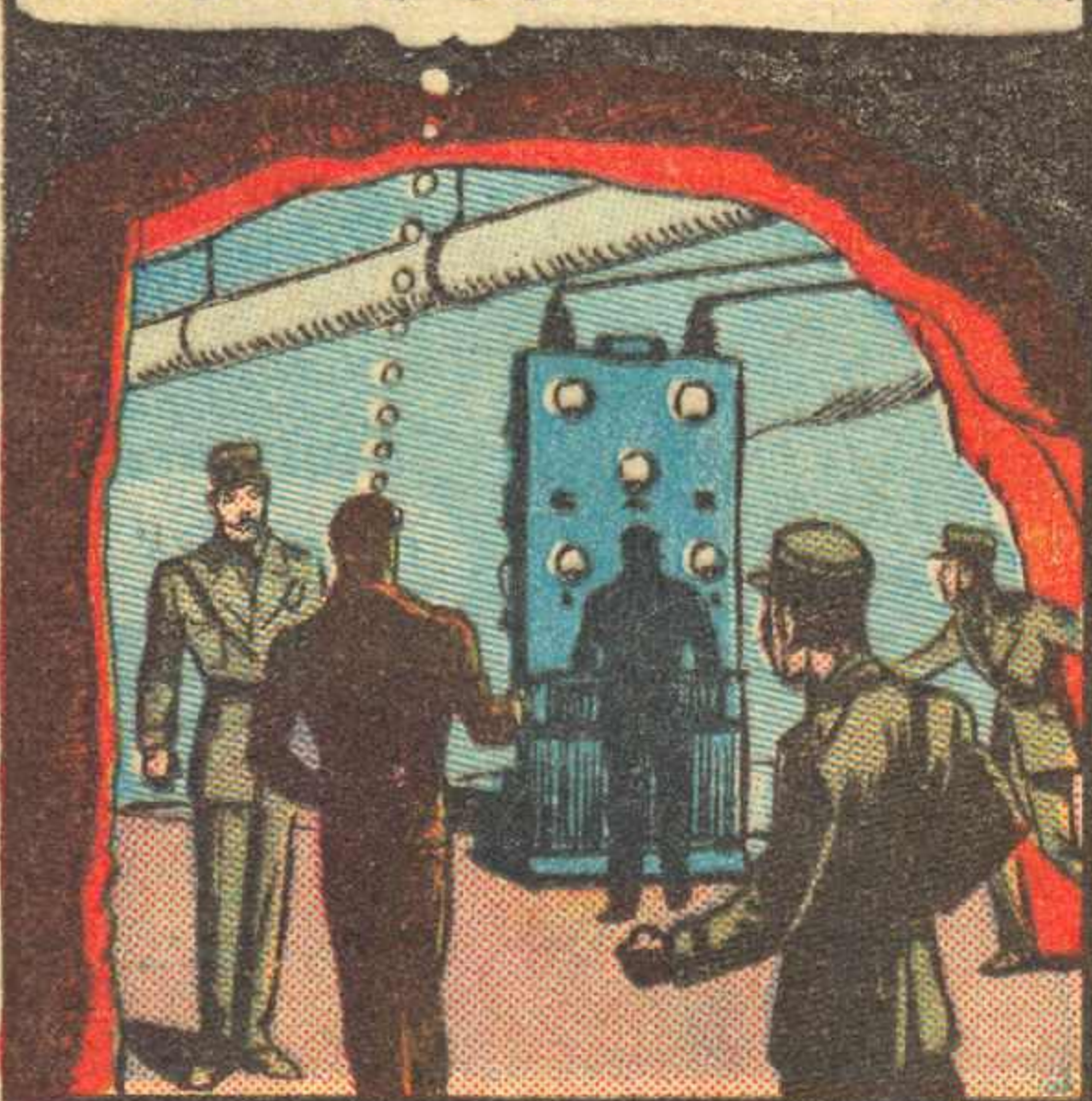
DASHING THROUGH A TUNNEL,  
HE FINDS A BOILER ROOM  
IN ANOTHER CAVE.

LOW-PRESSURE BOILERS TO  
MAKE THE FAKE FOG!



IN THE RADIO CAVE HE  
IS RE-CAPTURED

SO, THAT'S THE FALSE BEAM  
THAT LED THOSE PLANES  
INTO THE SIDE OF THE HILL!



IN THE EXCITEMENT THAT  
WILL FOLLOW THE SIGHTING  
OF CLIVE'S SHIP, I'LL ACT. I  
THOUGHT THIS CALCIUM  
CHLORIDE WOULD COME IN  
HANDY—AND THAT SLEDGE!



LEADER, THE SHIP  
APPROACHES!

TURN ON  
THE STEAM!



HOPE THIS "STEAM" ISN'T  
SCALDING, BUT I MUST  
TAKE THAT—

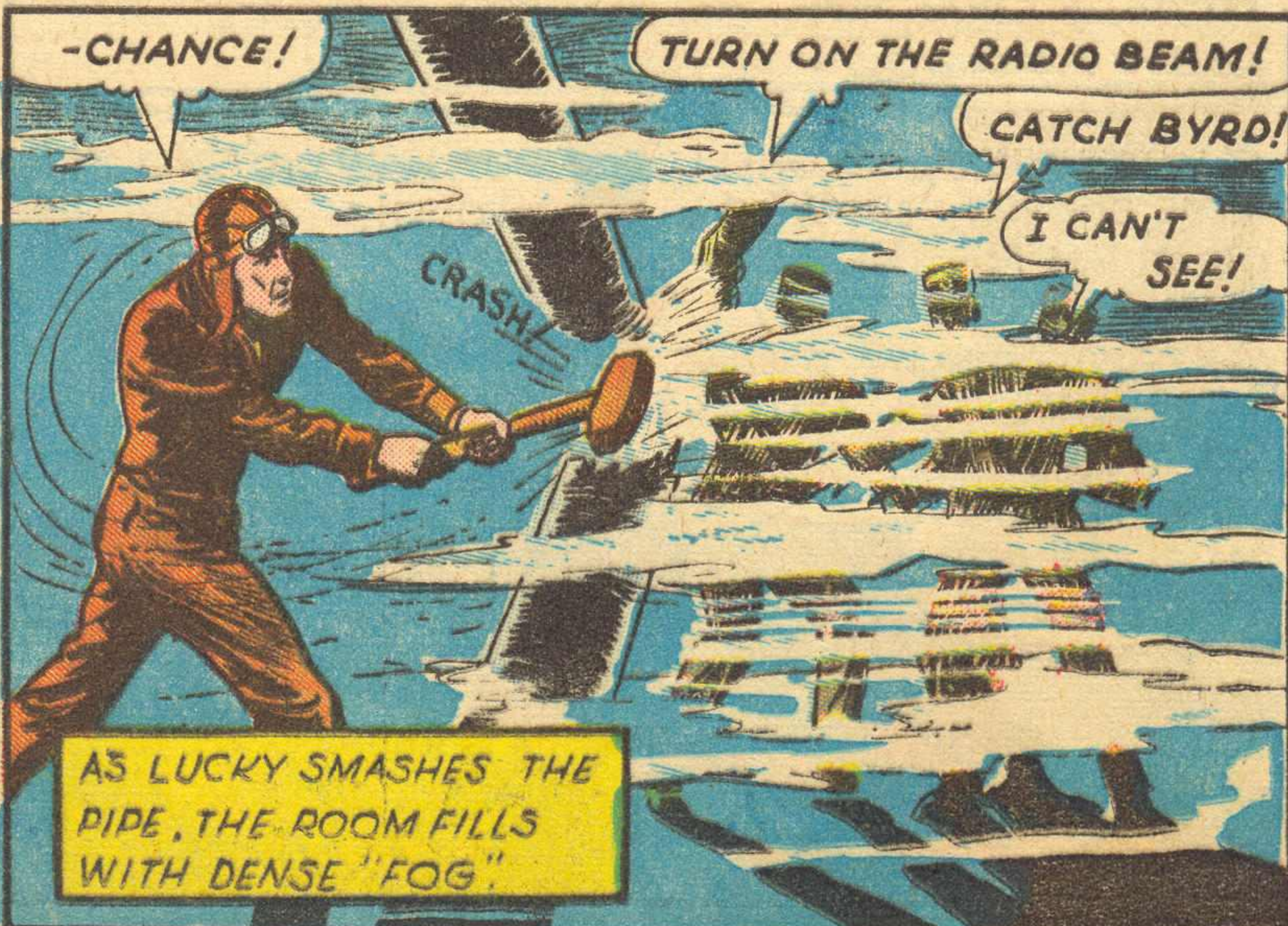


-CHANCE!

TURN ON THE RADIO BEAM!

CATCH BYRD!

I CAN'T  
SEE!

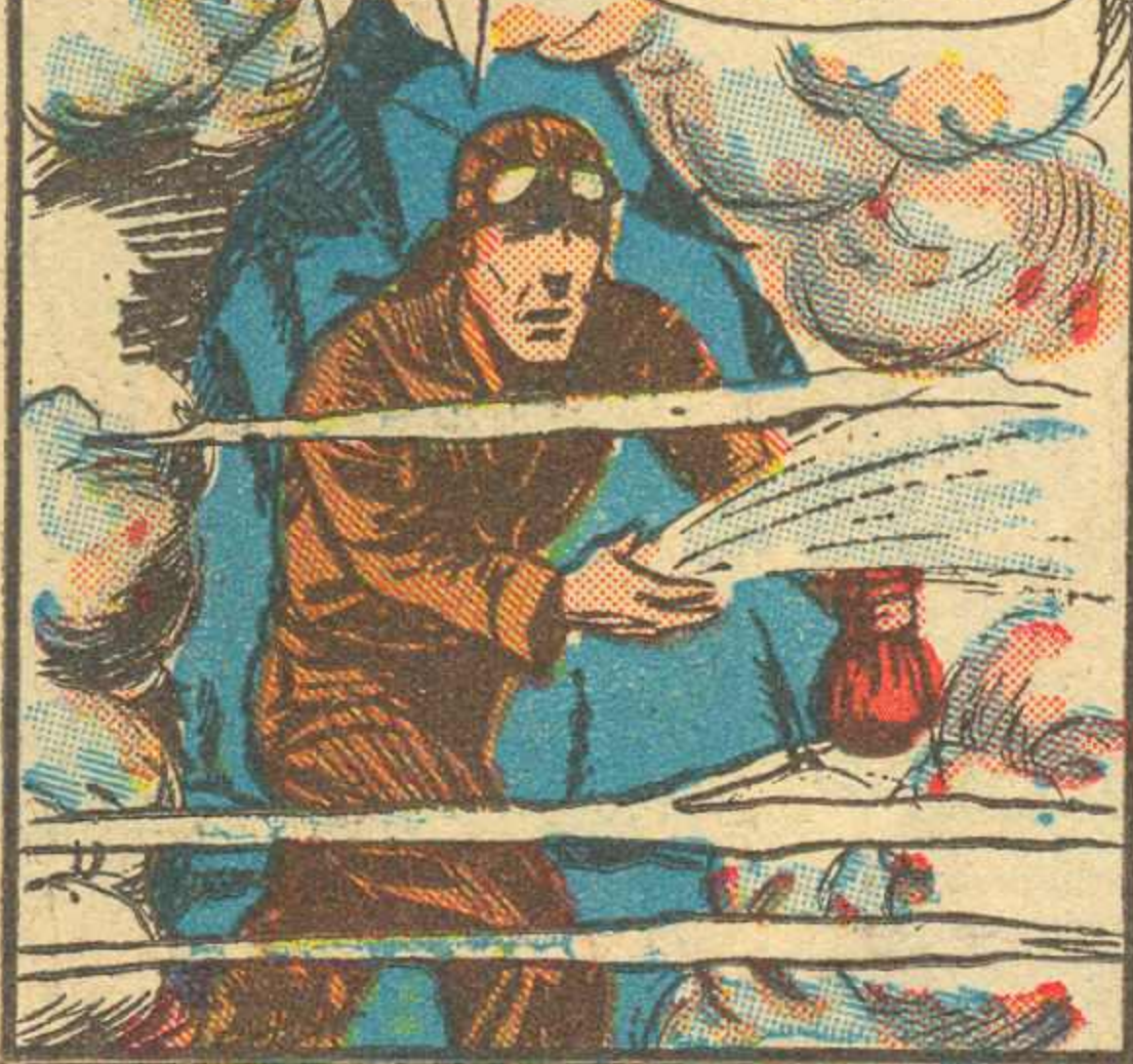


AS LUCKY SMASHES THE  
PIPE, THE ROOM FILLS  
WITH DENSE "FOG".



THROUGH A PASSAGE CLEARED BY THE CALCIUM CHLORIDE, LUCKY REACHES THE RADIO CAVE!

LUCKY I BROUGHT THIS STUFF!



THIS ENDS THAT FALSE RADIO BEAM!



THE RADIO SMASHES...

TAKING THE GUN FROM THE UNCONSCIOUS OPERATOR—

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, BEFORE THEY SHUT OFF THE STEAM AND CAN SEE ME!



5 MINUTES LATER — OUTSIDE THE CAVE...

FROM BEHIND THAT ROCK, I COULD HOLD BACK AN ARMY! ONLY **ONE** AT A TIME CAN COME THROUGH **THIS** EXIT! SKEETS' RESCUE PARTY **SHOULD** BE ON **THE WAY!**



AN HOUR LATER...

I SAID, GET BACK THERE!



THE RESCUE PARTY, LED BY SKEETS AND COL. CLIVE—

UP HERE, SKEETS!



LUCKY!

AN HOUR LATER, FIFTH COLUMNISTS CAPTURED, LUCKY EXPLAINS—

IT WAS **SIMPLE**, COLONEL! THESE BOILERS GENERATED THE STEAM FOR THE **ARTIFICIAL FOG**. WHEN THEY WANTED TO **CRASH** A **SHIP**, THEY TURNED IT ON, AND SENT OUT THEIR **FALSE LANDING BEAM** TO **LEAD** THE **PLANE** INTO THE **HILLSIDE!**

BUT, **HOW** DID **YOU** GET THROUGH, LIEUTENANT BYRD?

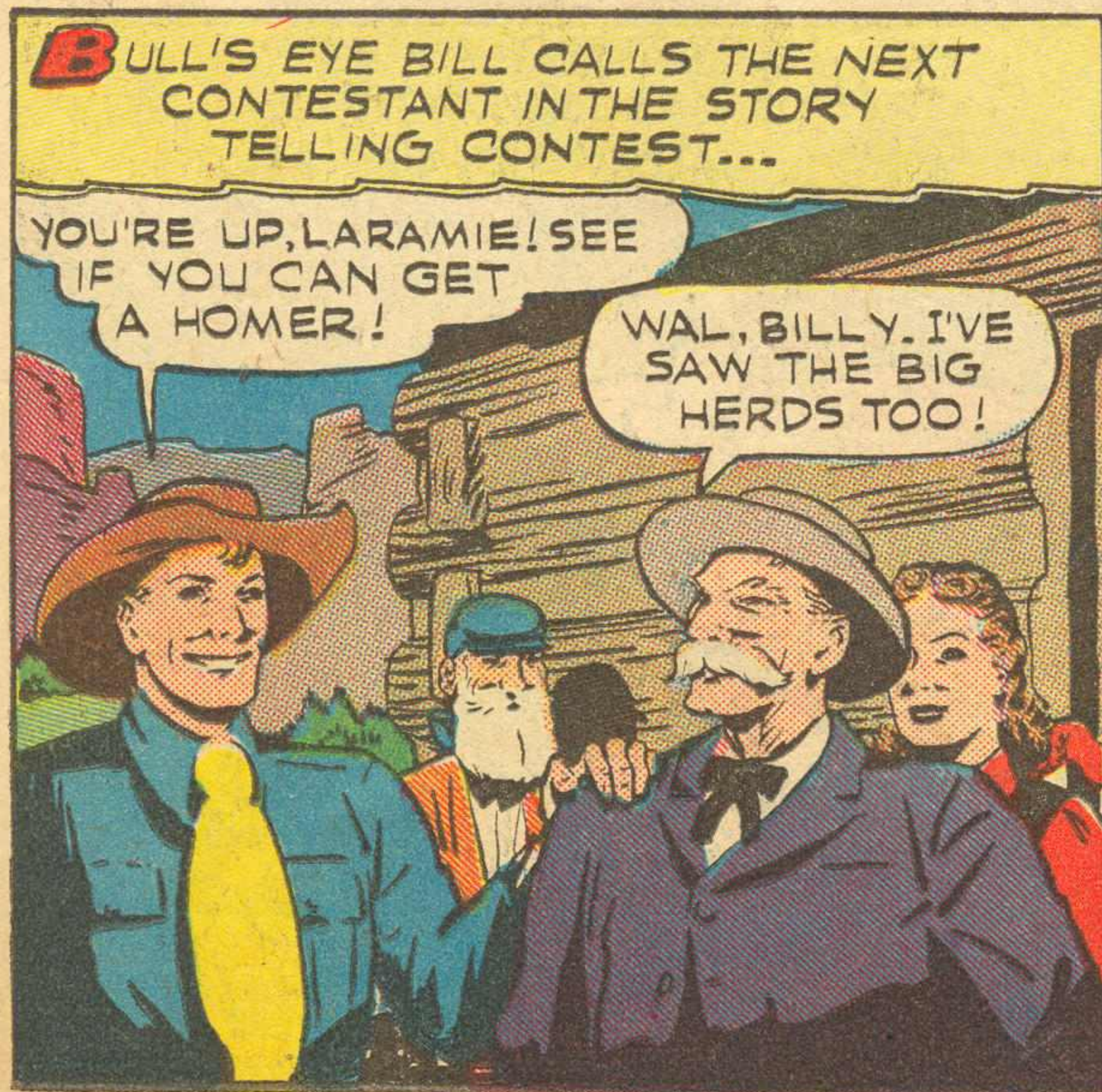
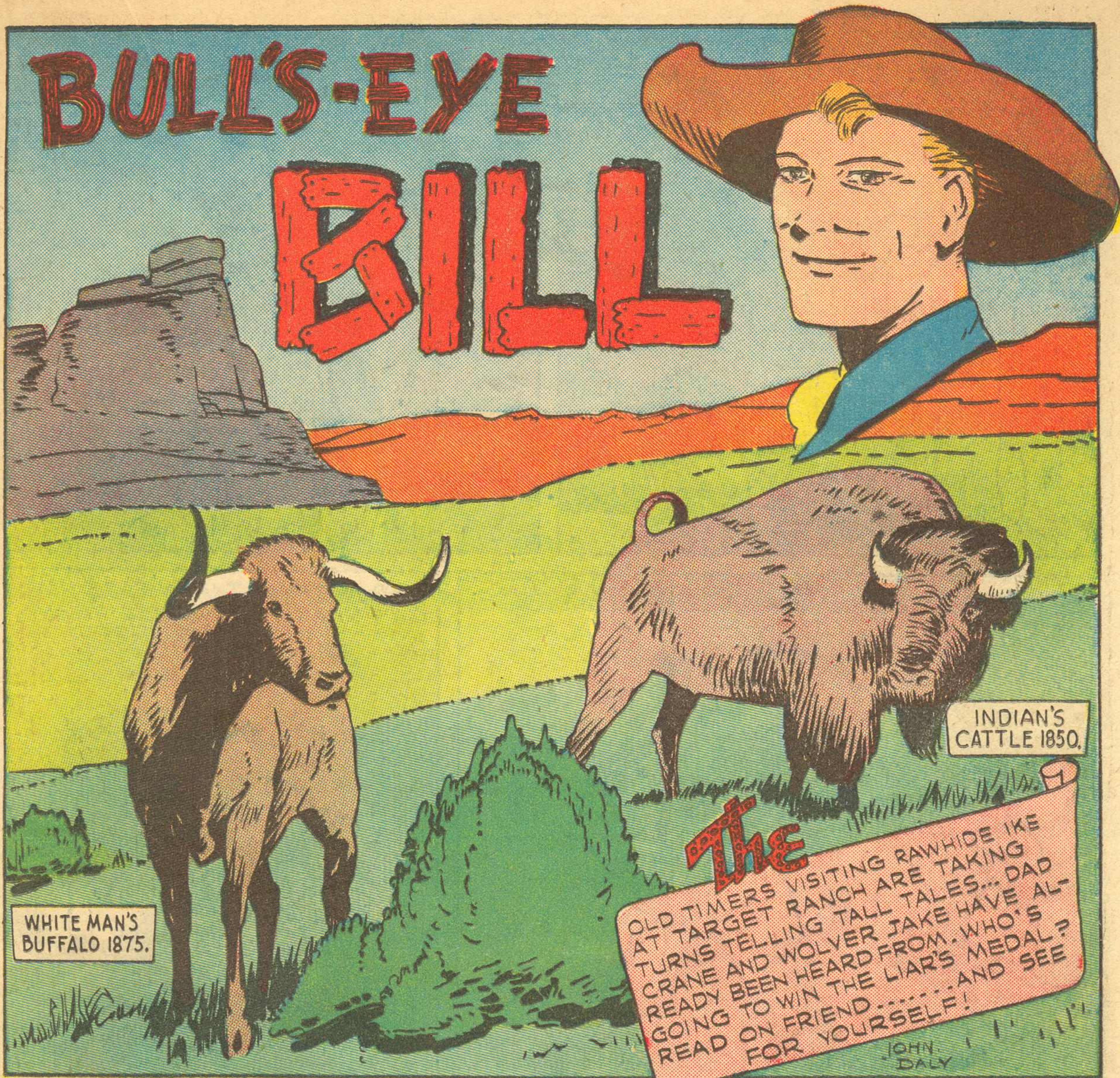


BY CLEARING A PATH THROUGH THE FOG WITH **CALCIUM CHLORIDE**. IT SOAKS UP WATER VAPOR LIKE A SPONGE! THEY'VE BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH IT TO **CLEAR THE FOG** AT **AIR FIELDS!**



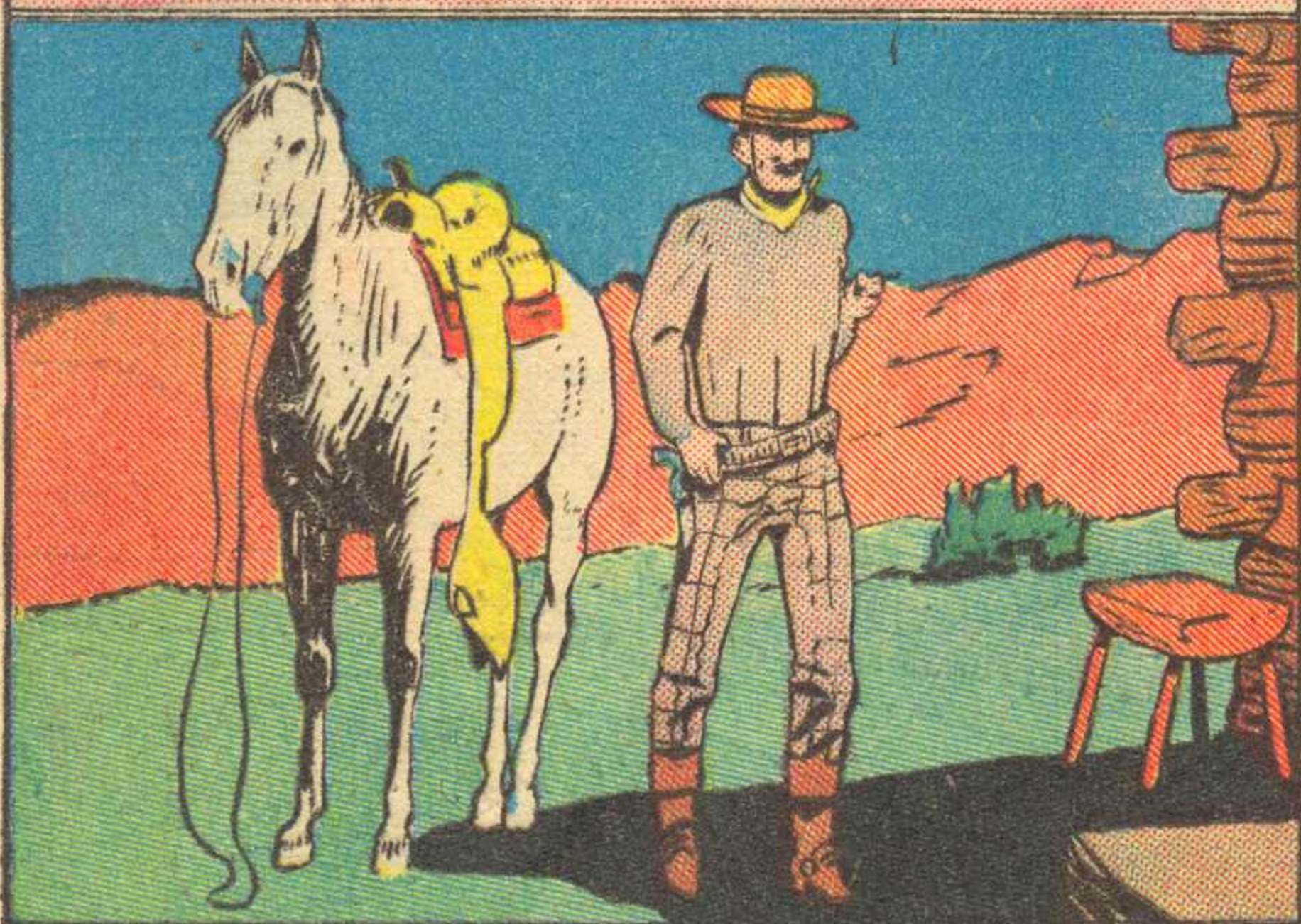
FOLLOW LUCKY BYRD IN **7** NEXT MONTH'S TARGET!



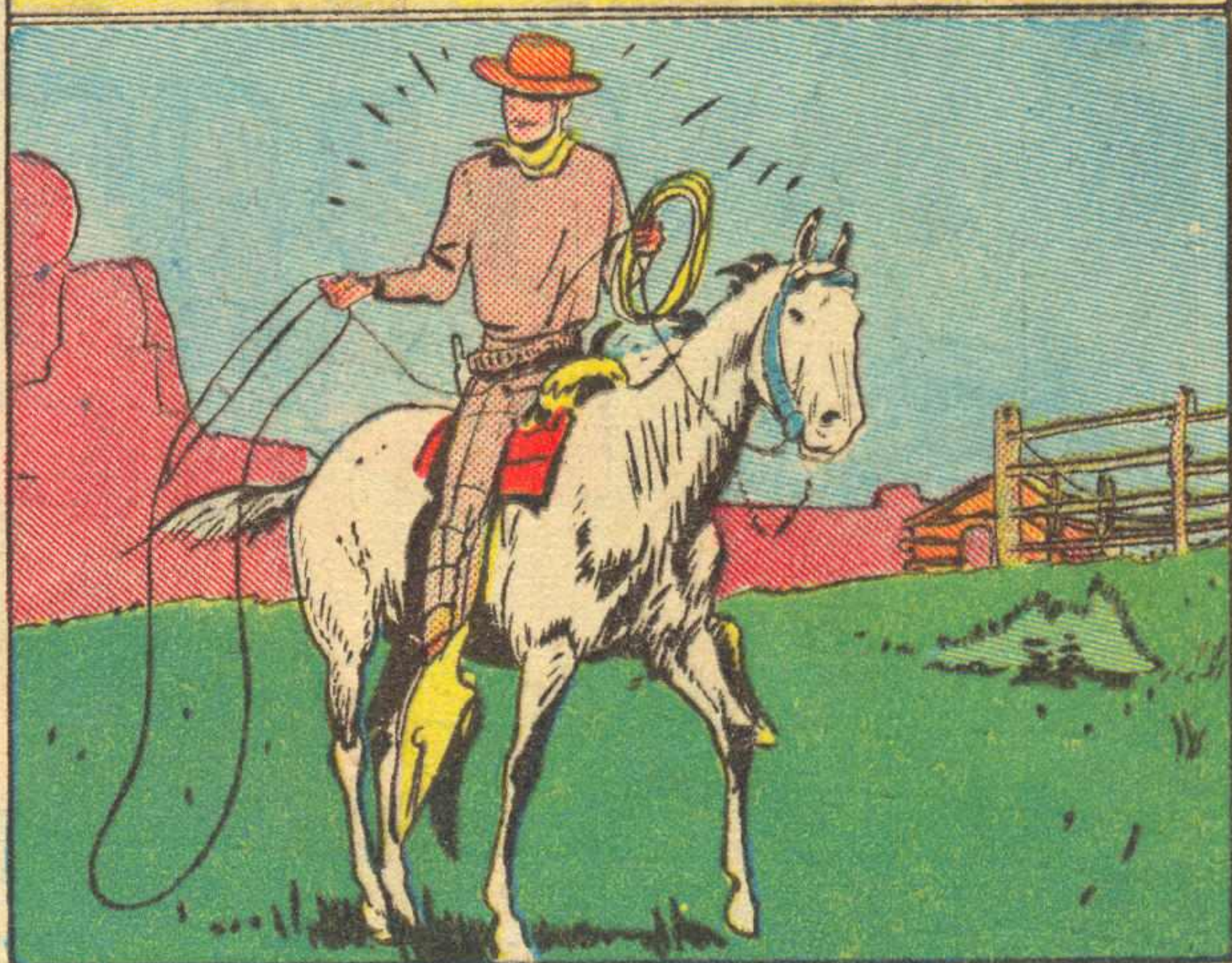




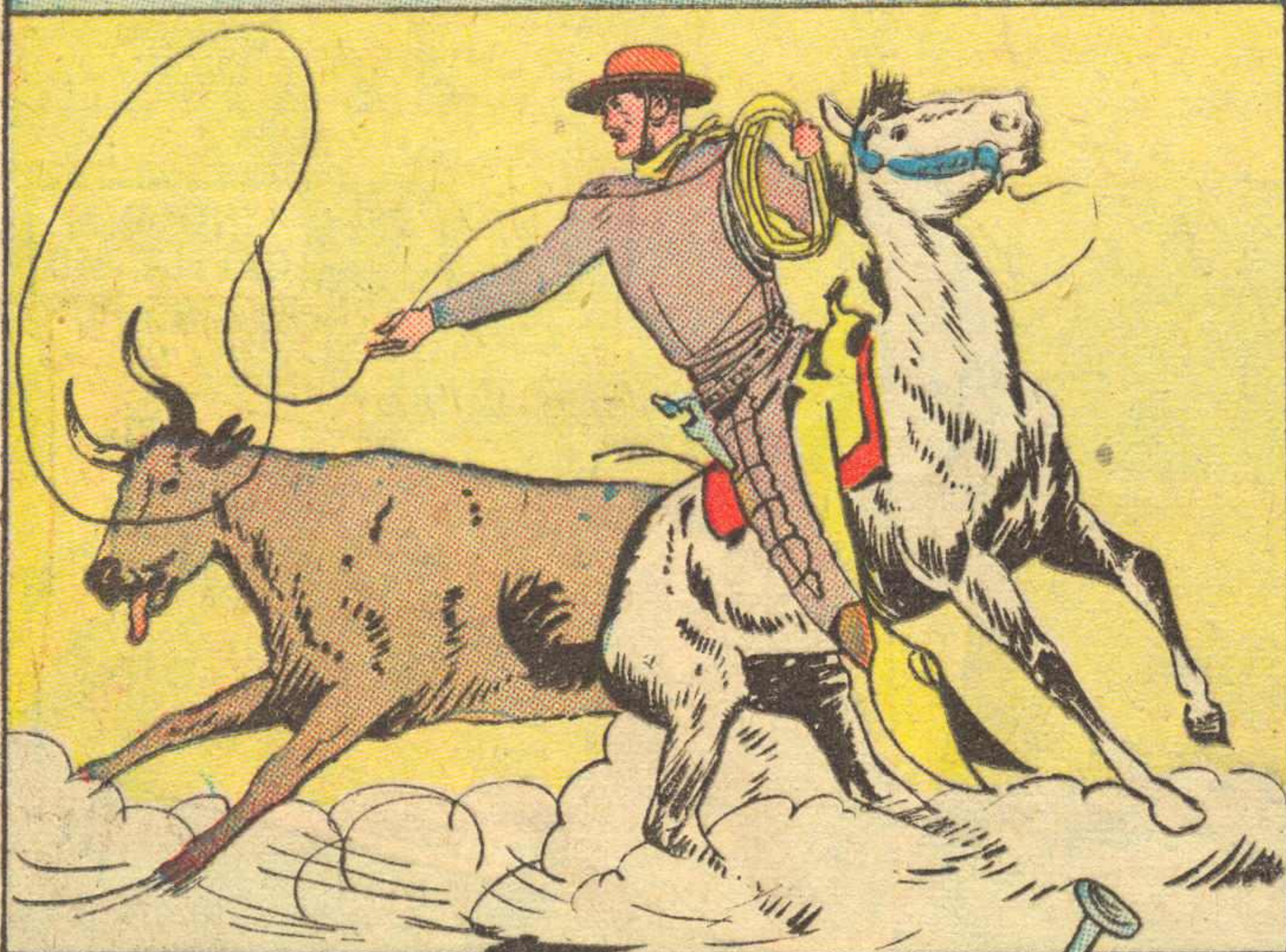
"I MEAN THE PUNCHERS. AN' THERE'S ONE WADDIE I RECALL THAT'S A SURE ENOUGH CENTER FIRE BUCKAROO... HIS NAME IS "SILVER" NIXON, ON ACCOUNT OF HIS RIGGIN' THAT'S INLAID WITH MEXICAN METAL!"



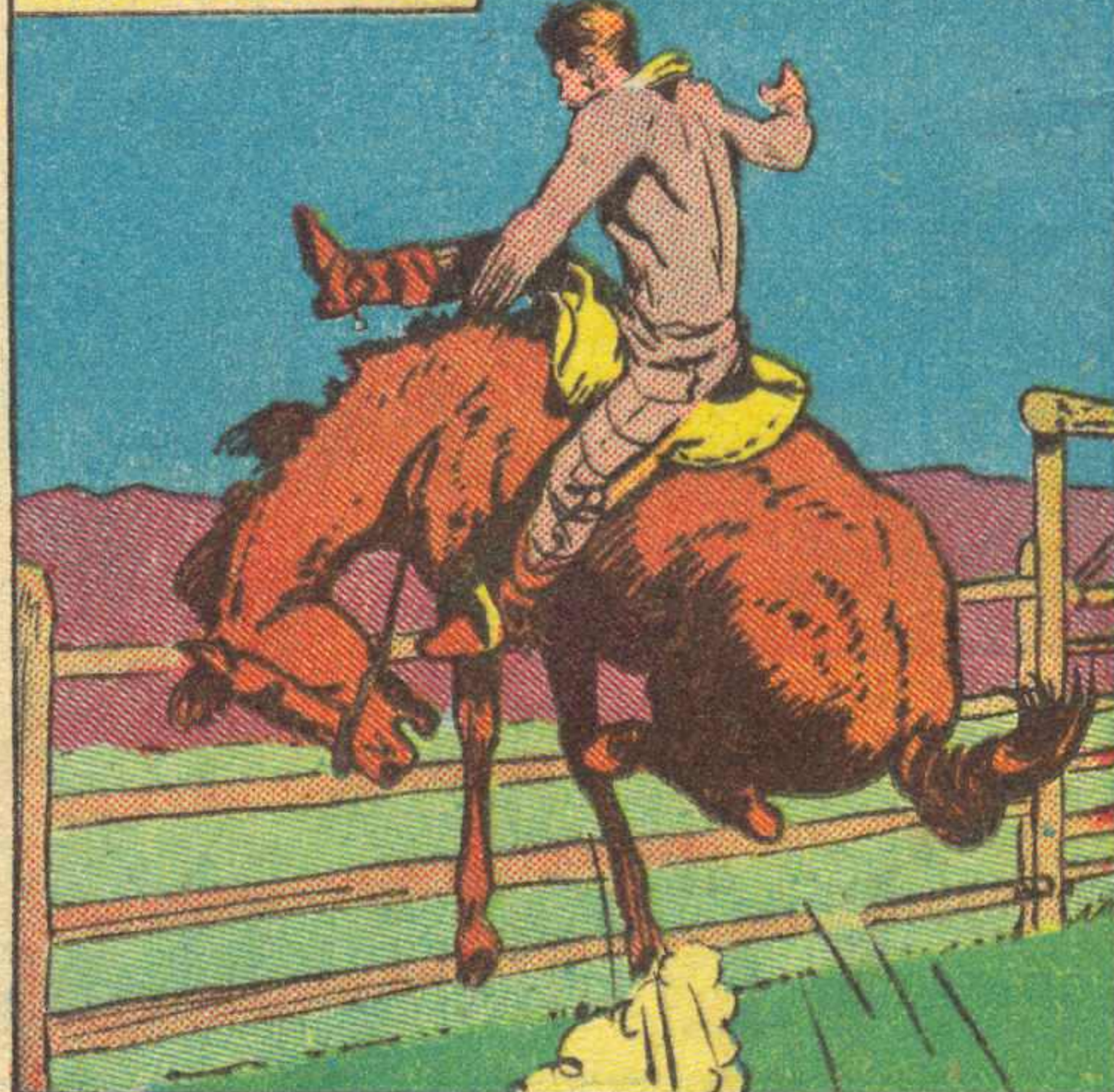
"AN WHEN THE SUN LIGHTS ON NIXON... HE BLAZES UP LIKE THOSE NEW FANGLED NEON SIGNS! AN' FOR PLUMB PRETTINESS HE BEATS THE HULL BARBECUES..."



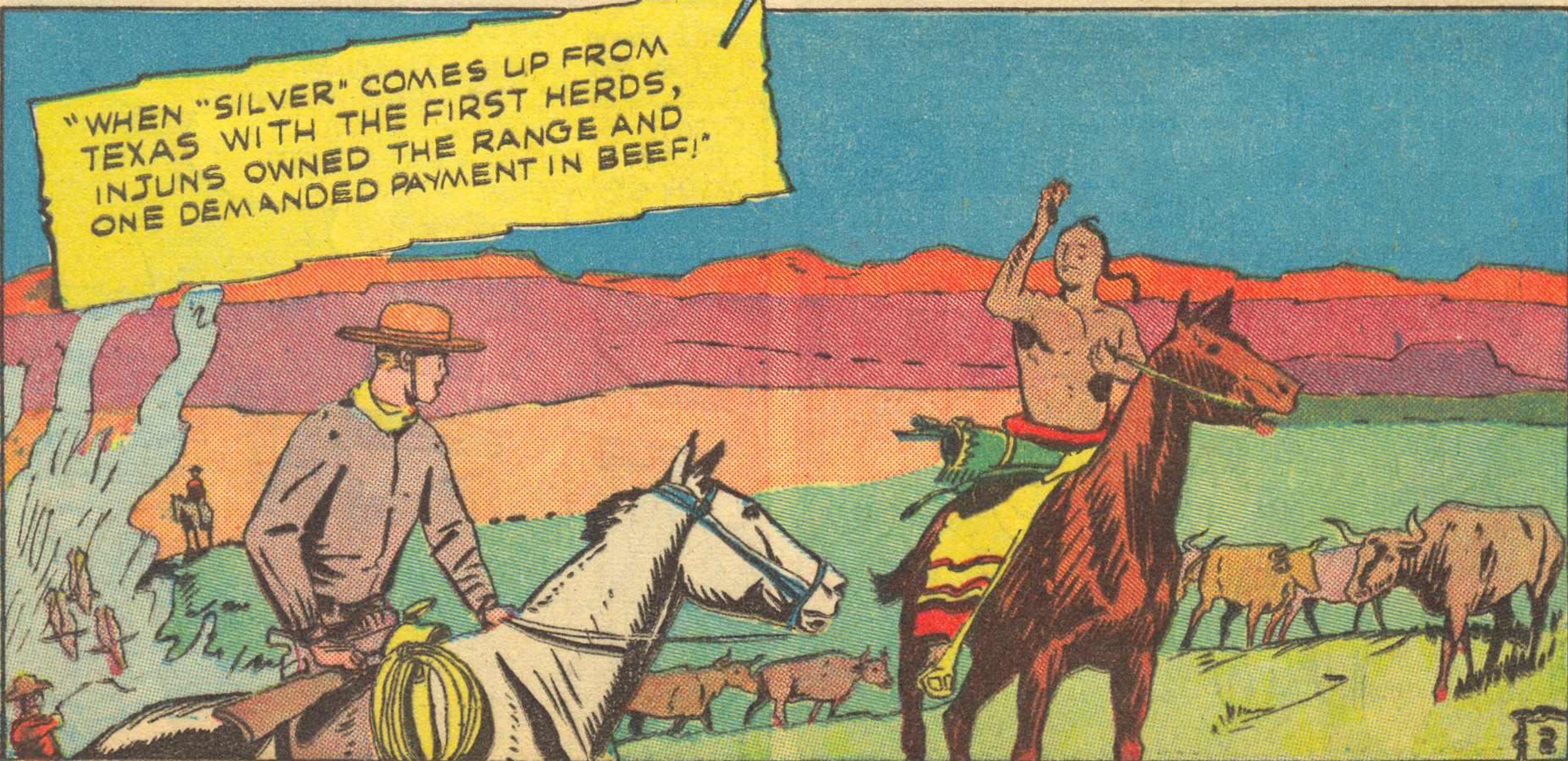
"BUT HE SURE KNOWS HIS BUSINESS"



"AND NOTHING THAT WEARS HAIR CAN SHAKE HIM LOOSE FROM A SADDLE!"

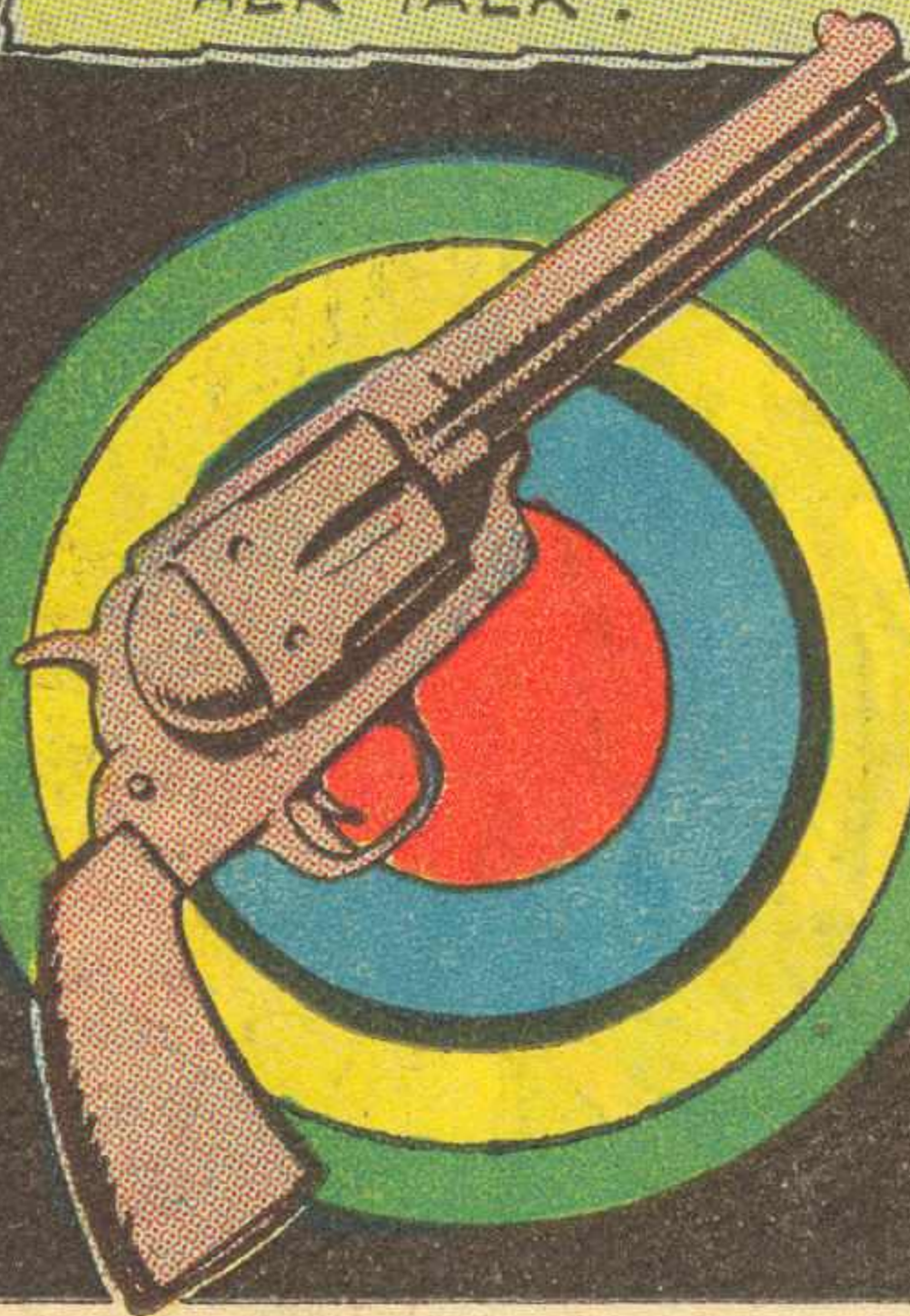


"WHEN "SILVER" COMES UP FROM TEXAS WITH THE FIRST HERDS, INJUNS OWNED THE RANGE AND ONE DEMANDED PAYMENT IN BEEF!"

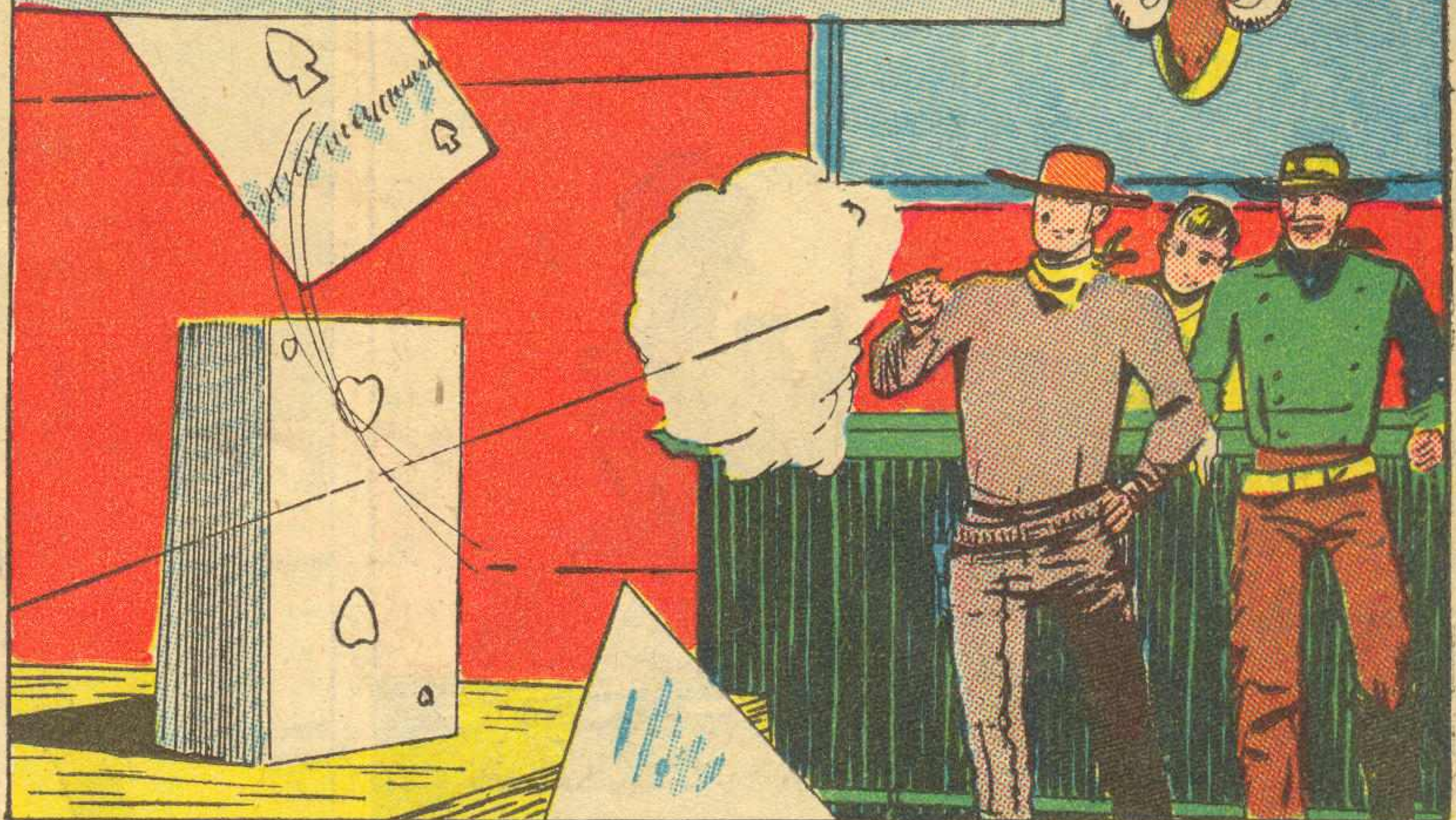




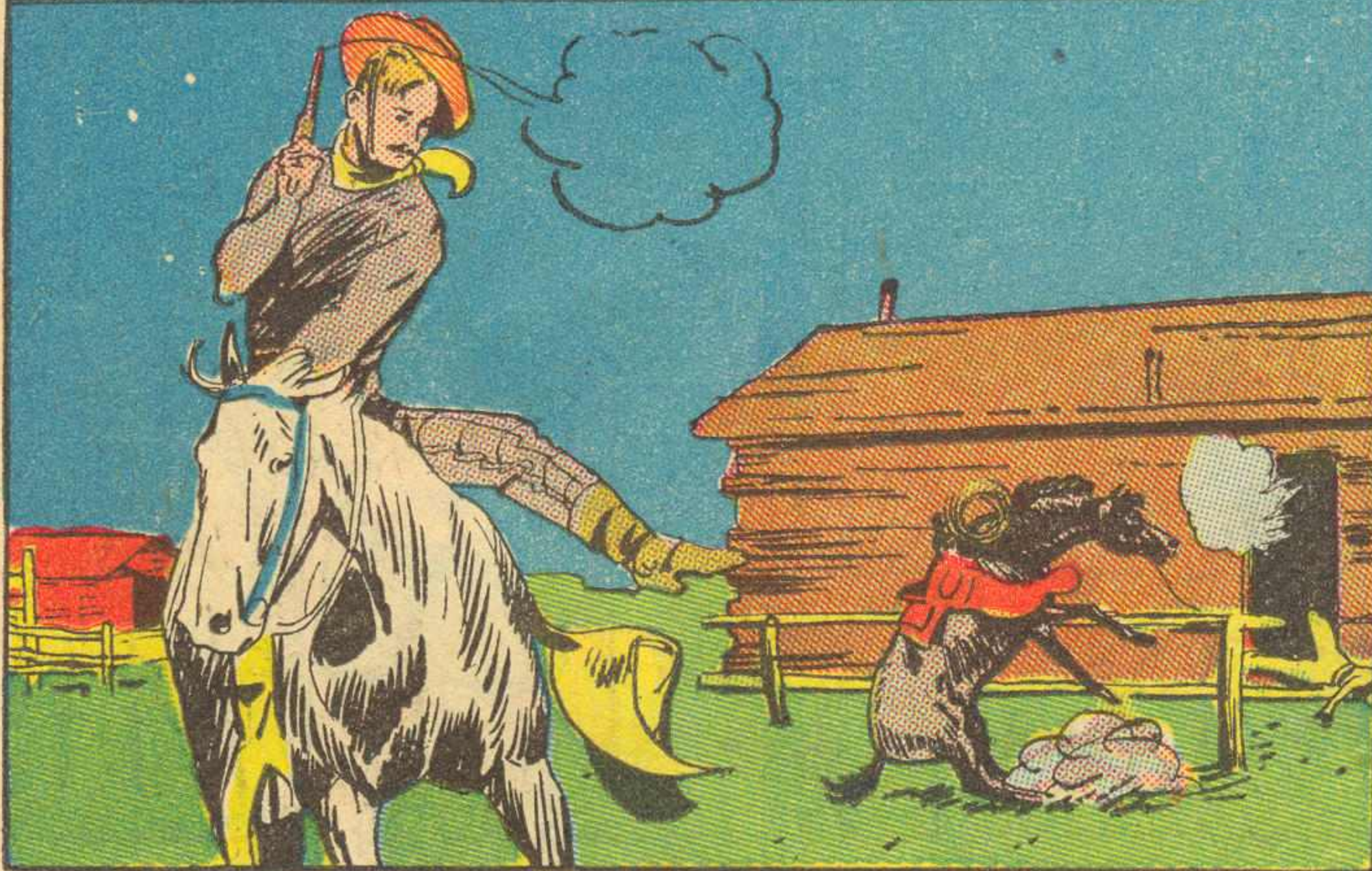
"SILVER'S WEAPON WAS A 45 COLT...HE SURE KNEW HOW TO MAKE HER TALK!"



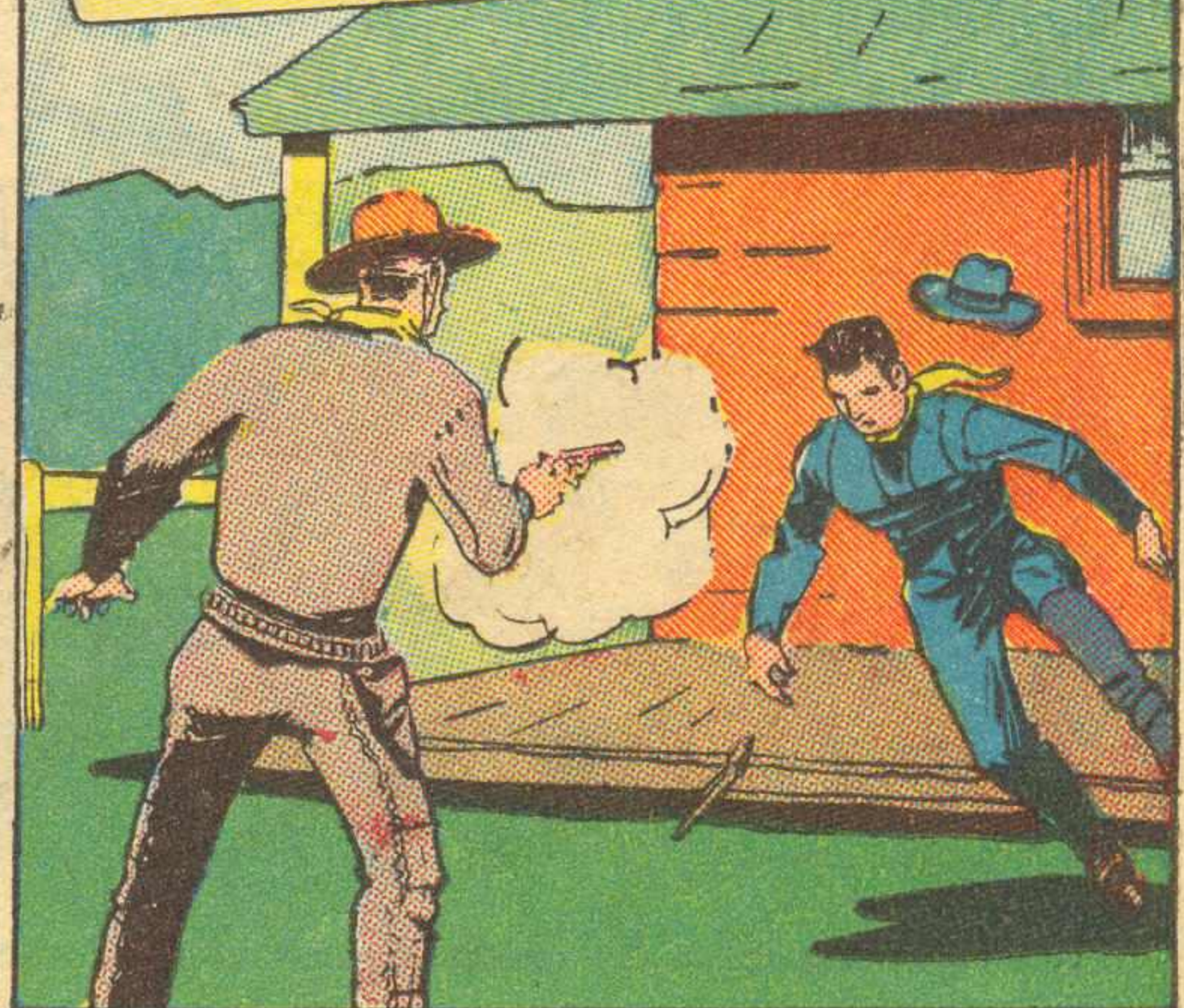
"ONE NIGHT IN ABILENE, I SEEN HIM SET A DECK OF CARDS ON END AND SHOOT 'EM AWAY... ONE AT A TIME... AT TWENTY PACES!"



"THIS HANDINESS WITH HIS LIL OLE DOG-LAIG SHOOTIN' IRON SAVED NIXON'S LIFE MANY'S THE TIME!"



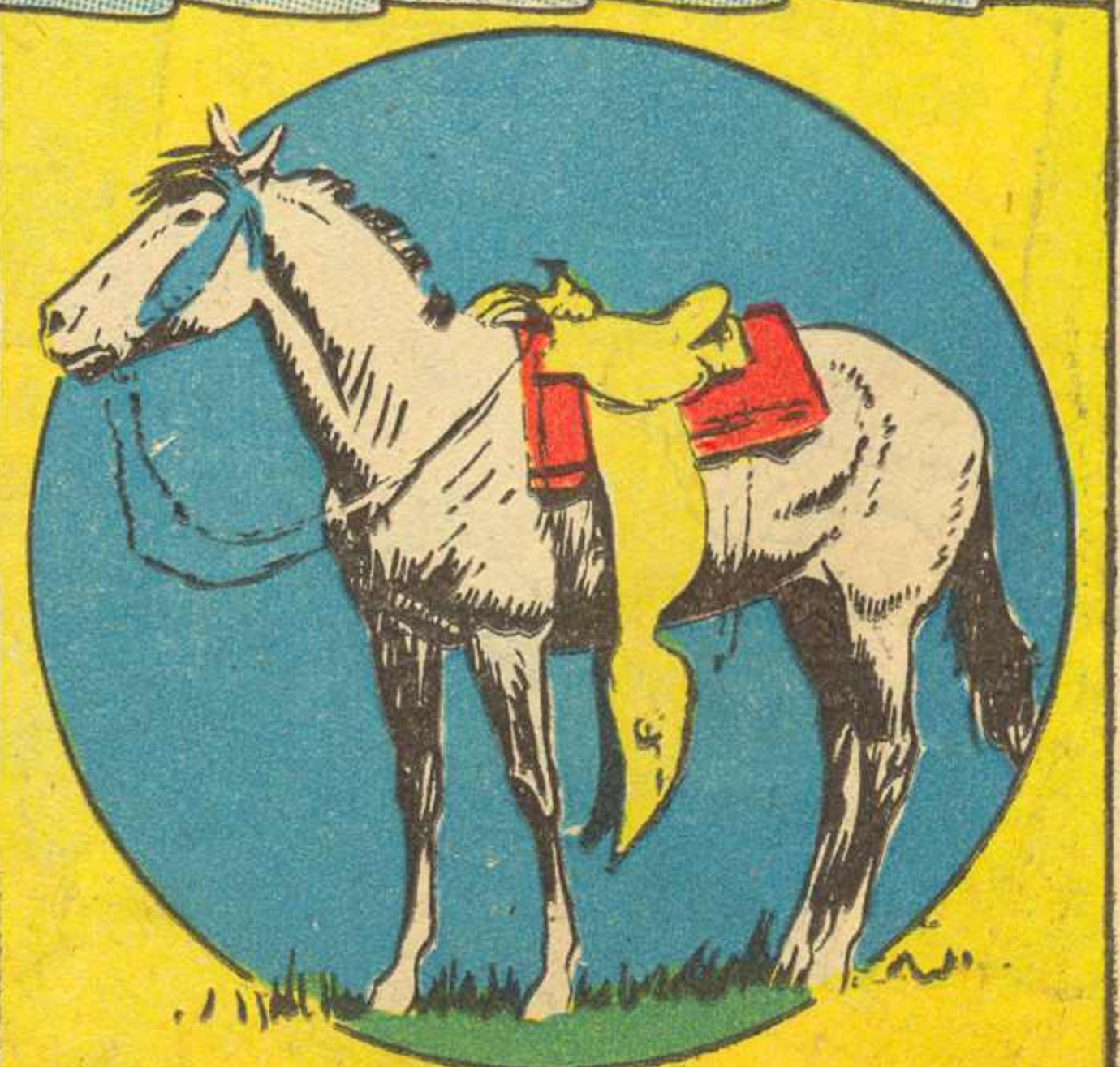
"AN' I KNOW OF MORE'N ONE BAD ACTOR THAT HE'D BEATEN TO THE DRAW!"



"NIXON WAS FINALLY KILLED NEAR DODGE CITY. WHEN FOUR THOUSAND HEAD STAMPEDED FROM THE BED GROUND."

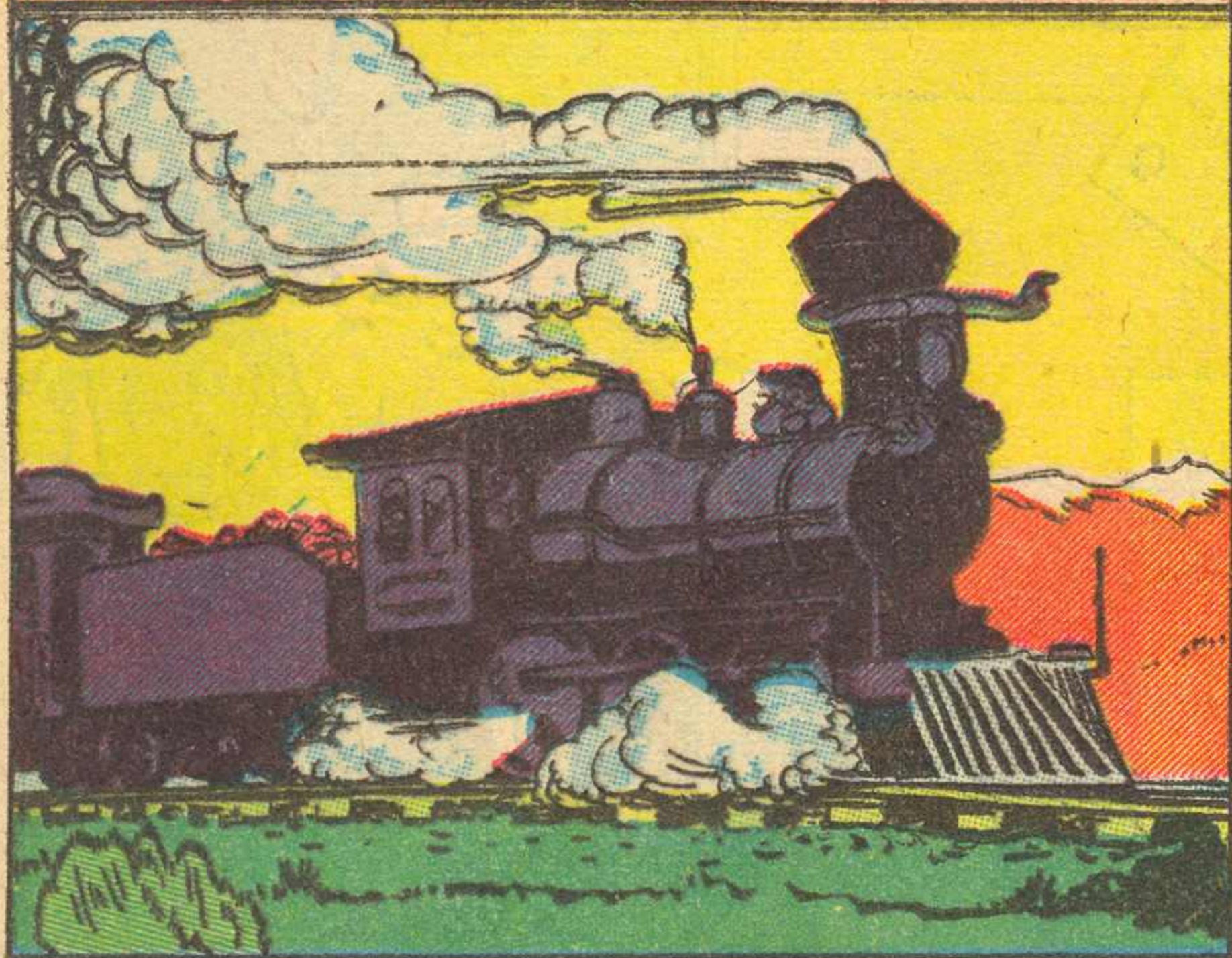


"NIXON'S PONY WAS FOUND THE NEXT DAY, BUT THAT'S ALL!"

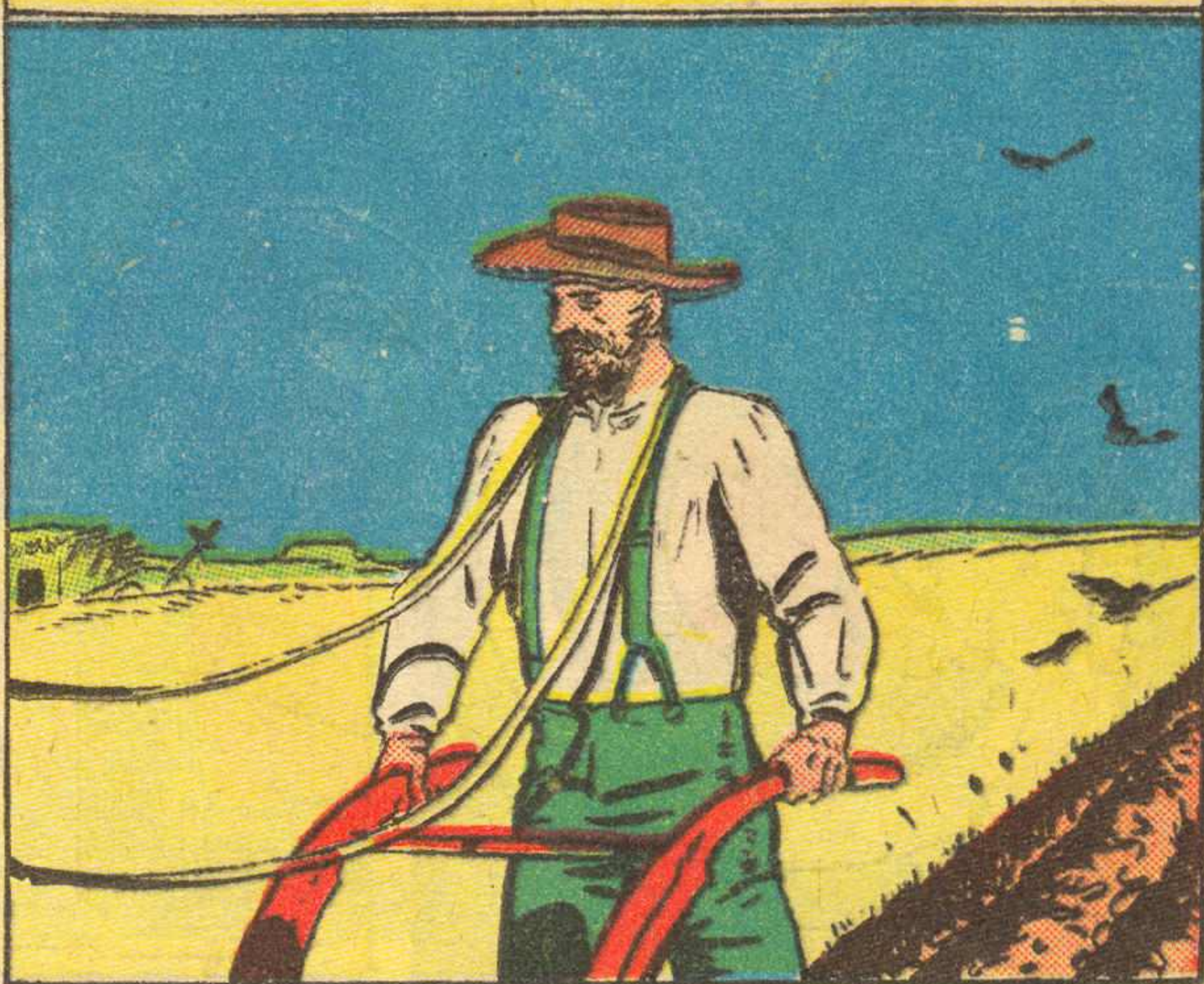




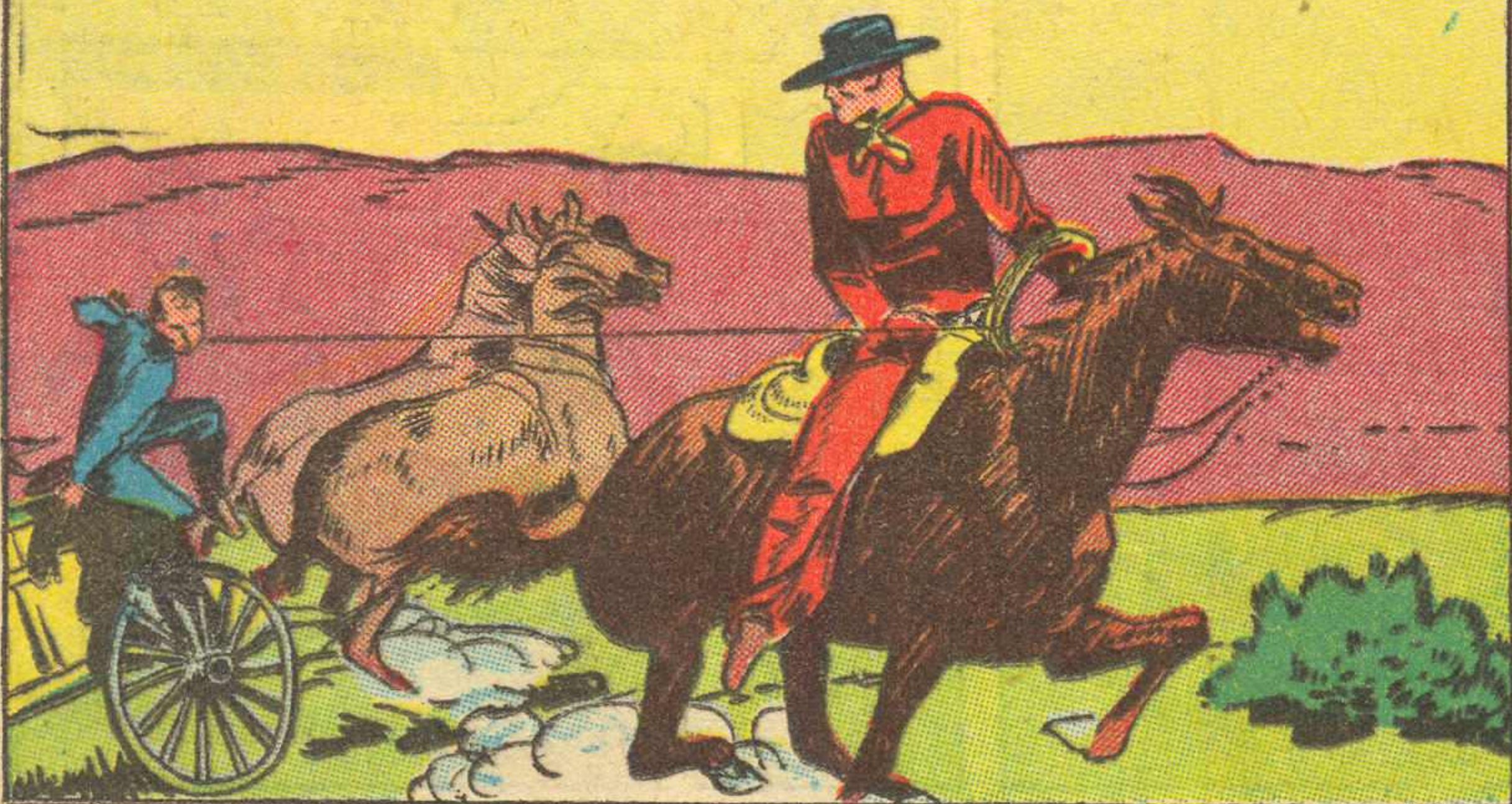
"WHEN THE RAILROADS STARTED TO CROWD THE COUNTRY WITH 'PILGRIMS', IT WAS SURE ENOUGH IRKSOME TO A BUCKAROO LIKE NIXON."



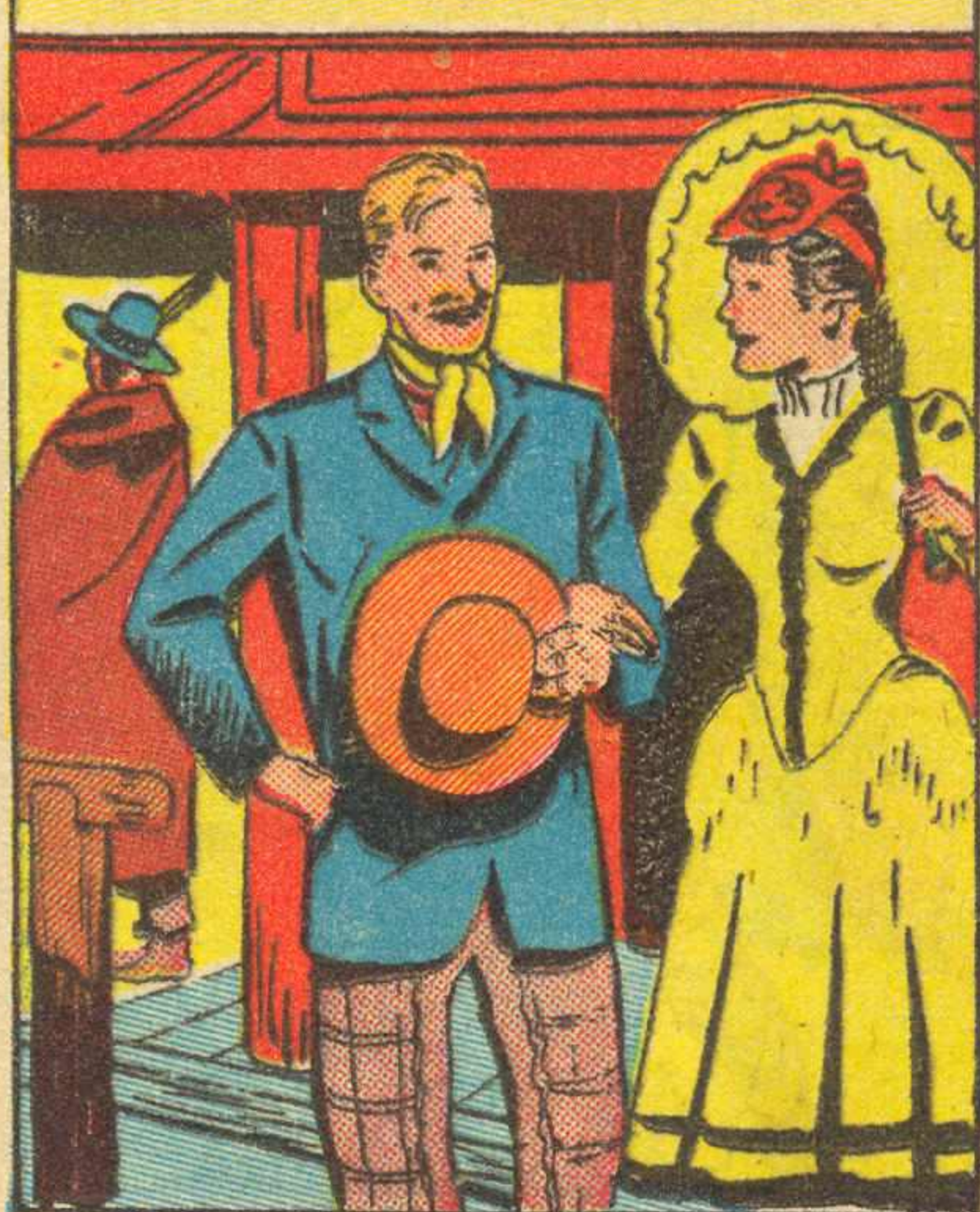
"NESTERS STARTED FLOWIN THE RANGE UNDER AND SURE CRAMPED THE CATTLEMAN'S STYLE."



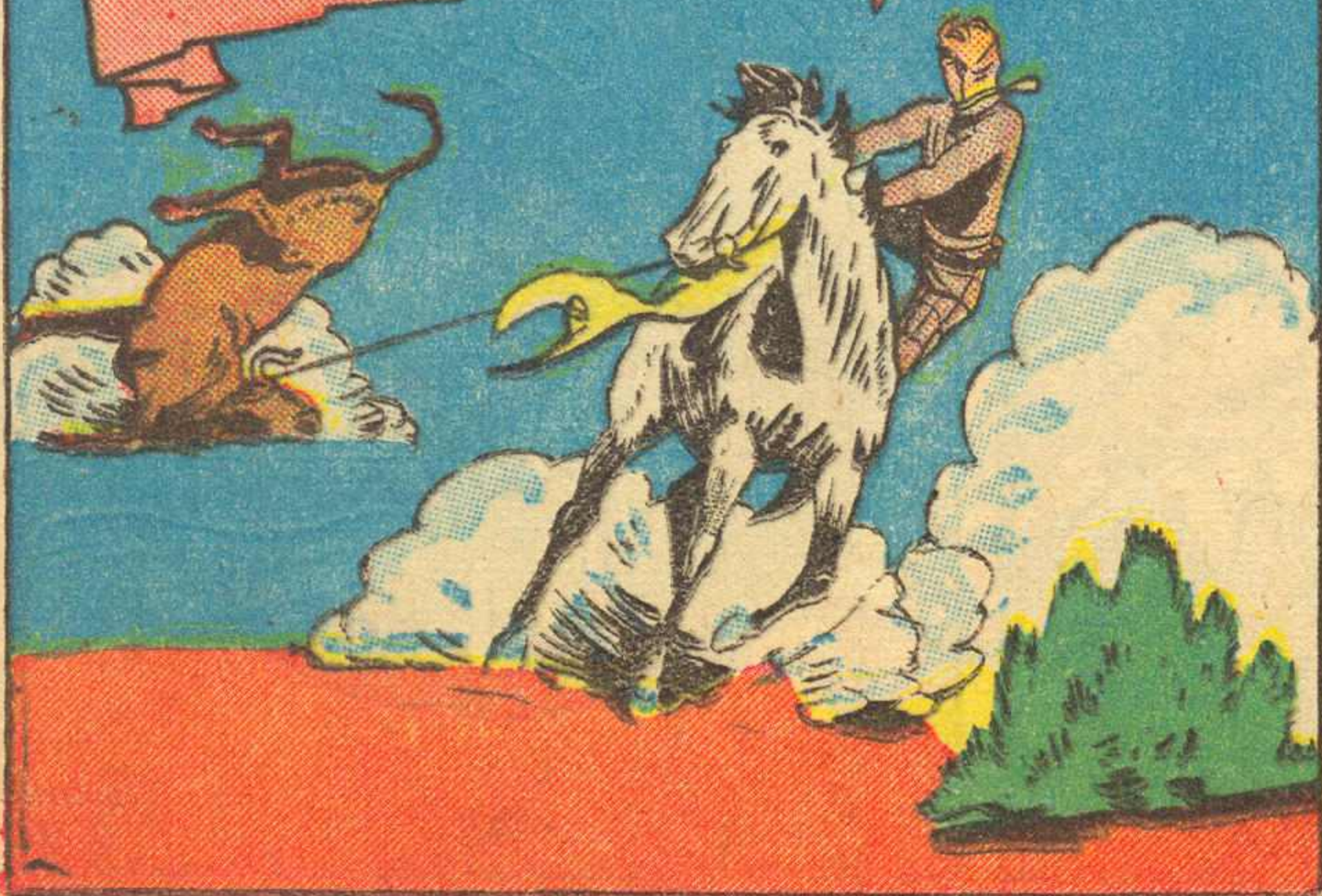
"THERE WAS APLENTY BAD BLOOD AND MANY AN ARGUMENT WAS SETTLED WITH THE ROPE OR THE GUN..."



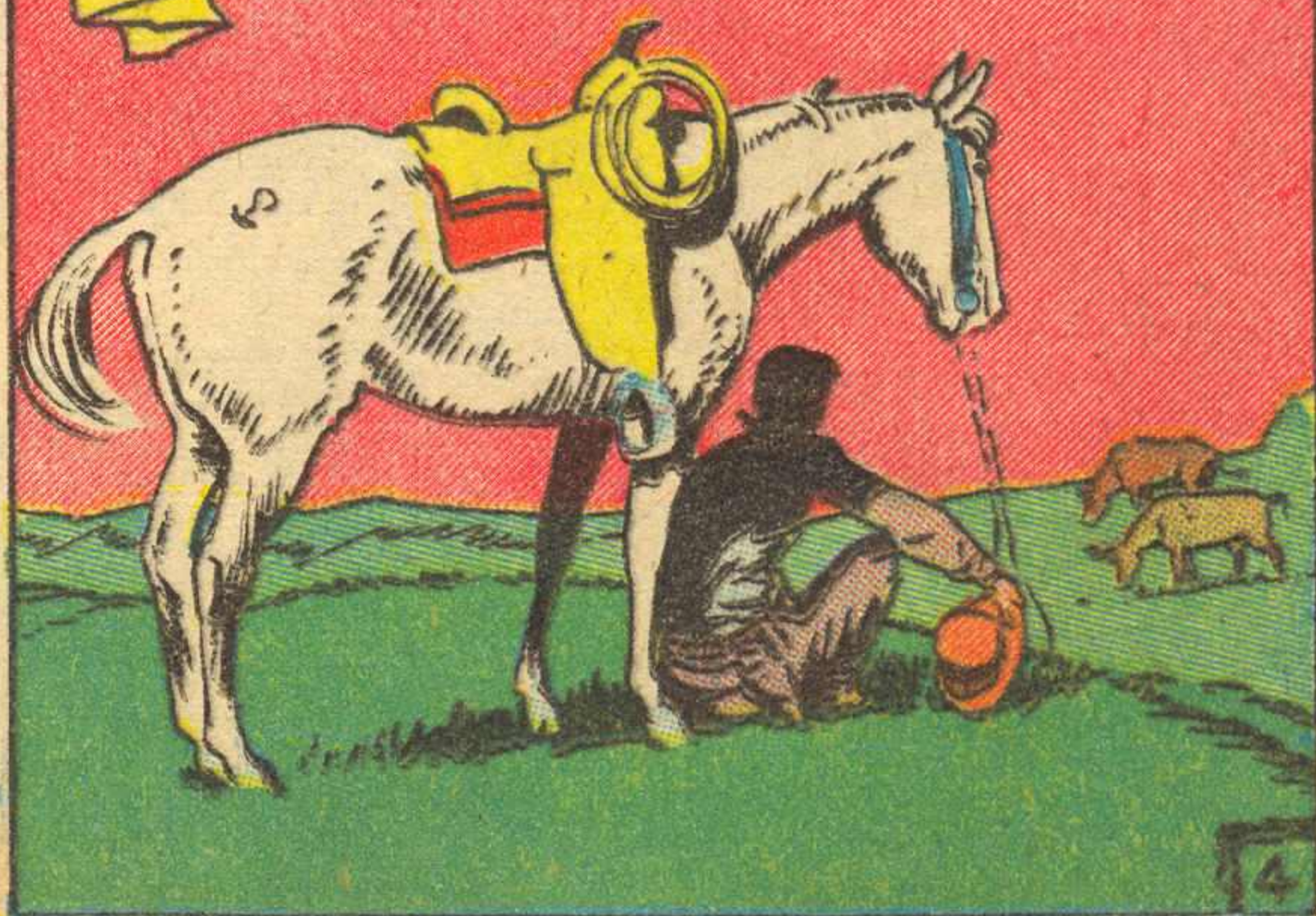
"'ROUN' THAT TIME, 'SILVER' GOT HISSELF A GIRL..."



"BUT, HE COULDN'T SEE MUCH OF HER COUNT OF HIS JOB..."

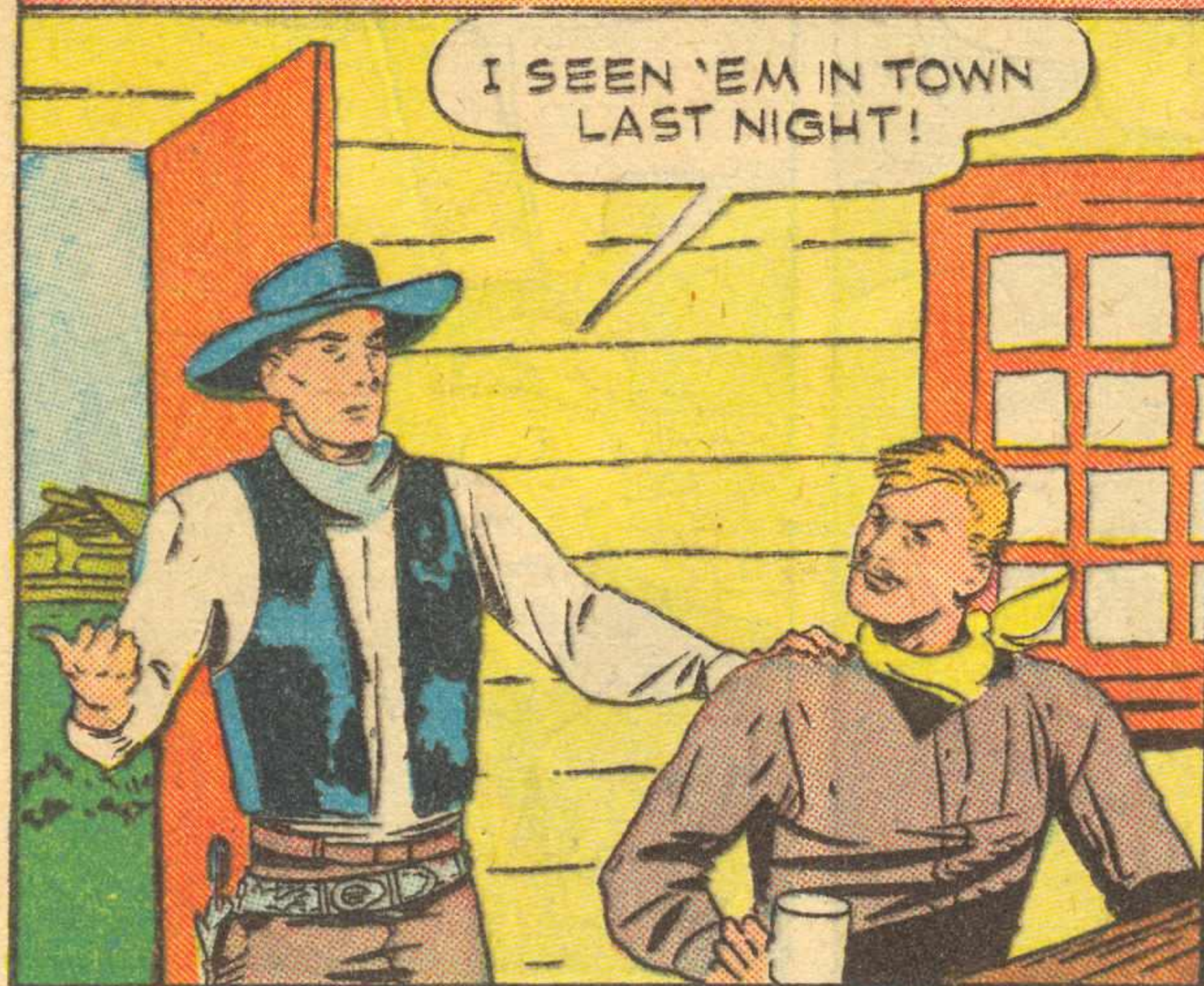


"IT LEFT HIM OUT IN THE MOST LONESOME PLACES ON THE RANGE."



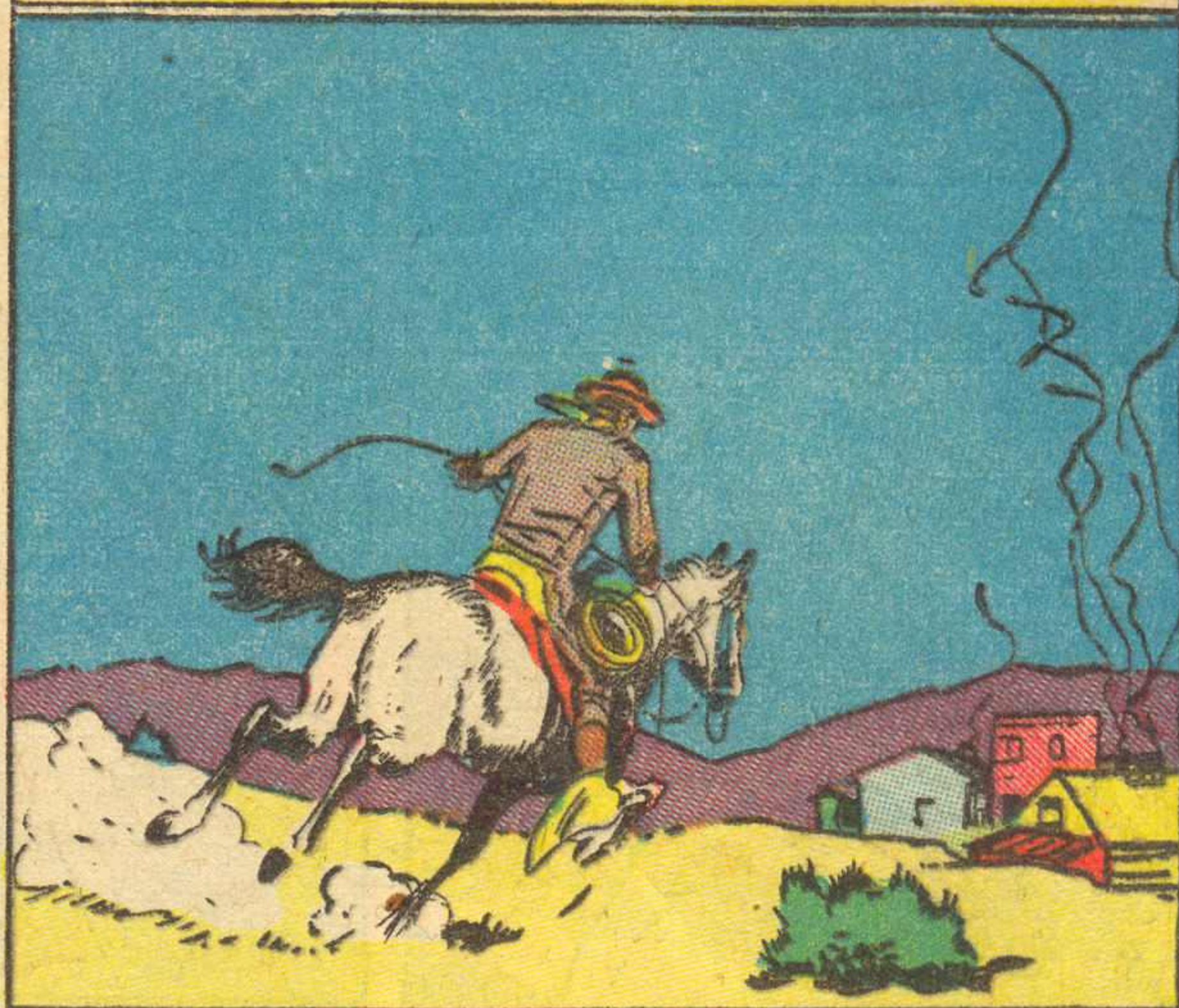


"SILVER" HEARD THERE WUZ A U.P. RAIL-ROAD ENGINEER BEATIN' HIS TIME WITH THE GIRL."



I SEEN 'EM IN TOWN LAST NIGHT!

"FIRST CHANCE HE GOT, HE AMBLED OVER TO TOWN TO HAVE HIS SAY, APLENTY."

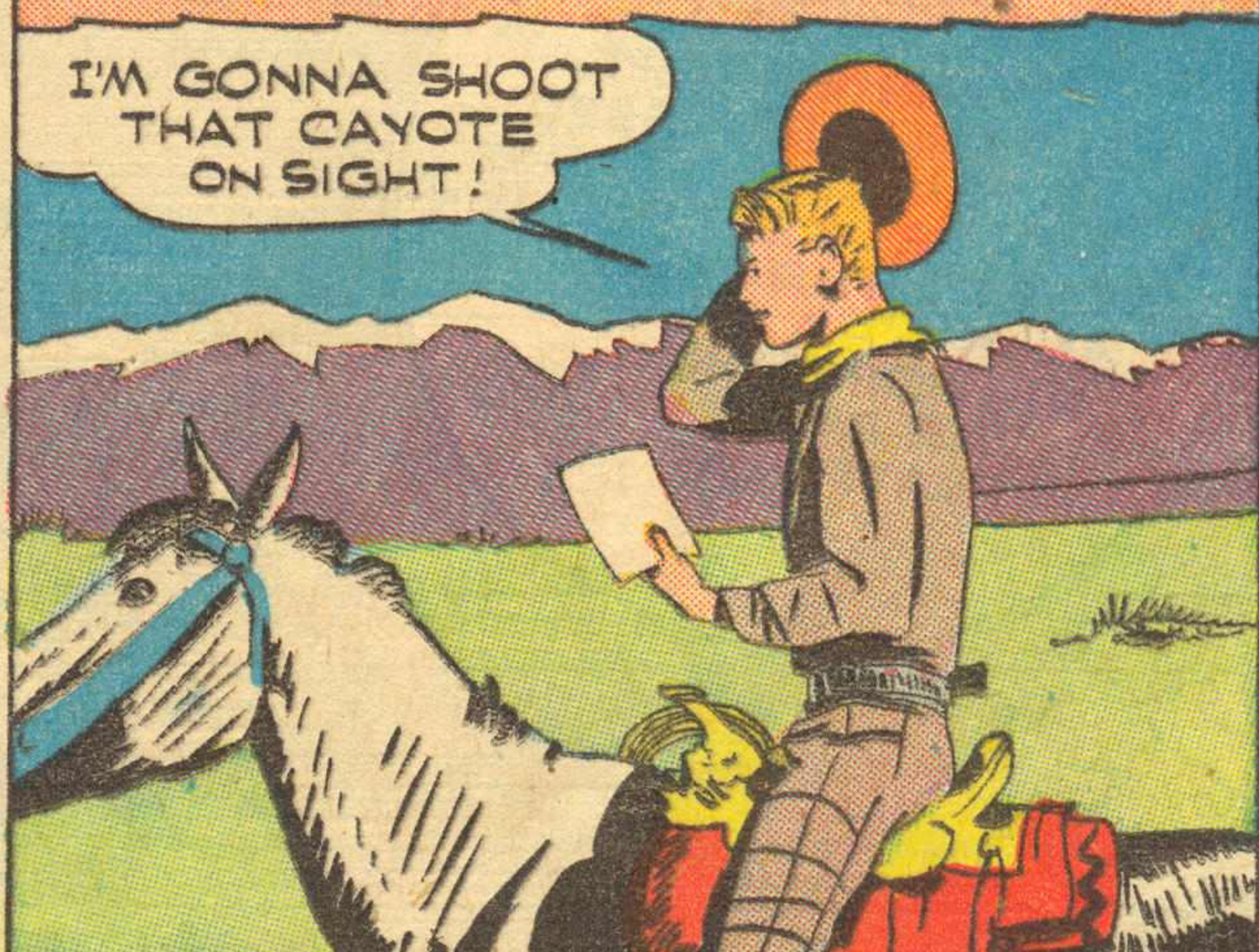


"SILVER" CAUGHT UP WITH THIS GALOOT AND TOLD HIM OFF..."

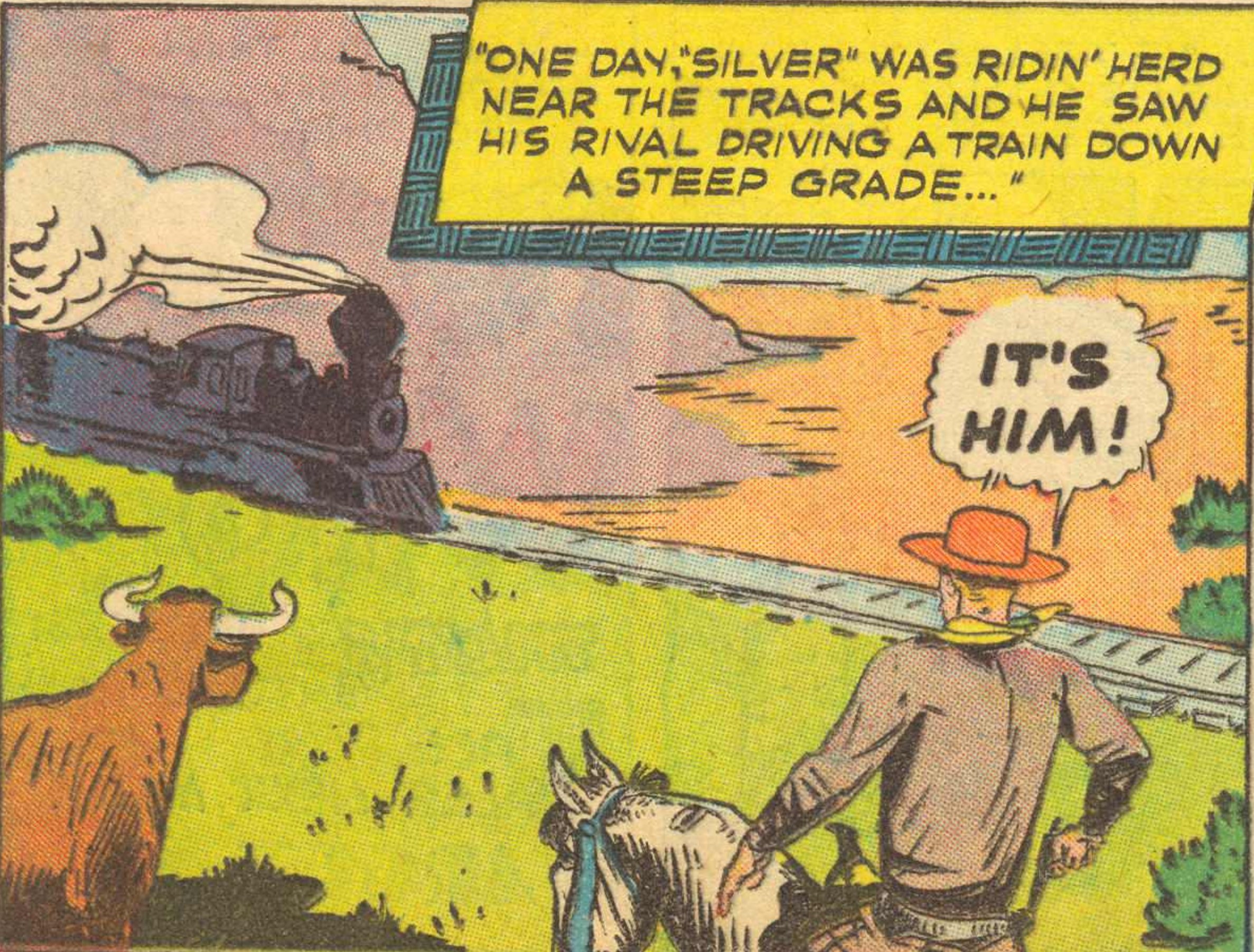


KEEP AWAY FROM MY GIRL, MISTER!

"BUT IT WAS NO USE. 'SILVER' GOT A LETTER FROM THE GIRL, SAYIN' SHE WAS GOIN' TO MARRY THE ENGINEER!"



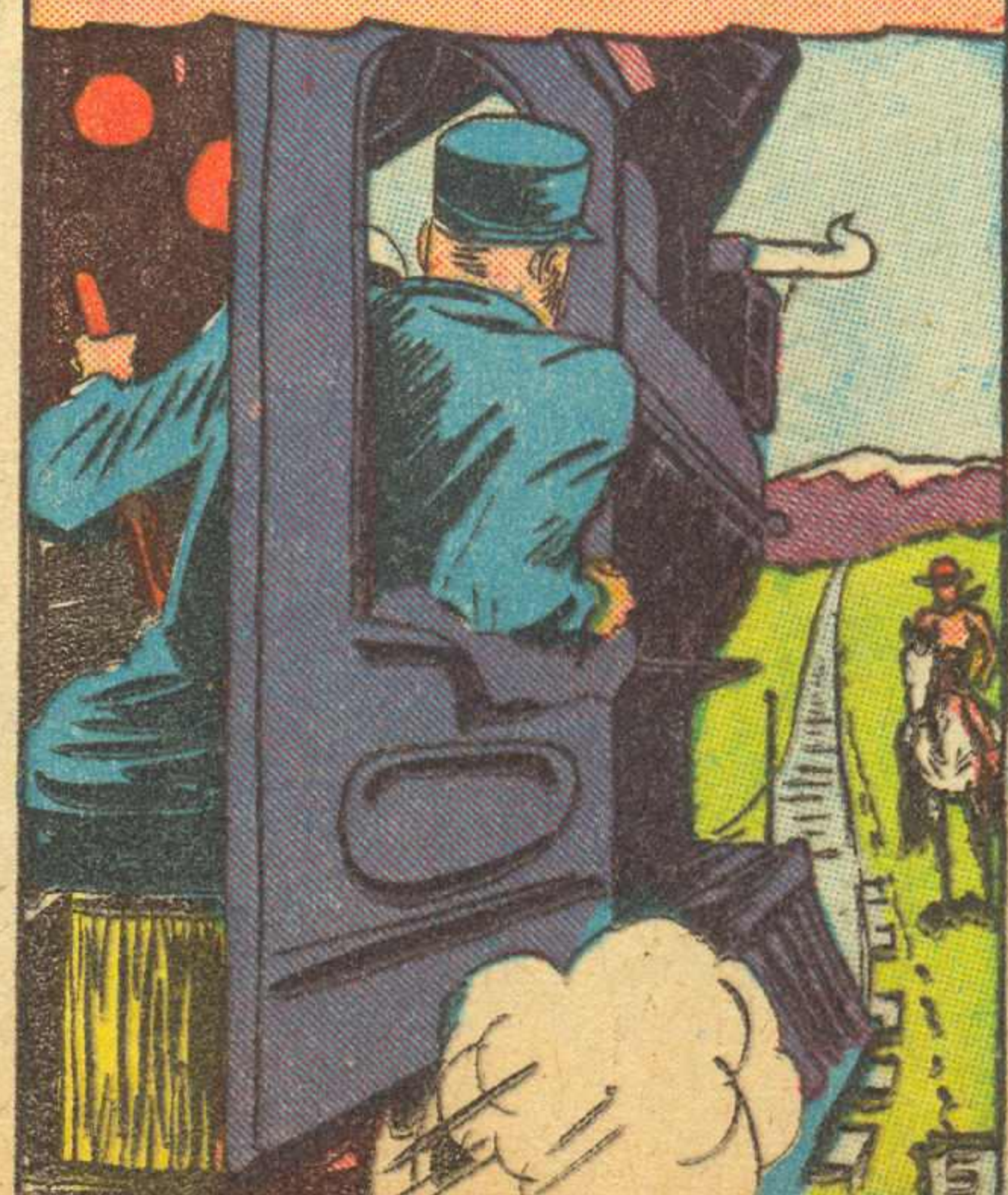
I'M GONNA SHOOT THAT CAYOTE ON SIGHT!



"ONE DAY, 'SILVER' WAS RIDIN' HERD NEAR THE TRACKS AND HE SAW HIS RIVAL DRIVING A TRAIN DOWN A STEEP GRADE..."

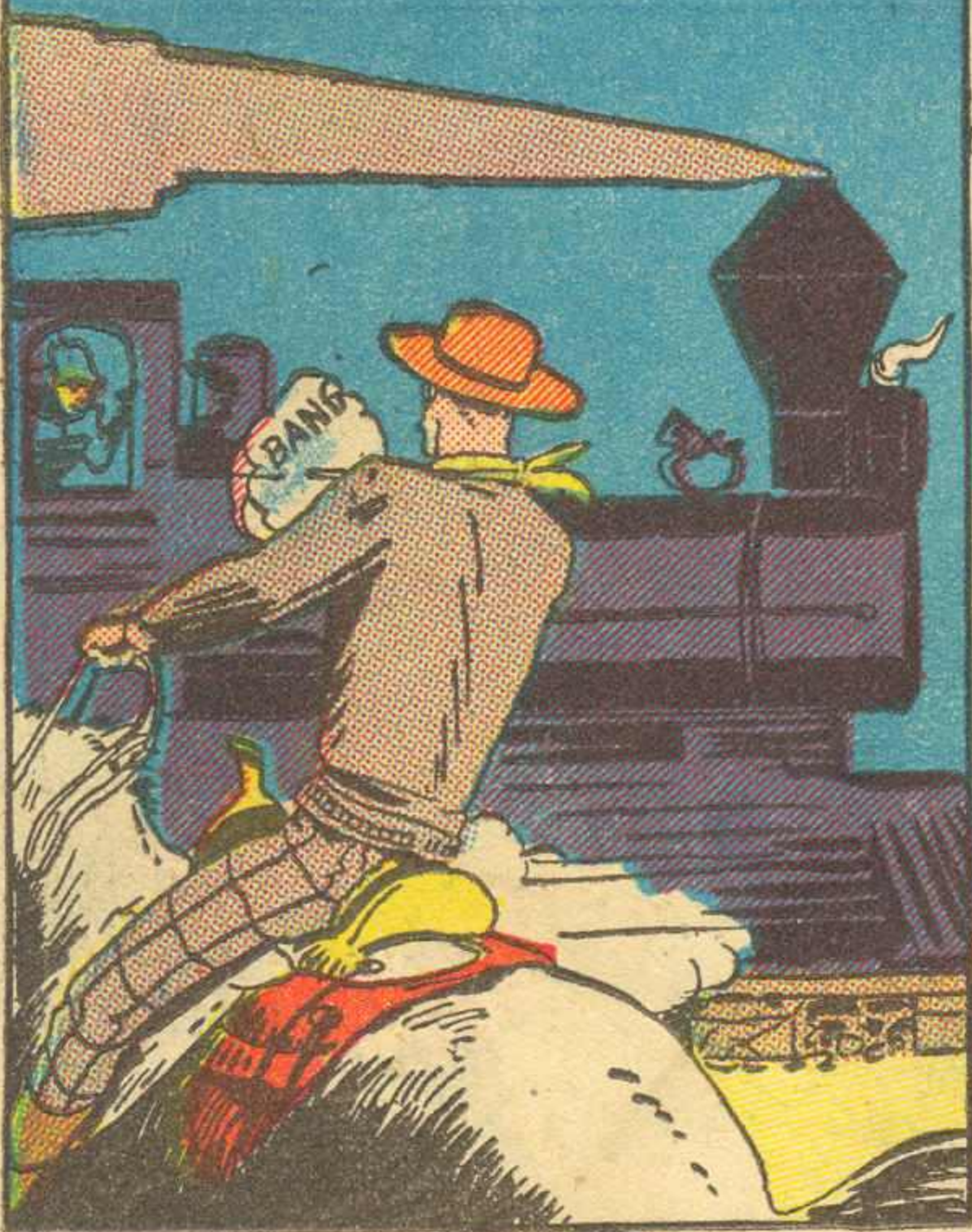
IT'S HIM!

"THE ENGINEER SAW HIM AN' OPENED THE THROTTLE WIDE!"



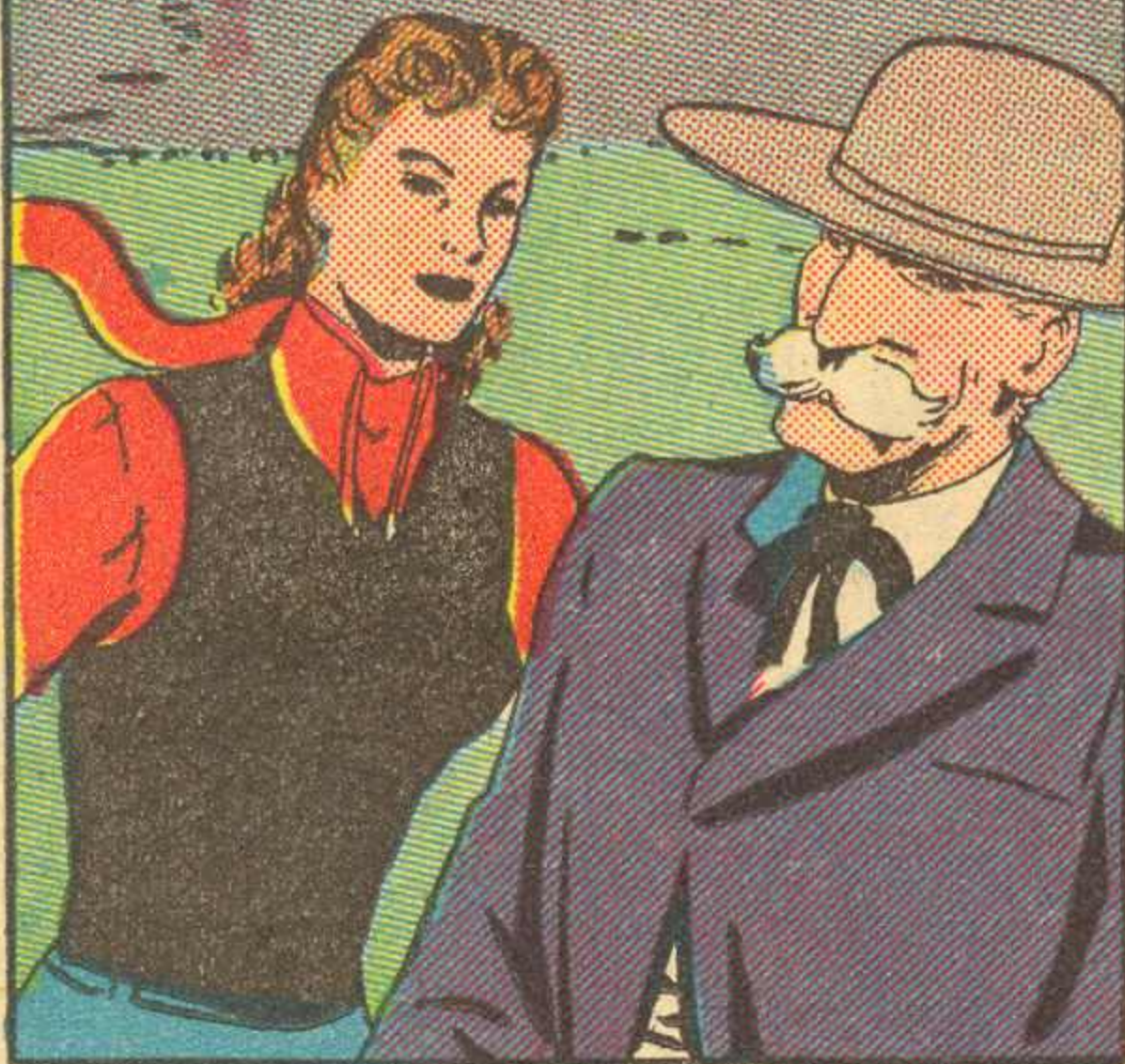


"'SILVER' DREW HIS GUN AN' LET FLY AT THE ENGINEER..."

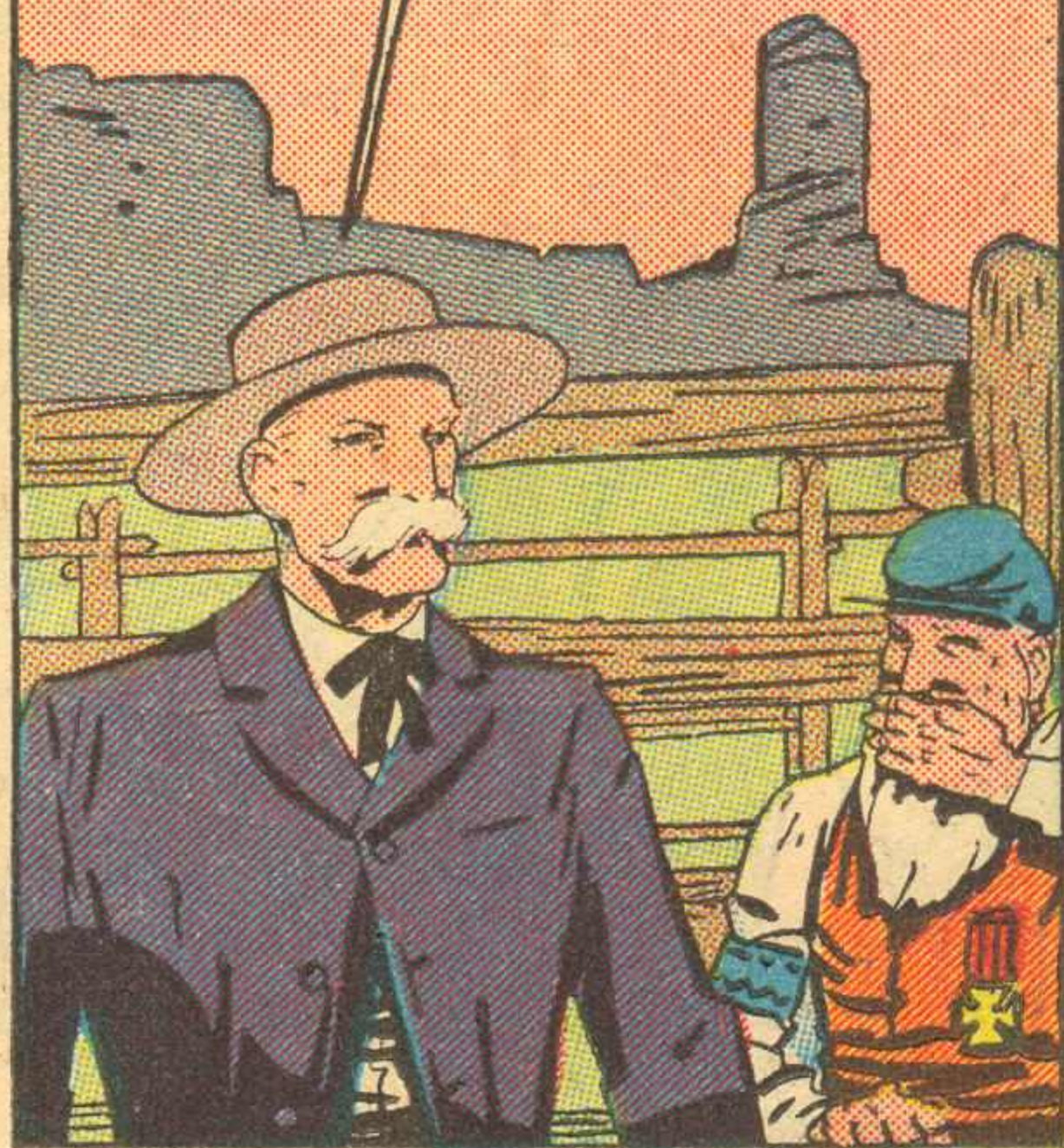


DEE, GROWS IMPATIENT!

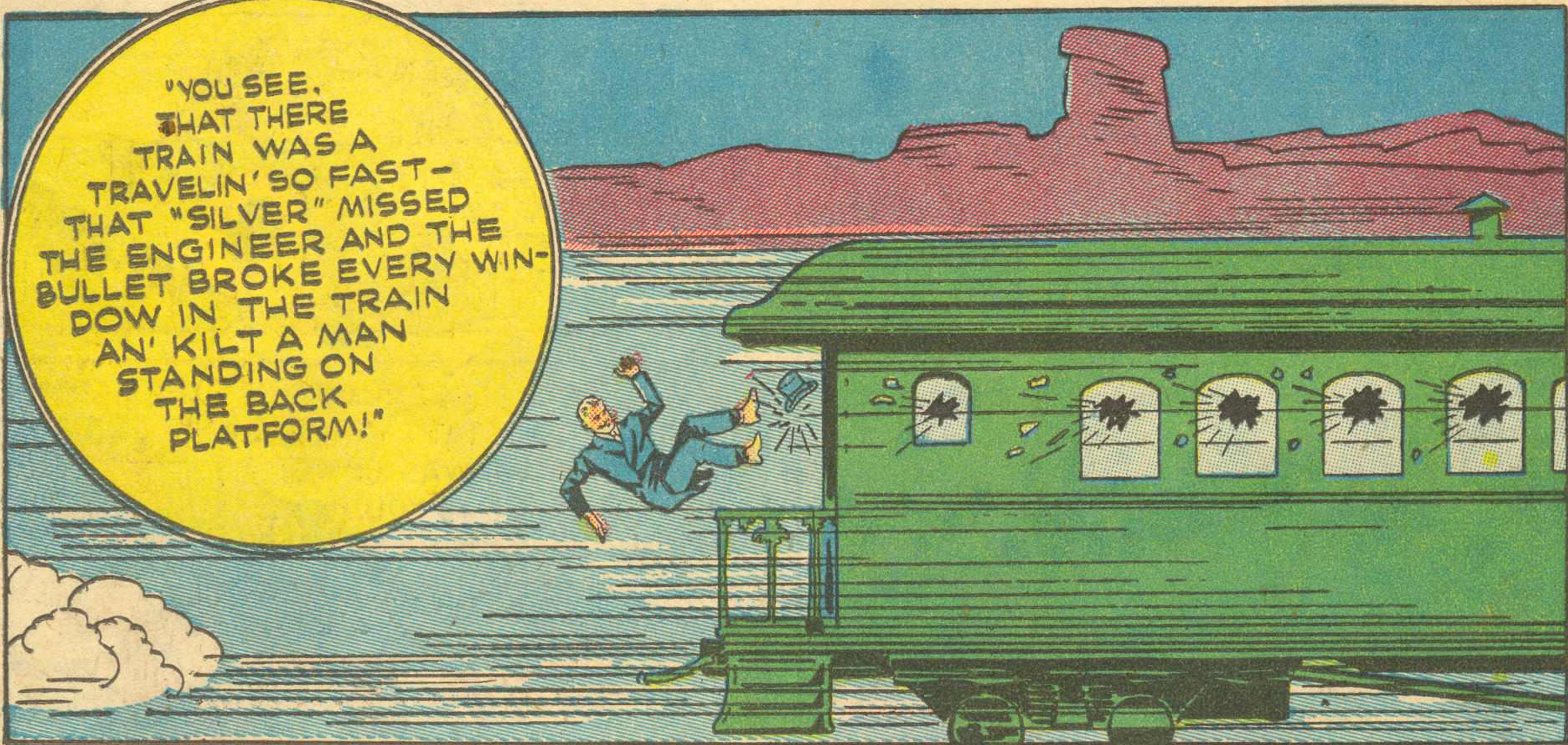
DID HE SHOOT THE ENGINEER, LARAMIE?



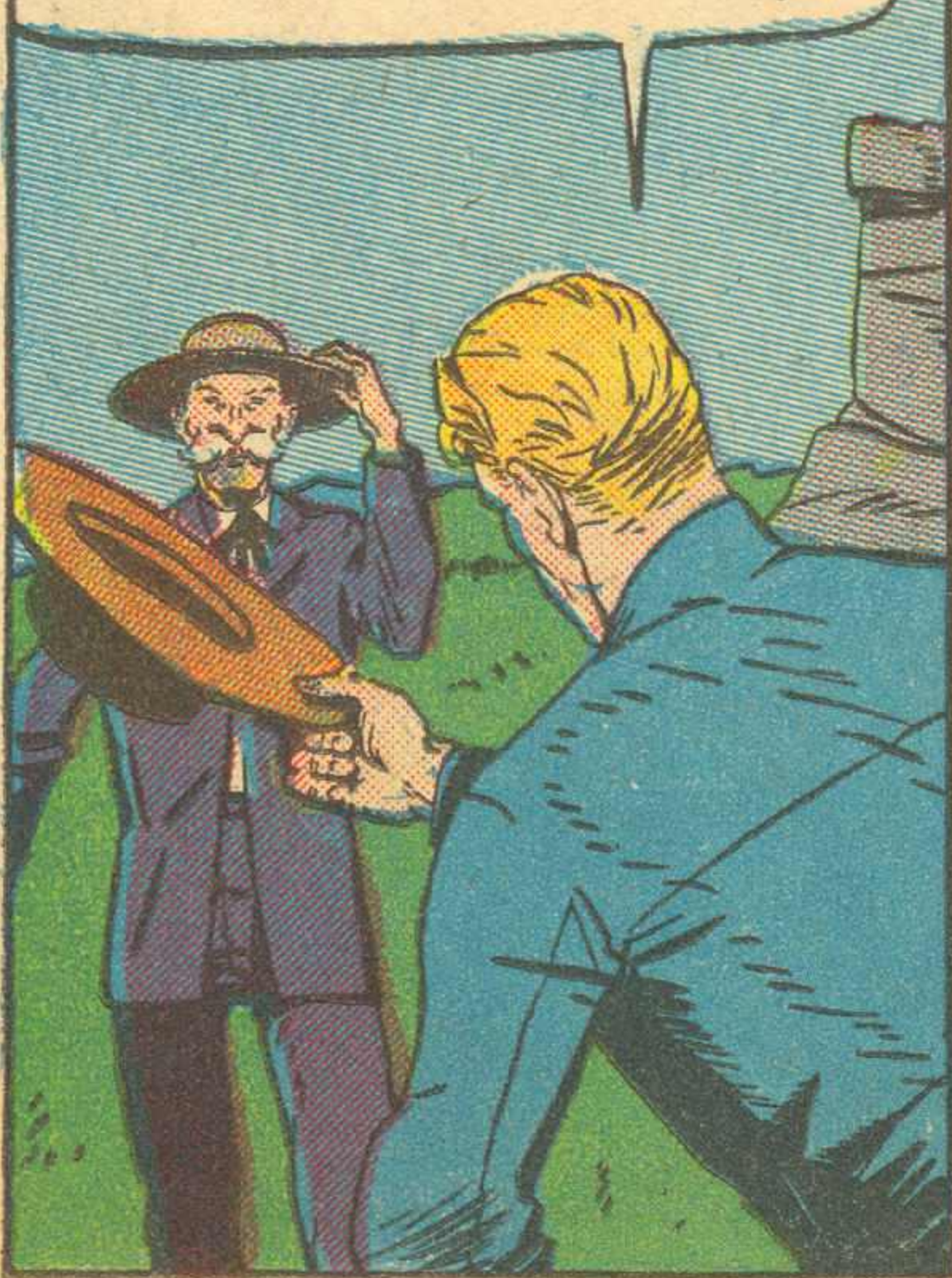
WAL... NOT EXACTLY, MISS. DEE... BUT THERE WAS A MAN HURT!



"YOU SEE, THAT THERE TRAIN WAS A TRAVELIN' SO FAST - THAT 'SILVER' MISSED THE ENGINEER AND THE BULLET BROKE EVERY WINDOW IN THE TRAIN AN' KILT A MAN STANDING ON THE BACK PLATFORM!"



NICE GOIN' LARAMIE! YOU HAD US ALL FOOLED!



YOU'VE THE LAST GO, RAW-HIDE! IT OUGHT TO BE THE BEST!

YOU AIN'T HEERED NOTHING YET, SON!



H-M-M-... I'LL THINK OF SOMETHIN', I RECKON!



**Who**  
**more**

WILL BE CROWNED KING OF THE GAB FEST?

ALL ALES NEXT MONTH  
at **ARGET** Ranch



# SPECK SPOT and SIS..

SPECK AND HIS DAD WENT ON AN OVERNIGHT CAMPING TRIP. THE FAMILY, NOT KNOWING THAT DAD WENT, HAD THE POLICE LOOKING FOR HIM --- THINKING HE HAD MET WITH AN ACCIDENT OR HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED! BUT NOW HE IS BACK HOME, NONE THE WORSE OFF, EXCEPTING A BAD CASE OF SUNBURN! THERE ARE NO IMMEDIATE SIGNS OF A JOB FOR HIM. BUT MOTHER IS VERY GLAD HE IS BACK. SPECK IS BUSY SELLING HIS *FUNNIES*, AND BUSINESS IS GOOD, --- HOWEVER ---

**FIRE**  
FIRE-FIRE

GEE, IT'S THE JUNK YARD!

COME ON, GANG!



by VINCENT.

**MORE WATER!**

**HURRY!**



WOOF

SPECK, BY DISCOVERING THIS FIRE BEFORE IT GOT A HEADSTART, ONLY A VERY SMALL DAMAGE WAS DONE. I AM THANKFUL TO YOU. ANY THING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

**NEXT DAY, AFTER THE FIRE.**



YES! SELL ME THIS OLD PRINTING PRESS, CHEAP!

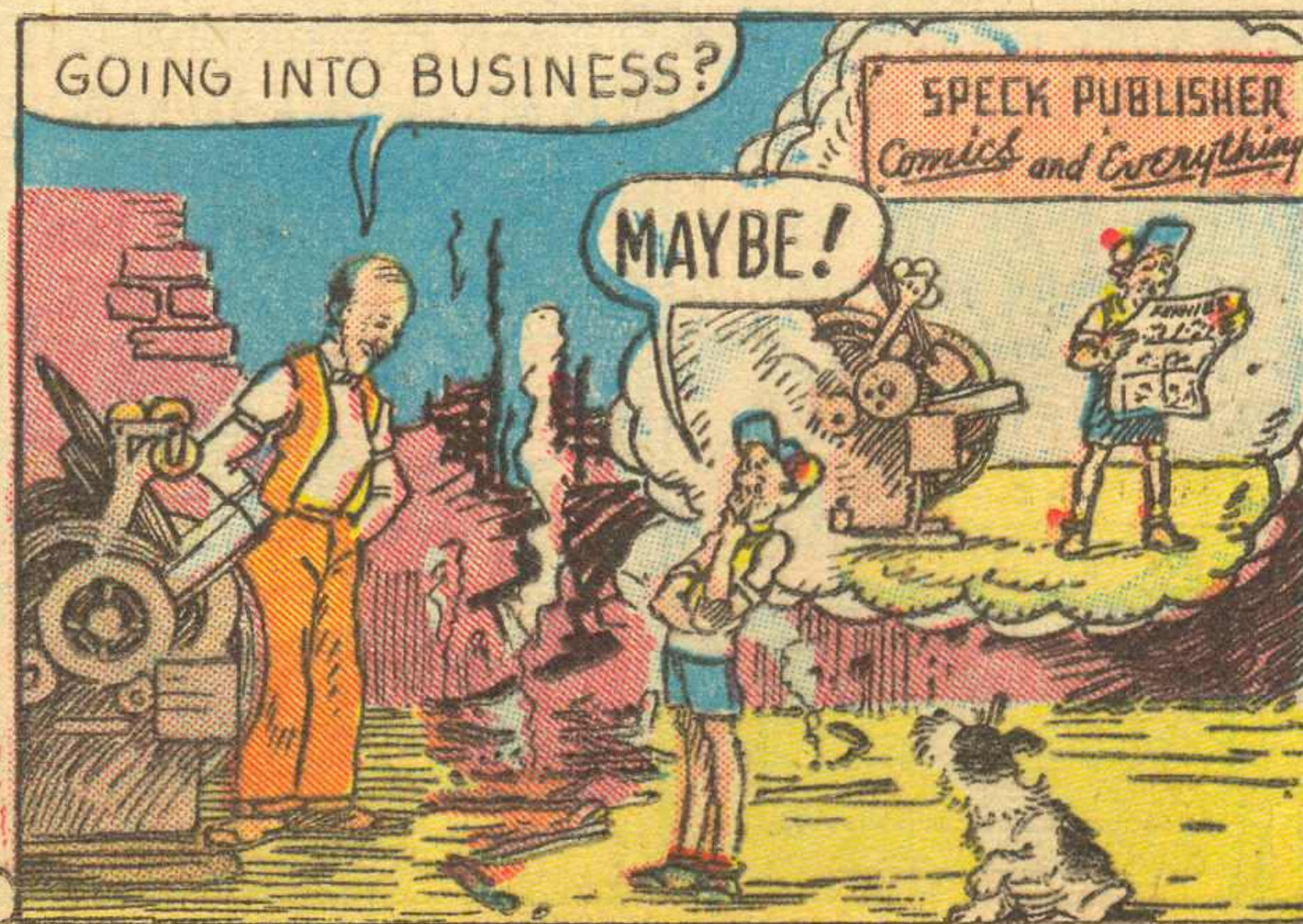
WHY SON, I WON'T SELL IT TO YOU, I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU, GLADLY!



GOING INTO BUSINESS?

**MAYBE!**

SPECK PUBLISHER  
*Comics and Everything*





# WHILE AT HOME....

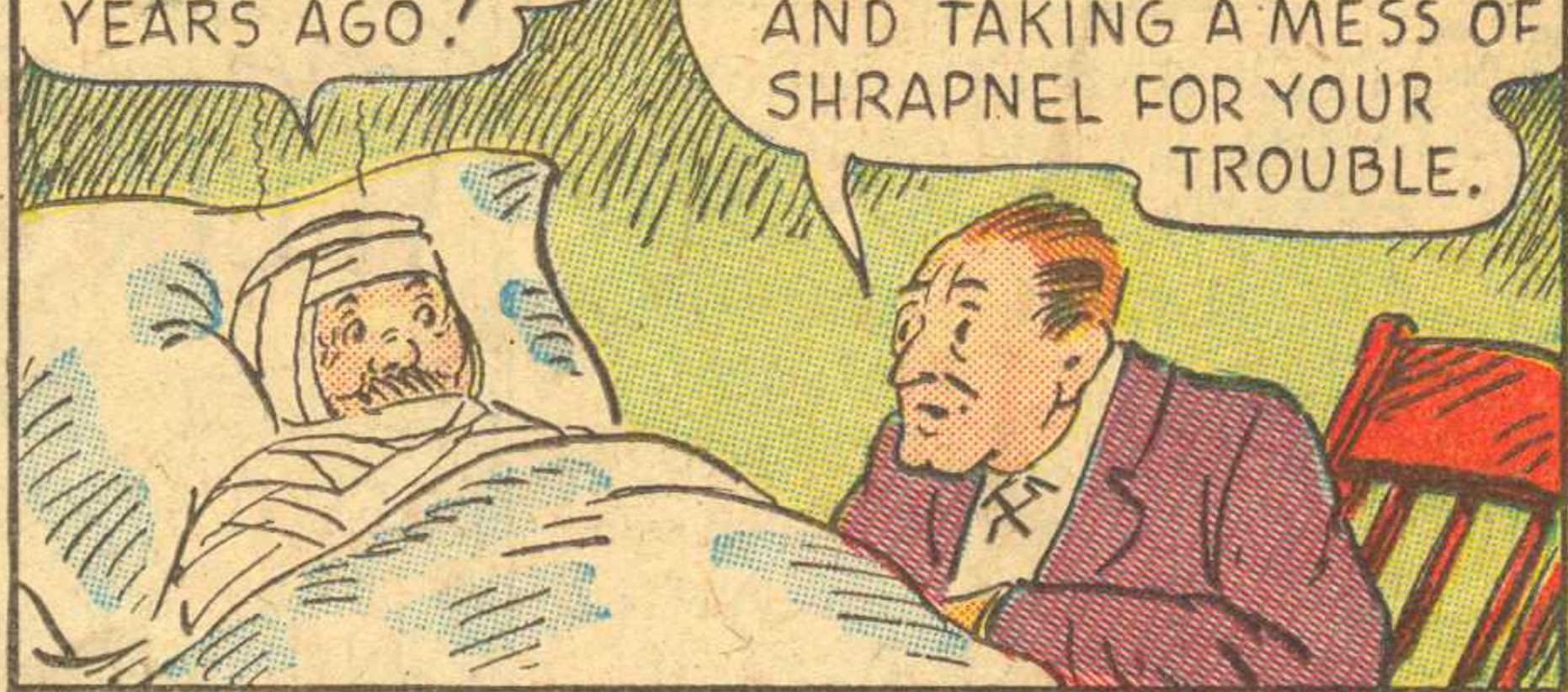
PA, HERE IS A GENTLEMAN TO SEE YOU.

HI, BUDDY! SEEMS LIKE THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU, YOU WERE IN BANDAGES.



HELLO-DAVE, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE THE BIG PUSH OVER THERE, TWENTY THREE YEARS AGO!

THAT'S RIGHT, BUDDY! AND I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN HOW YOU SAVED MY LIFE BY CARRYING ME OUT OF NO-MAN'S LAND AND TAKING A MESS OF SHRAPNEL FOR YOUR TROUBLE.

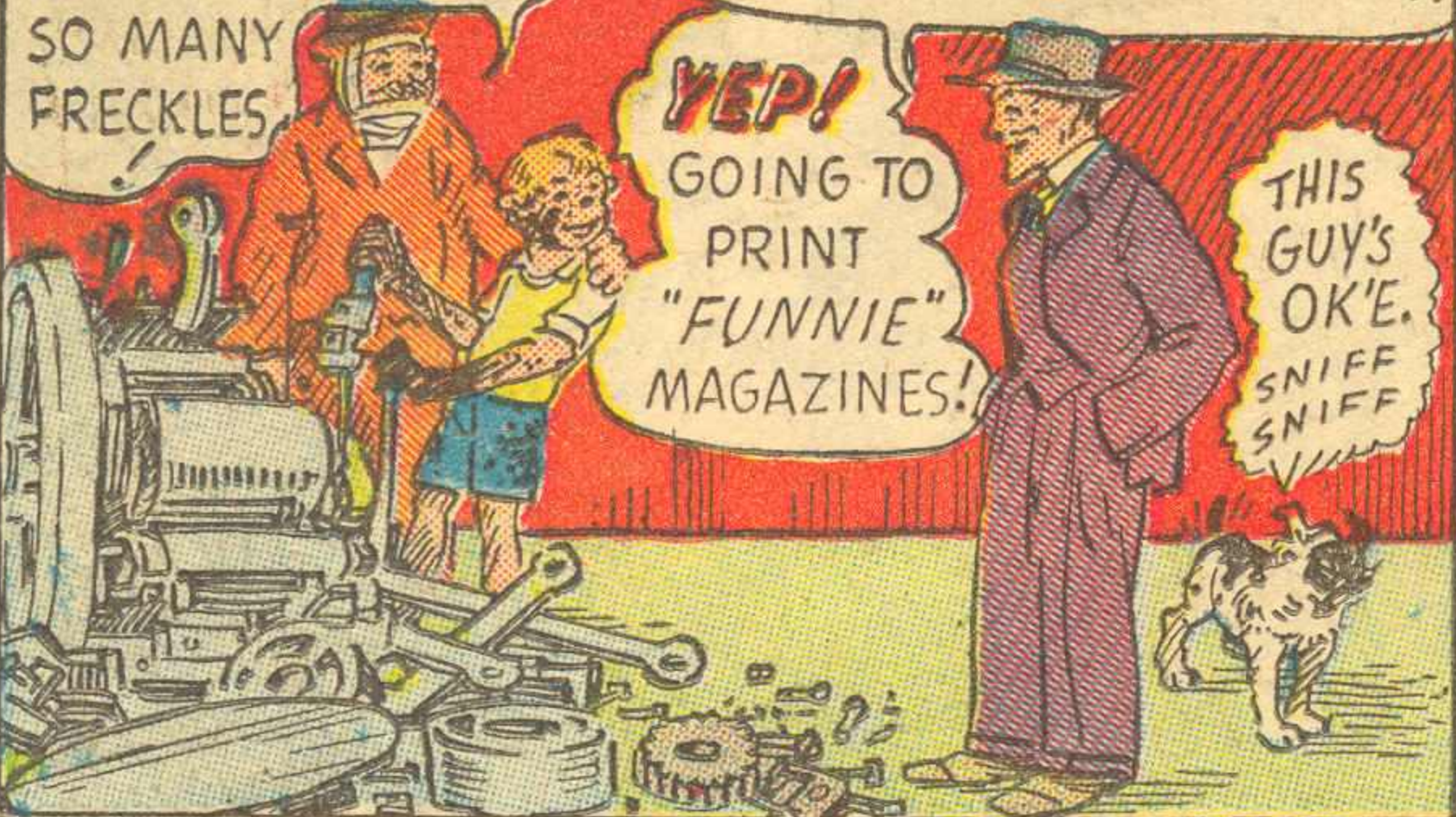


THIS IS MY SON. WE CALL HIM SPECK, BECAUSE HE HAS SO MANY FRECKLES!

HI, FELLER! LOOKS LIKE YOU ARE GOING INTO THE PRINTING BUSINESS.

**YEP!**  
GOING TO PRINT "FUNNIE" MAGAZINES!

THIS GUY'S OK'E.  
SNIFF  
SNIFF



THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA --- YOU KNOW I'M A CARTOONIST. I HAVE A LITTLE MONEY TO INVEST-----YOUR DAD'S NOT WORKING, SO WHY CAN'T WE THREE WORK OUT A LITTLE DEAL?

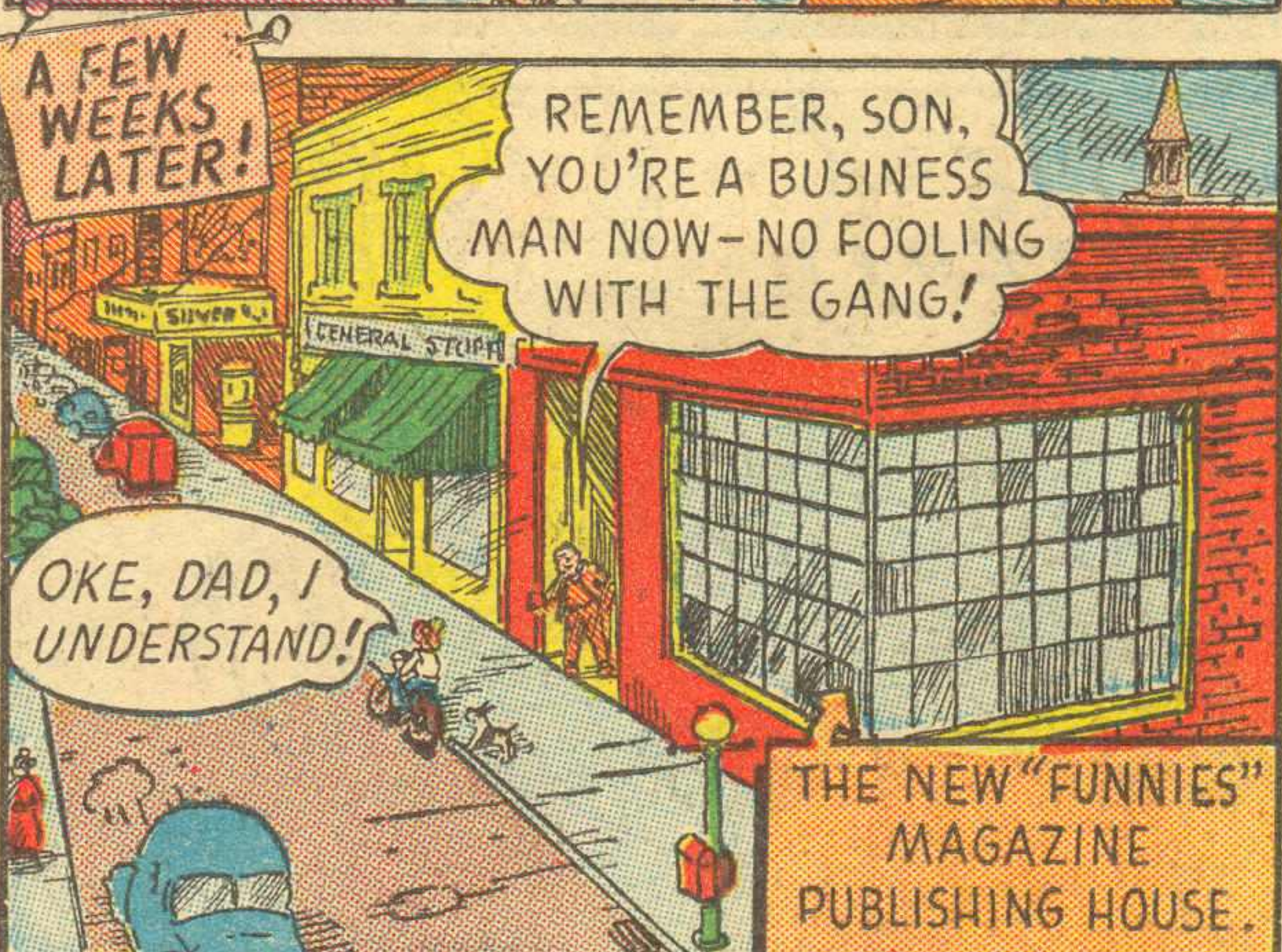
DON'T SEE WHY WE CAN'T! DAD SURE COULD MAN-AGE THE BUSINESS END.



I'VE BEEN WANTING TO GET INTO THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS FOR A LONG TIME. THIS IS MY BIG CHANCE. WE'LL GET BUSY ON IT AT ONCE!

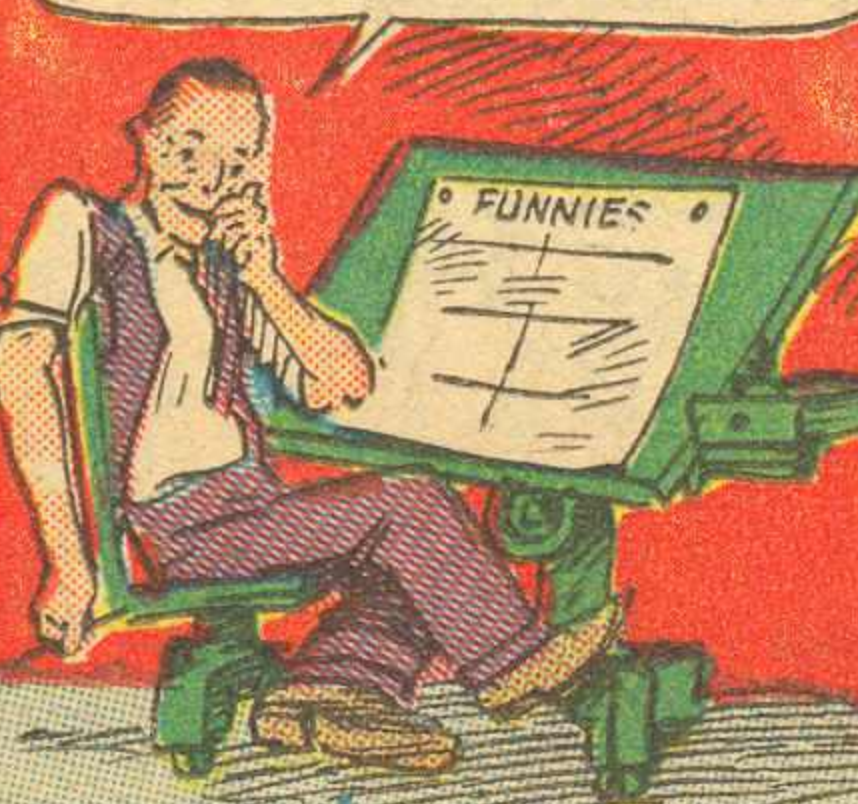
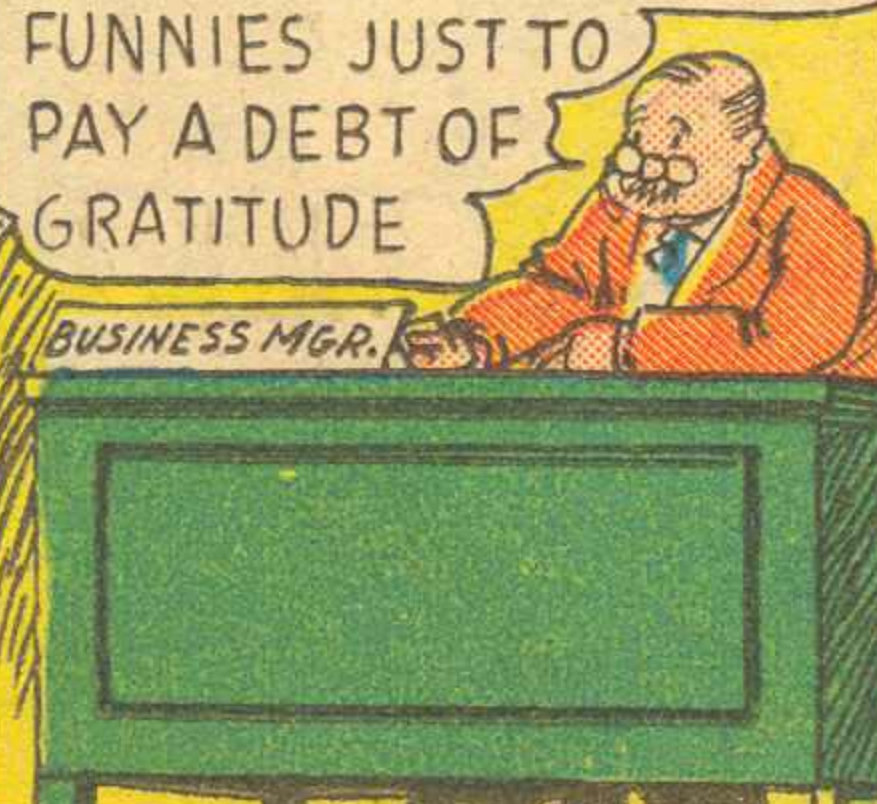
THE THREE MUSKETEERS, EH-DAD?

AND THERE WERE THREE OF US BUDDIES OVER THERE. TWO CAME BACK.



I'M SURE WHAT WE FOUND ON THE BEACH IS VALU-ABLE - OR I WOULDN'T ALLOW DAVE TO INVEST HIS MONEY IN PRINTING FUNNIES JUST TO PAY A DEBT OF GRATITUDE

GOOD OLD BUDDY, HERE IS MY CHANCE TO REPAY HIM FOR SAVING MY LIFE. AND I LIKE THE PUBLISHING GAME...

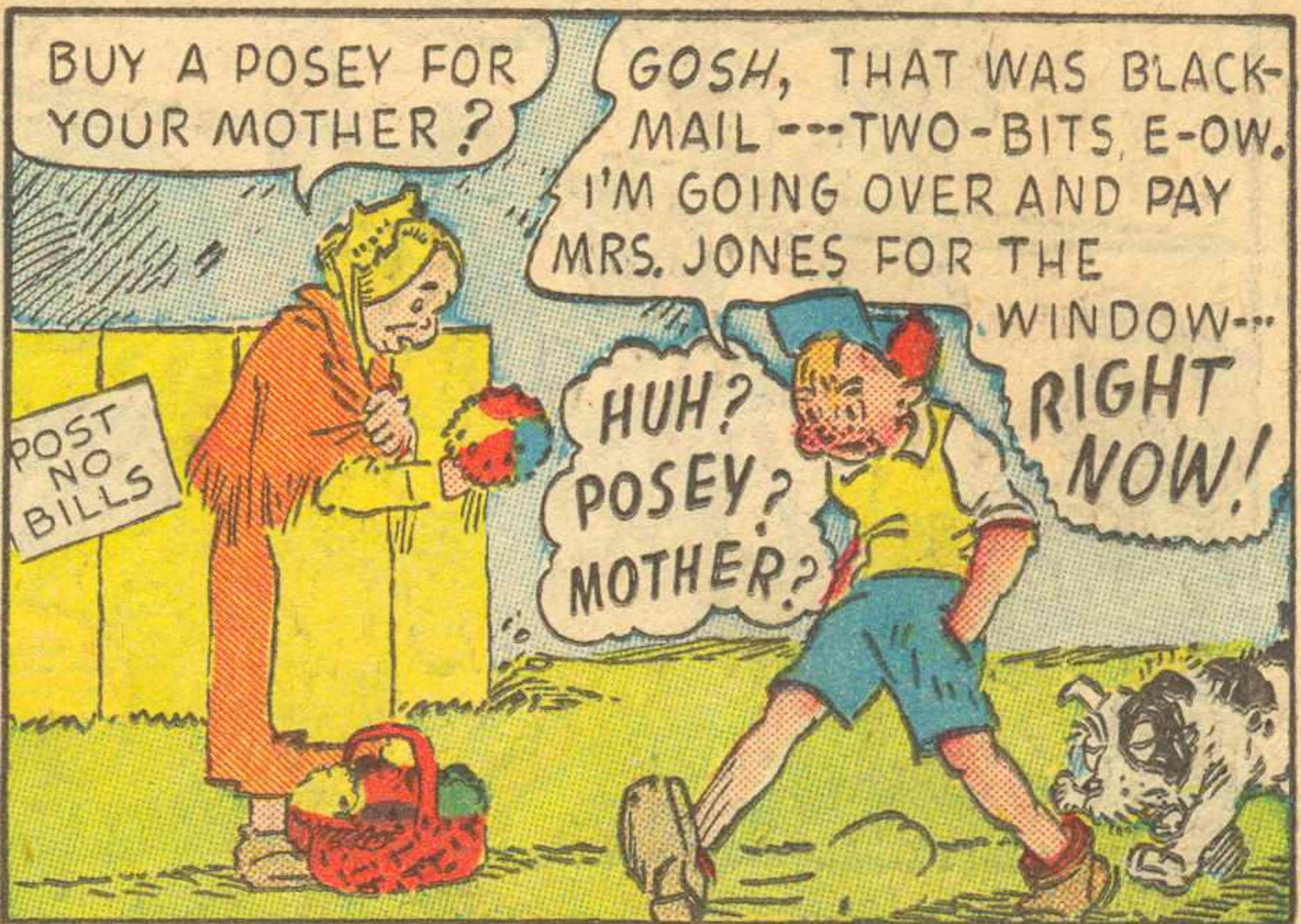
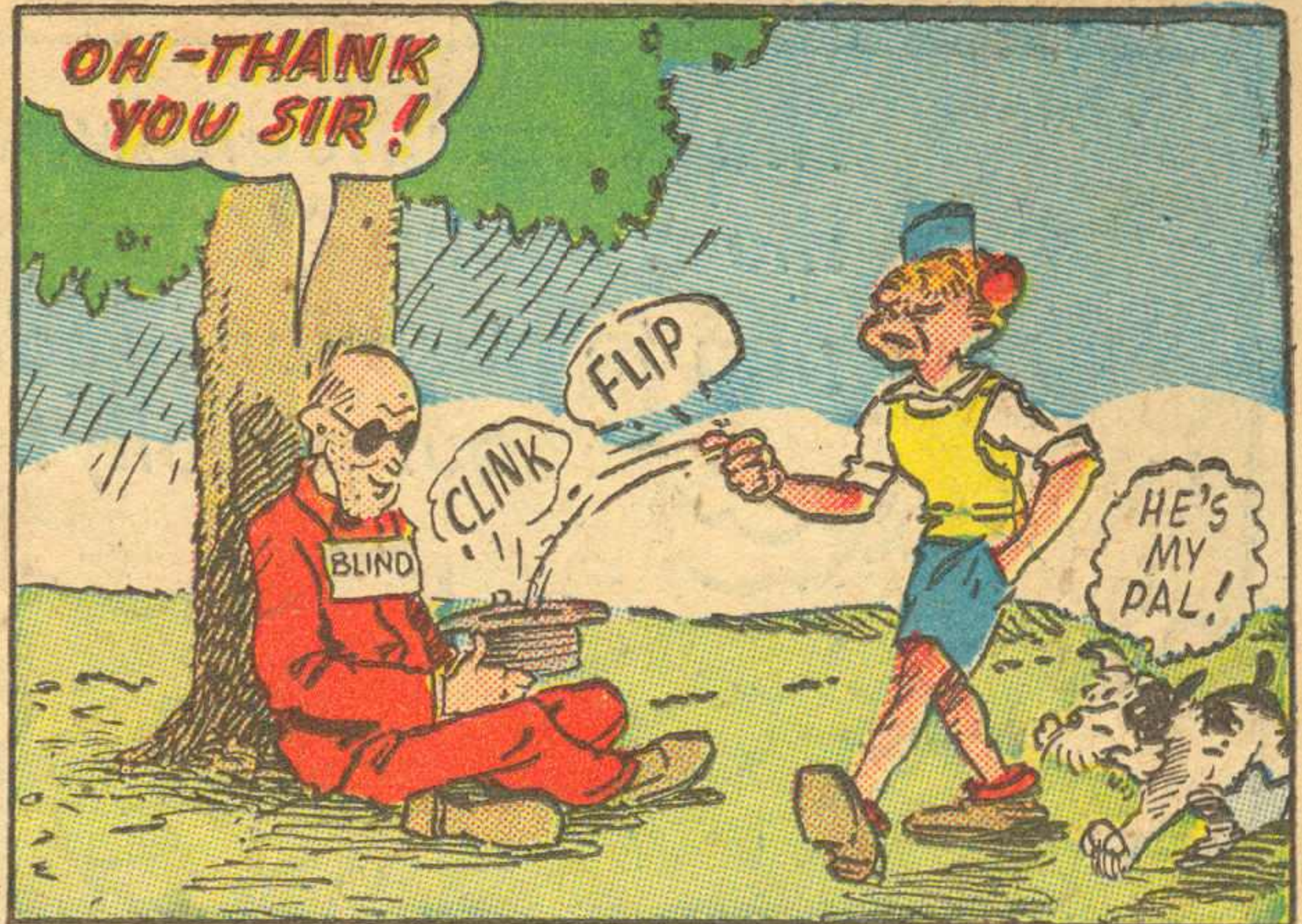
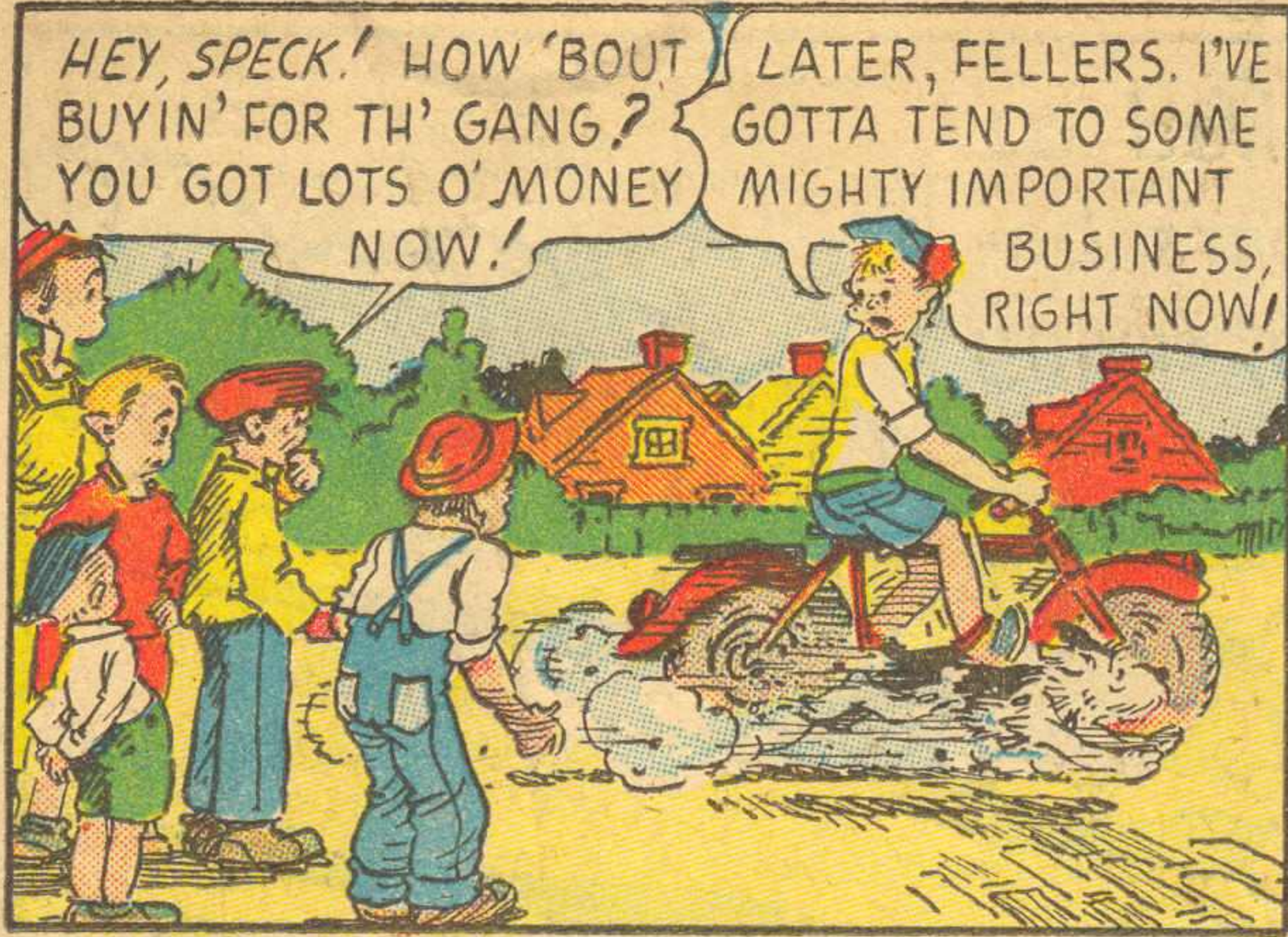


GOSH, THIS IS GREAT! DAD IS WORKING AGAIN-- AND ME A PARTNER IN THE PRINTING BUSINESS. WHY SPOT, I'M RICH! I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT TO SPEND MY MONEY FOR. LE'S GET AN ICE-CREAM SODA FOR ME AND A BONE FOR YOU.

WIRK  
WIRK!

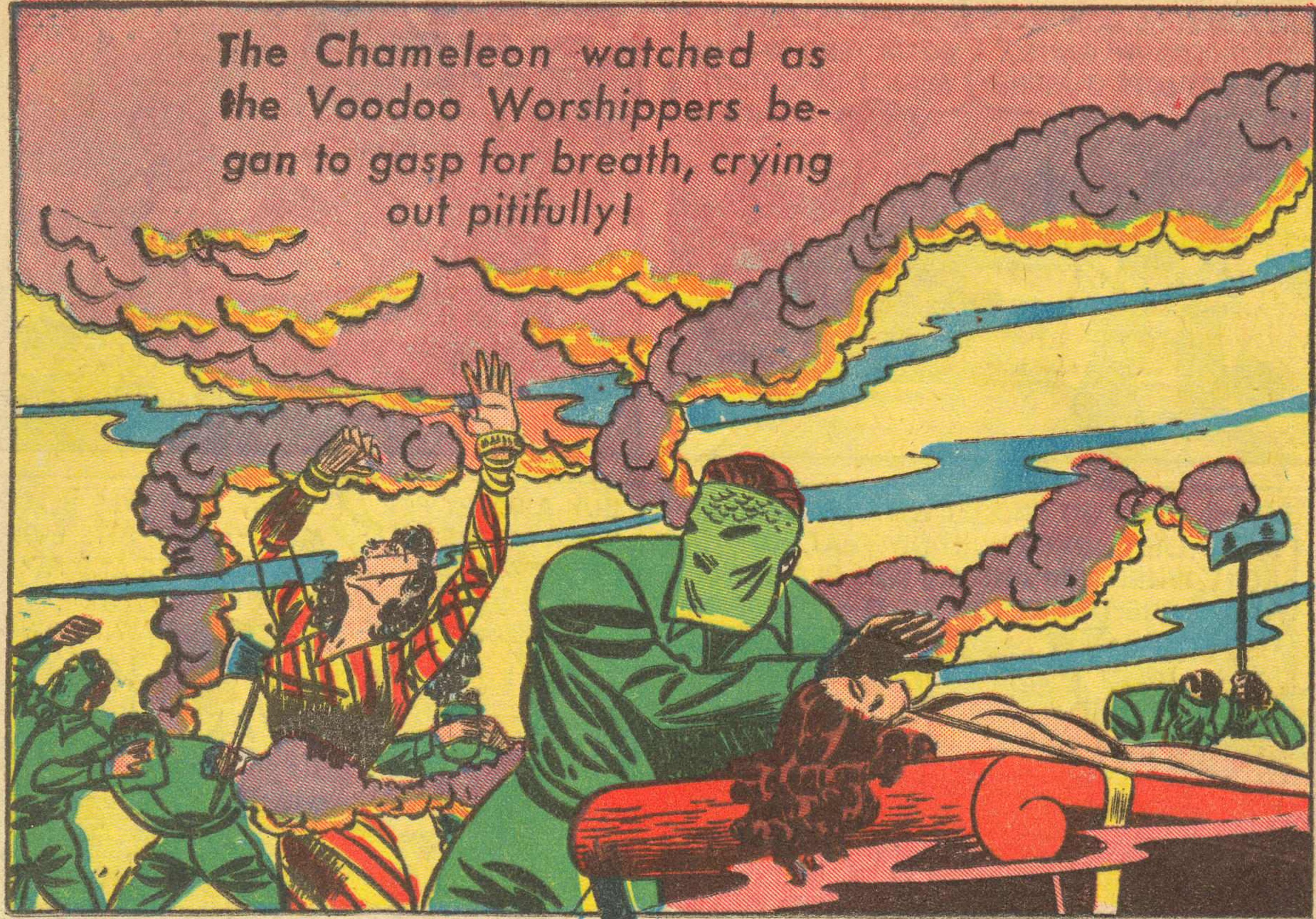








The Chameleon watched as the Voodoo Worshipers began to gasp for breath, crying out pitifully!



## PRECEDING INSTALLMENT

The Chameleon, following his only clue in the mysterious disappearance of little Marney Lowell, a brightly colored picture of an orange snake curled around the base of a yellow sugar cane ... and mysteriously set on a background of green dots, the Chameleon found himself involved in the rites of Voodoo, the black magic practiced by certain tribes from far off Haiti.

Entering the room in which the small, unconscious form of Marney Lowell was lying on a large stone block, a group of huge masked men carrying great double-edged axes, advanced to meet him almost peering right through his only protection, a hideous lizard skin mask!

# ORANGE SNAKE VOODOO

A Chameleon ADVENTURE

Part II

BY JES

**W**HEN they saw the Chameleon's lizard mask, the men cowed before him, frightened. It was the voodoo mask of friendship! The Haitian woman spoke to them sharply and they resumed their former position. She led the Chameleon to the white stone where little Marney lay, and pointed to her: "The orange snake will awake to revenge me first. He will devour this white child, at my command! Then you can take the snake for your revenge."

The Chameleon leaned over Marney to determine whether the child was really alive, but he saw that she had been drugged. The woman pulled him angrily away, crying, "No! You must not bring friendship to this child of hate! Her father robbed my family of their plantation. My mother and father died of starvation. I was spared by the kindness of the cane tree. But I vowed that I would bring the orange snake to the child of the man who inflicted such havoc upon my people."

"So that's the angle!" thought the Chameleon.

He wished that he had brought the whole squad with him. How in blazes was he to rescue the child and escape from this mad woman and her followers?



There was only one thing to do—create such panic and fear that the worshippers of the voodoo would be distracted and thrown off-guard. This would give him an opportunity to postpone the ritual of murder, and if he were lucky, to rescue the child.

Quickly, quietly, without arousing suspicion, he reached for his pockets and groped around in them, trying to find something he could utilize for his purpose. As his fingers grasped a small object, the Chameleon thought, "Eureka! I have it!"

Taking a position on the floor, out of the circle of light cast by burning white candles, the Chameleon crouched in pretended prayer, such as he had seen the Moslems do in their temples. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the Haitian woman and her four cohorts watching him in surprise. "Good," he thought, "I think I can work it!"

Bending his head close to his knees and mumbling a jumble of words which had no meaning, he took his cigarette lighter from his left-hand coat pocket and lit the small object clutched in one hand. The darkened room, splashed with shadowy light from the candles, helped to conceal his movements. Quietly, he rolled the small object across the floor as he continued to bend his body to the floor in prayer. Within a few minutes he would know whether or not his ruse had succeeded. Swiftly, he took a pocket handkerchief and stuffed it up inside the lizard skin to shield his nose and mouth.

Then the Chameleon rose and walked around the bier on which the Lowell child lay, still asleep.

Suddenly, there was a curious spurt, a hissing noise. The occupants of the room turned around to discover the cause, but they could see nothing. Then, before they knew what had happened, the strong fumes of a tear gas bomb filled the room.

**SHRIEKING IN TERROR**, the Haitian woman and the men leaped to their feet. "O Moon Man, Protector of the Evil Spirits, help us!", cried the woman from Bojura.

The tear gas spread into the room and the Chameleon watched as the woman and the men began to gasp for breath, crying out pitifully.

"Now's my chance," he thought.

"There's an evil spirit here that will destroy us all," he shouted. Hurry, we must escape!" And he piloted them from the room, making certain the door was left open. Just as they reached the bottom of the stairs, the woman cried out: "The orange snake! I must take him with me!"

She started back upstairs, but the Chameleon was right behind her. He turned once and noticed that the men heedlessly raced down into the cellar of the house.

When they got to the room where Marney Lowell lay, the Chameleon grabbed the woman,

quickly putting his hand over her mouth. It was but a matter of seconds while he ripped the bandana from her head and gagged her. Then he clasped handcuffs on her wrists. He looked around for something with which to bind her feet. Swiftly, he tore his shirt into strips and secured them tightly around her ankles. He left her lying on the floor, writhing and struggling to escape her bonds.

With one leap, the Chameleon crossed the room, picked up little Marney and raced from the room, down the stairs and out to freedom.

Later that night the Chameleon and Inspector Dirk were discussing the case over cups of coffee in headquarters.

"Mr Lowell just phoned to say that the child has been restored to consciousness. He wants to see you in his office tomorrow," said Inspector Dirk.

"Okay," replied the Chameleon.

"I hope our boys don't have any trouble rounding up that Bojura woman and her gang," continued the Inspector.

"I don't think they will", said the Chameleon. "But I would recommend leniency in this case. When I see Lowell tomorrow, I'll get to the bottom of that revenge business the Bojura woman told me about, and then I'll ask him to go easy on her."

"What do you mean, leniency?" shouted the Inspector. "She kidnapped the child, didn't she? And she was going to kill her, wasn't she, before you got there?"

"Yes, quite true", the Chameleon answered. "But we must consider that the Bojura woman was suffering from religious mania, if you want to call it that. You know, Dirk, there are thousands of West Indians and Haitians who are good, industrious, law-abiding citizens. I don't know the statistics, but I venture to say there are not many who practice the black magic of voodooism—to the extreme of kidnapping and murder. This woman is an exception. There aren't many records of cases like hers in this country. The influence of the voodoo on her was so strong that she undoubtedly became mentally deranged. Pere Jepheto, my Haitian friend, implied as much to me when I visited him. That's why it was so simple to succeed with my tear gas bomb ruse."

**WELL**, said the inspector, "you're pretty modest for a hero. I'll bet it was a tough spot when you walked in and saw them preparing to kill the Lowell child."

"Yes, it was," agreed the Chameleon, "but the little knowledge that I had of voodoo signs and symbols helped tremendously." And then, he grinned at the Inspector, "However, I wouldn't wish to be set down in the midst of voodoo disciples again, for a long, long time!"

THE END



# PETE STOCKBRIDGE —

Alias

THE

## Chameleon

THE NEW YORK

Daily Star EXTRA

STILL NO CLUE IN MURDER  
OF MILLIONAIRE, ADAM  
STOCKBRIDGE!

HEIR, PETER STOCKBRIDGE  
IS FAMOUS CRIME-CHAM  
CHAMELEON....

NEW YORK: C.P.: THE COLD-BLO  
MURDER OF ADAM STOCKBRIDGE  
STILL IN THE FUS  
MYSTERIES  
LEARNED  
THE HE  
CHAM  
F.B.I.  
AND

By Bob Davis

**P**ETE, ALIAS THE Chameleon, HAS RECENTLY COME INTO POSSESSION OF THE VAST STOCKBRIDGE FORTUNE, DUE TO THE CRUEL AND MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF HIS UNCLE... BECAUSE OF AN ATTEMPT ON HIS OWN LIFE, PETE SUSPECTS A CERTAIN "DR. KNIFE" AS THE MURDERER... ADOPTING A DISGUISE TO FOOL REPORTERS, HE STARTS OUT TO LOCATE DR. KNIFE AT HIS WAREHOUSE HANGOUT IN NEW YORK CITY... WE FIND HIM, NOW, JUST ARRIVING ON THE ROOF OF THIS BUILDING.

NOW —

THE STARTLING AFFAIR OF  
"DR. KNIFE!"

HEADING FOR THE SKYLIGHT, PETE ENCOUNTERS  
A SURPRISED GUARD....

HEY-YOU!

WHAT?  
WHO-?

HE SWINGS A MURDEROUS RIGHT—

I DON'T LIKE TO  
HIT A GUY WITH  
HIS BACK TURNED!

AWK!

SOCK!



SLIPPING INTO THE DARK, MUSTY BUILDING, HE LISTENS INTENTLY, THEN, HEARING VOICES, CREEPS TOWARD THE ILLUMINATED CRACKS OF A DOOR....

HA! SOMEBODY IN THAT ROOM AHEAD!

LET'S HOPE IT'S THE FAMOUS DOCTOR KNIFE HIMSELF!

SUDDENLY—

GET IN THERE!

BAM!

RECOVERING FROM THIS ABRUPT SHOCK, PETE FINDS HIMSELF IN THE MIDST OF A STRANGE AND MURDEROUS-LOOKING COMPANY....

AH-HA! HERE HE IS!

INDEED! SO THIS IS MR. PETER STOCKBRIDGE—OR THE INGENIOUS CHAMELEON? WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, PETER,—IN FACT WE'VE BEEN FAIRLY CHEWING OUR NAILS WAITING FOR YOUR CALL! DO YOU LIKE OUR MELODRAMATIC SETTING? NICE—ISN'T IT? WE LOVE MELODRAMA AROUND HERE! WE SPECIALIZE IN IT! THAT AND MURDER!

STAND-DOG!

YOU BLACK JACKAL! YOU'RE MAD AS A COOT! ARE YOU THIS DOCTOR KNIFE?

SPEAK RESPECTFULLY!

A SHARP OBSERVATION, PETER! YES. I AM DOCTOR KNIFE! AND THESE MEN ARE MY LITTLE INTERNES! WE ALL DABBLE IN SURGERY—STRICTLY FOR FUN—LIKE OUR MELODRAMA! WE HAVE SOMETHING BIG IN THE WIND NOW—SOMETHING INVOLVING A LOT OF NICE MONEY—YOUR MONEY! NOW, LISTEN WHILE I TELL YOU A LITTLE STORY, PETER—

IT'S ABOUT YOUR UNCLE AND OUR MELODRAMA—OUR SURGERY, TOO! YOU SEE WE'VE MADE ONE OF OUR MEMBERS OVER TO LOOK EXACTLY LIKE YOU—A DEAD RINGER! WE'VE KNOWN FOR SOME TIME, OF COURSE, THAT YOU WOULD INHERIT ALL THE STOCKBRIDGE MONEY...SO WE WANTED TO SUBSTITUTE OUR MAN FOR YOU—PUT HIM IN YOUR SHOES! THEN HE'D GET THE MONEY, AND GIVE US SOME! BUT WE COULDN'T EVER SEEM TO FIND YOU! SO WE BEGAN A SCARE CAMPAIGN AGAINST YOUR UNCLE—KNOWING YOU'D COME TO HIS AID! WHICH YOU DID! NOW YOUR UNCLE IS DEAD—YOU HAVE THE MONEY, AND WE HAVE YOU! EVERYTHING IS DANDY! WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET YOUR DOUBLE?

DIRK! - OH-DIRK! COME!

WHY—YOU ROTTEN SCOUNDREL!



A DOOR OPENS, AND, TO PETE'S AMAZE-  
MENT, A MAN LOOKING EXACTLY  
LIKE HIMSELF ENTERS THE ROOM....

RIGHTO-BOSS-  
OH-SO WE'VE  
LANDED OUR  
TURKEY AT  
LAST-EH?

RIGHT-DIRK!  
COME IN-!

SUDDENLY, PETE MAKES A DESPERATE  
LUNGE AT KNIFE'S SCRAWNY THROAT....

LEMME GET MY HANDS  
ON YOU!

EEE-OW!  
HALP!

ACH-!  
GET HIM!

FRANTICALLY, THE DOCTOR'S HENCHMEN LEAP ONTO  
PETE, HAUL HIM OFF....

HELP-!  
HELP! PULL  
HIM AWAY!

YOU  
SLIMEY-

COME OFFA  
THERE!

LEMME GRAB  
HIM!

HIMMEL! THIS CREATURE TRIES MY PATIENCE! LOCK  
HIM UP TILL MORNING! THEN GO OUTSIDE AND  
SILENCE THAT STUPID CHAUFFEUR OF HIS! THE FELLOW  
WHO IS UNDOUBTEDLY WAITING FOR HIS MASTER'S  
TRIUMPHANT RETURN...

YOU MADMAN!  
YOU'LL ROT IN  
HADES FOR  
THIS!

GET HIM OUT!  
HE SICKENS ME!

MEANWHILE, SLIM WAITS IMPATIENTLY OUTSIDE...

DOGGONE - IT'S  
CERTAINLY TAKING  
HIM LONG  
ENOUGH!

I'VE GOT HALF A  
MIND TO FOLLOW HIM  
IN THERE - EVEN  
THOUGH HE TOLD ME  
TO STAY HERE -

SUDDENLY,  
THE AWFUL  
RATTLE OF A  
SUB-MACHINE GUN  
CUTS THE NIGHT AIR!

I GOT HIM-ALL RIGHT!  
BOY! AM I A GOOD SHOT  
WID DIS LITTLE  
TYPEWRITER! I-

YEAH-YEAH! BUT  
WE BETTER GET DAT  
GUY OUTTA HERE!

PANG!  
PANG!  
PANG!  
PANG!  
PANG!



THE NEXT MORNING, PETE IS AGAIN BROUGHT BEFORE DOCTOR KNIFE...

NOW MAKE THE BEGGAR TALK AND LAUGH, SO I CAN LEARN HOW TO IMITATE HIM RIGHT!

GOOD MORNING, PETER! FEEL BETTER TODAY? NOW WE WANT YOU TO STRUT A BIT SO OUR MR. DIRK CAN PICK UP YOUR MANNERISMS... CLEVER, EH? YOU GIVE A GOOD DEMONSTRATION AND I MAY LET YOU LIVE... ISN'T THAT NICE OF ME?

BAH!

TUT-TUT- DON'T BE RASH, PETER! THAT'S NO IDLE PROMISE! YOU BE NICE AND I WILL LET YOU LIVE - AFTER A LITTLE OPERATION ON YOUR BRAIN WHICH WILL MAKE YOU AN AMNESIA VICTIM - WITHOUT MEMORY! IT IS VERY SIMPLE AND QUICK! NOW LET'S HEAR YOU TALK - AND LAUGH!

OLAF - THE WHIP!

SUDDENLY THERE IS AN OMINOUS SWISH -

CRACK!

TALK-DOG-!

ENRAGED, PETE WHEELS -

YOU ROTTEN BACK-LASHER! YOU -

IMMEDIATELY, THE OTHERS LEAP UPON HIM...

GIVE IT TO HIM!

INSOLENT DEVIL-!

BANG! CRACK!

OH-H-

HA-HA-! THERE! NOW - TALK-DOG, TALK!

GO ON! TALK-LAUGH-!

BANG!

CRACK!

BLIND WITH PAIN, PETE REELS...

FORCING HIM OVER A TABLE, THE BRUTES PUMMEL HIS FACE AND BODY...

GO AHEAD - TALK!

OBEY US-DOG!

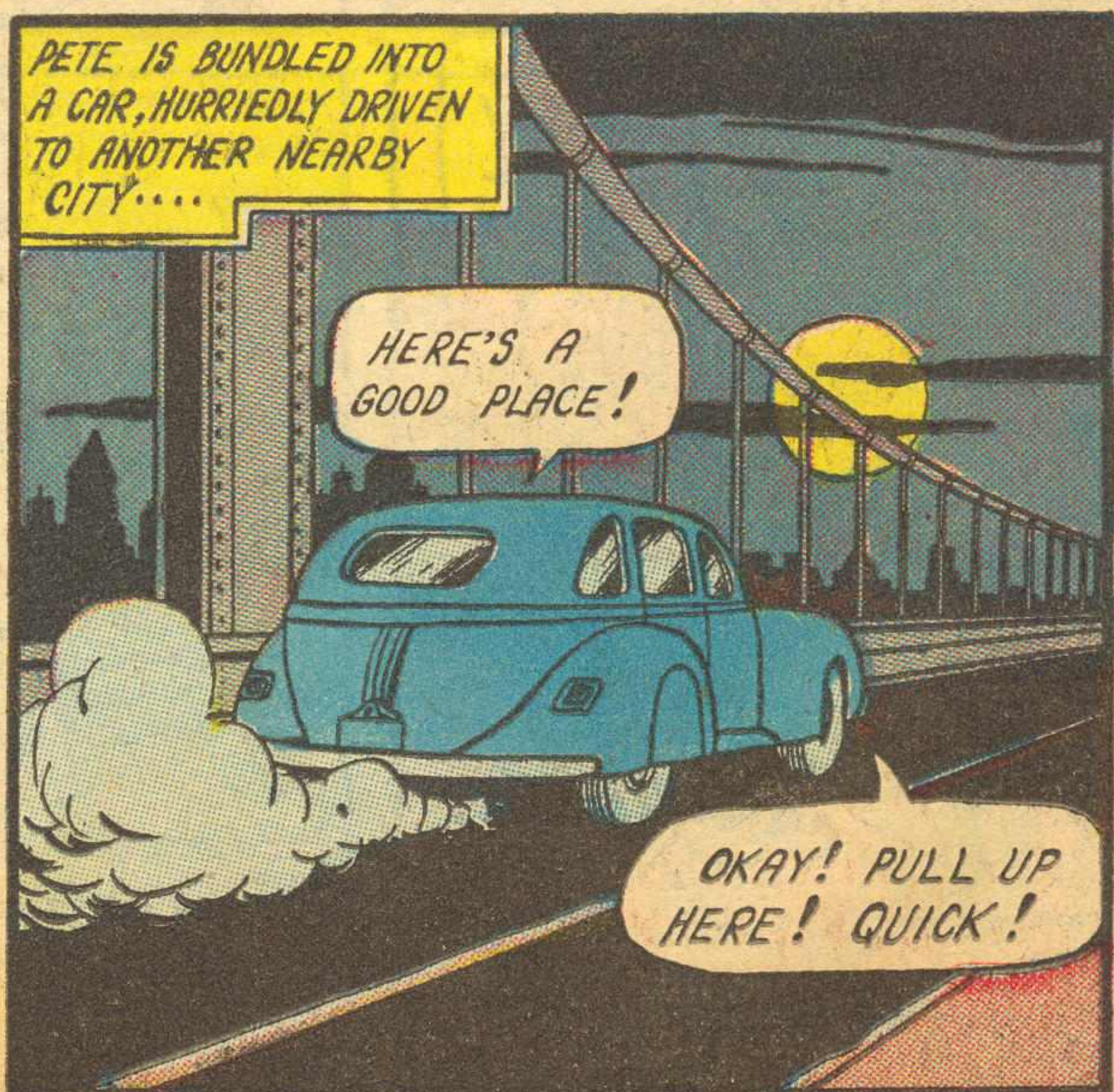
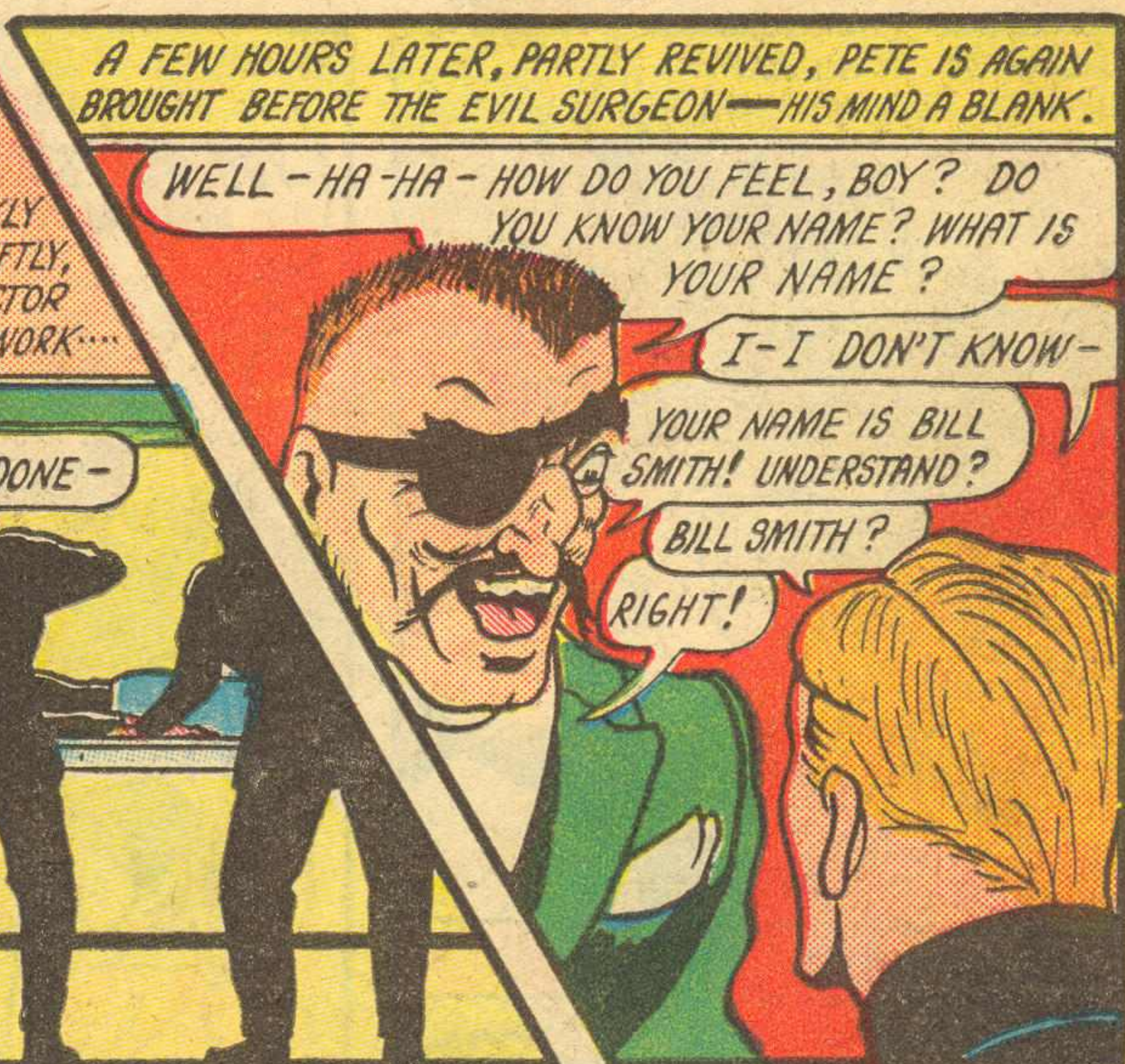
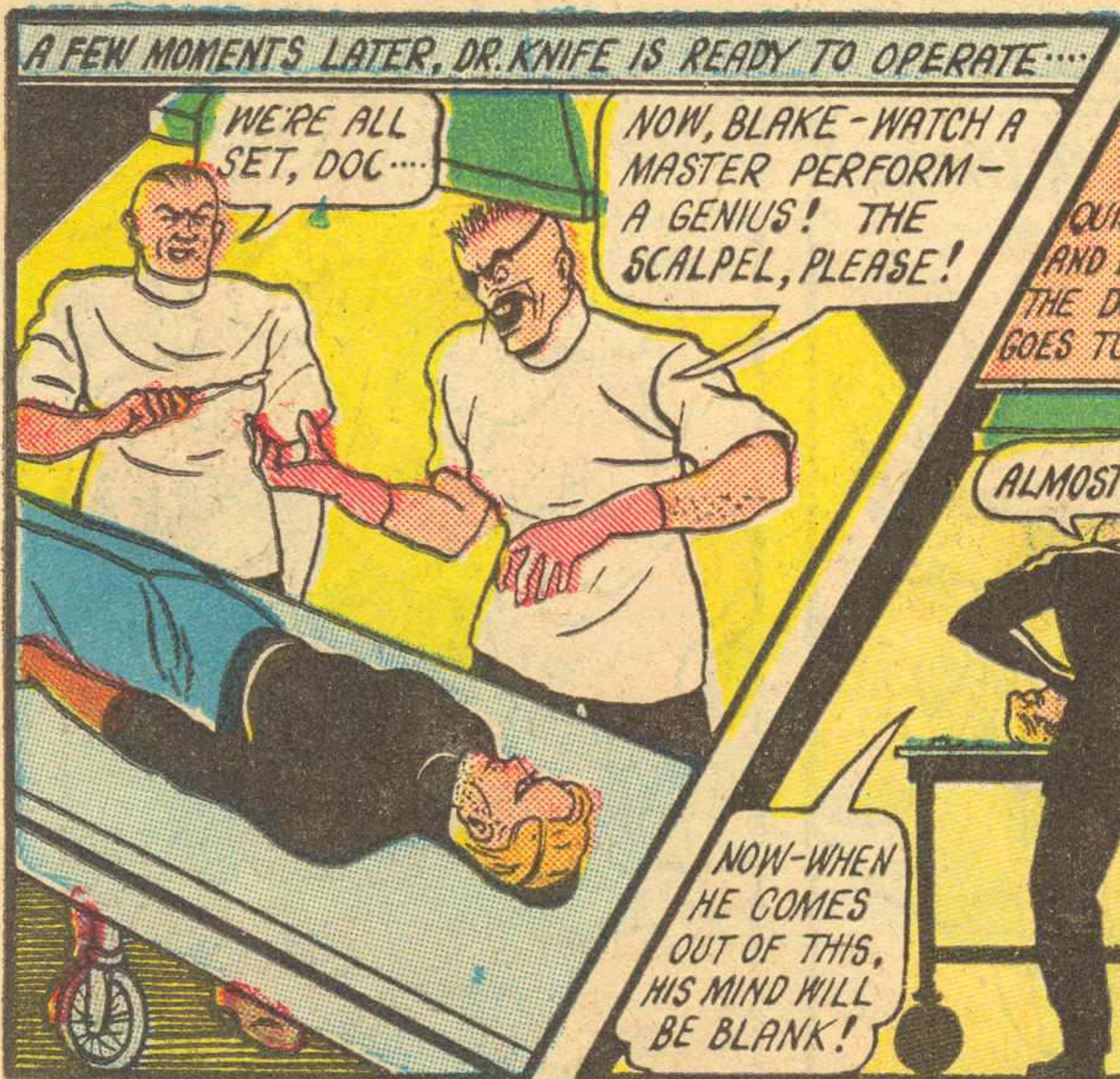
BANG!

I'LL TALK - I'LL TELL YOU INSANE BUTCHERS ONE THING! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS! YOU'LL ALL DIE TRYING!

NOW, LAUGH! GO ON!!

HA-HA-HA-HA-! YES - YOU'LL ALL DIE! YOU MURDERERS! HA-HA-!







SWEET DREAMS!

A FEW SECONDS LATER, PETE IS THROWN BODILY OFF THE HIGH BRIDGE....

OVER YOU GO, MUG!

OH-H-H-!

HE LANDS HARD IN THE BRACKISH WATER BELOW!

SPLASH!

NOW, LET'S LEAVE PETE FOR AWHILE AND FOLLOW DR. KNIFE AND DIRK....

THE NEXT MORNING.... STEPPING INTO THE ROLE OF PETER STOCKBRIDGE, DIRK, ACCOMPANIED BY KNIFE, JOURNEYS TO THE SUMPTUOUS CENTRAL OFFICES OF THE STOCKBRIDGE HOLDINGS, WHERE HE IS ACCEPTED WITHOUT QUESTION AS THE REAL THING....

WATCH!

MANAGERS AND DIRECTORS GLADLY AFFORD HIM A CORDIAL WELCOME....

AH- GOOD MORNING, MR. STOCKBRIDGE!

GOOD MORNING, SIR! WELCOME, SIR!

WHAT'S GOOD ABOUT IT, WAGE-SLAVES? STEP ASIDE!

HEH-HEH-!

YOU-LACKEY- BRING A COMPLETE STATEMENT OF OUR SALABLE ASSETS INTO MY OFFICE-IMMEDIATELY!

OH-!

GUESS WE GOT AWAY WITH THAT ALL RIGHT, EH, DOC? WE'RE ALL SET NOW!

RIGHT! NOW WE'LL CONVERT EVERYTHING WE CAN INTO CASH- BONDS, PROPERTY- ETC.- TIE IT UP AND SCRAM!

NOW BACK TO PETE- WHO, REFRESHED BY THE WATER HAD SWAM TO SHORE, NOW DAZED, SICK AND HUNGRY, WANDERS ABOUT THE CITY WONDERING WHO HE IS.

BILL SMITH-SMITH-? GOSH, I'M HUNGRY- NO MONEY- NO PLACE TO SLEEP- TIRED-





ALL DAY HE IS BEDEVILED BY THE POLICE AS A VAGRANT....

HEY-YOU BUM! I TOLD YOU TO GET MOVING! G'WAN!



YOU LAZY SCUM-WHY DON'T YOU GET A JOB? YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PANHANDLE AROUND HERE! G'WAN!

-TIRED - SO HUNGRY!



TOWARD NIGHTFALL, HE SCURRIES DOWN A DARK ALLEY, LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO LIE DOWN AND REST....

HUH - THERE'S AN OLD SHACK - MAYBE I CAN GO IN THERE -



ENTERING THE DILAPIDATED LITTLE SHACK, HE SPOTS FOOD....

HOLY CATS! BREAD - AND BALOGNA!!

GOSH-! I CAN'T RESIST IT!

NOW-WHILE PETE IS FINDING RELIEF, THE OWNER OF THE SHACK, A HOMELESS ORPHAN LAD, NAMED RAGSY MURPHY, IS HURRYING BACK TO IT- AND LOOKING FORWARD TO HIS SUPPER....



JEEPERS- AM I HUNGRY! AND AFTER A TOUGH DAY- NO DARN ERRANDS TO RUN- NOTHING! BUSINESS IS ROTTEN!



BY CRUMB- I GOTTA GO INTO A NEW BUSINESS!

ALMOST HOME-



ARRIVING AT THE SHACK, RAGSY OPENS THE DOOR- HIS EYES POP -

WELL-YOU BIG THIEVING BUM!!

HEY!

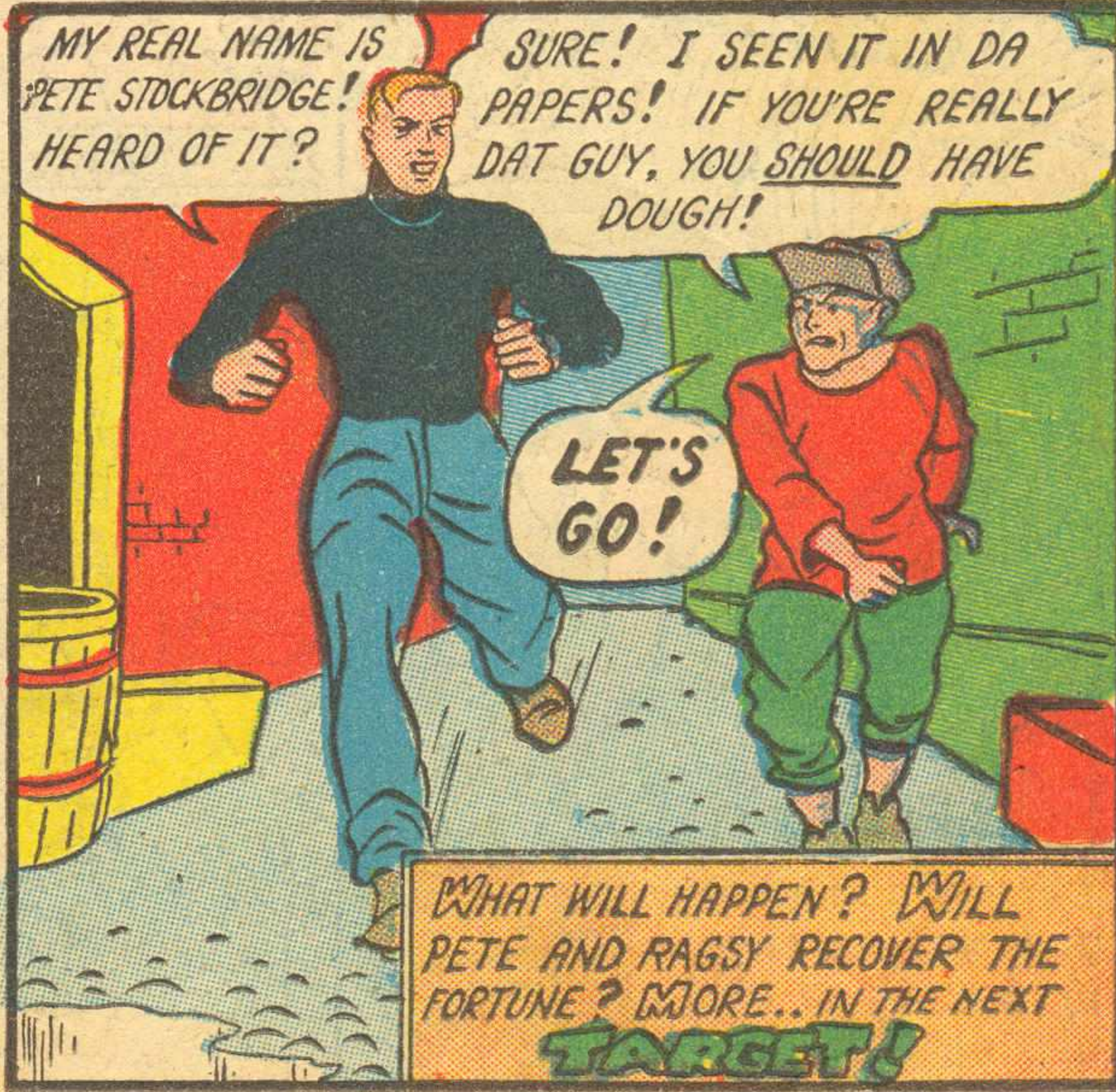
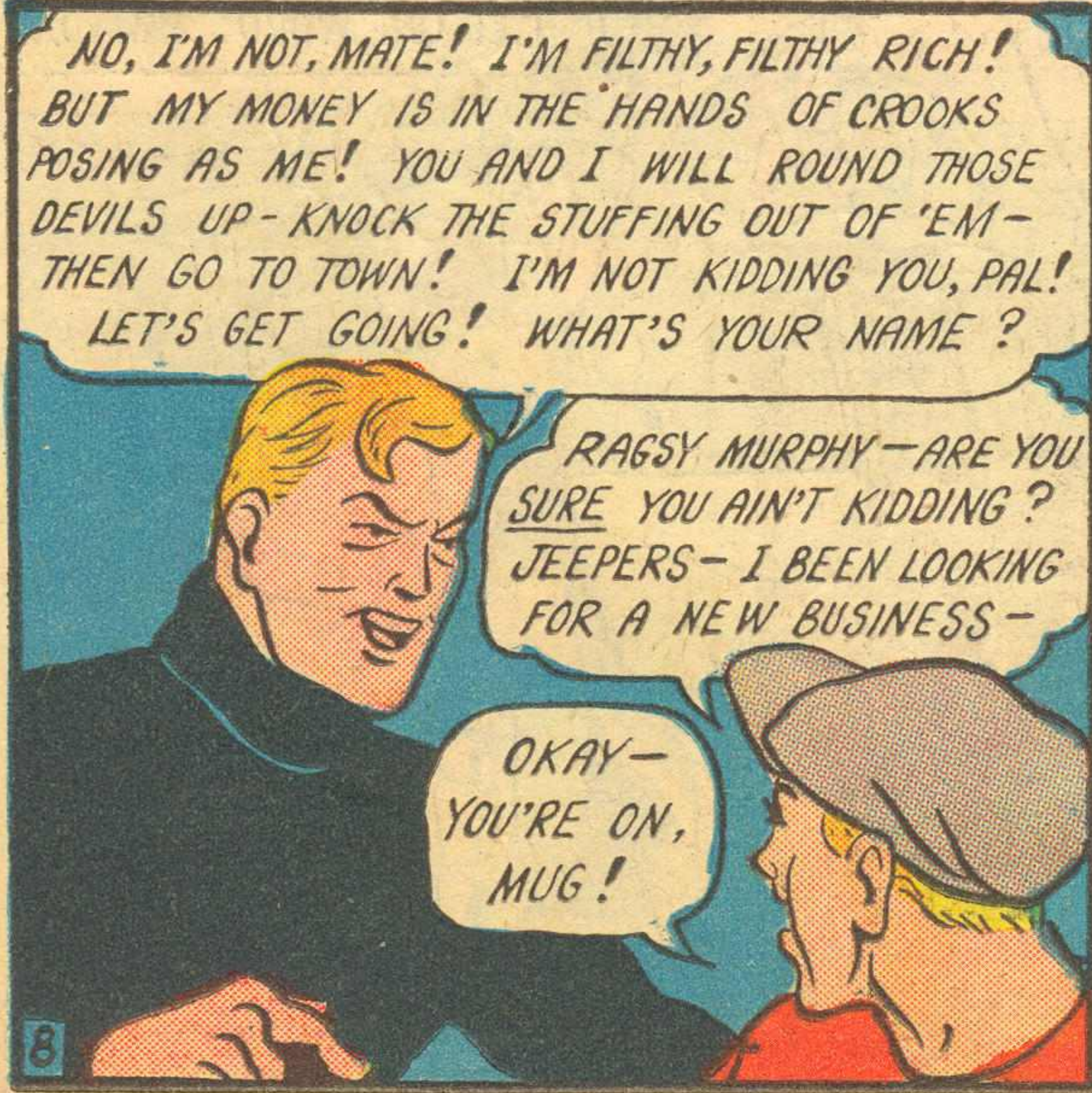
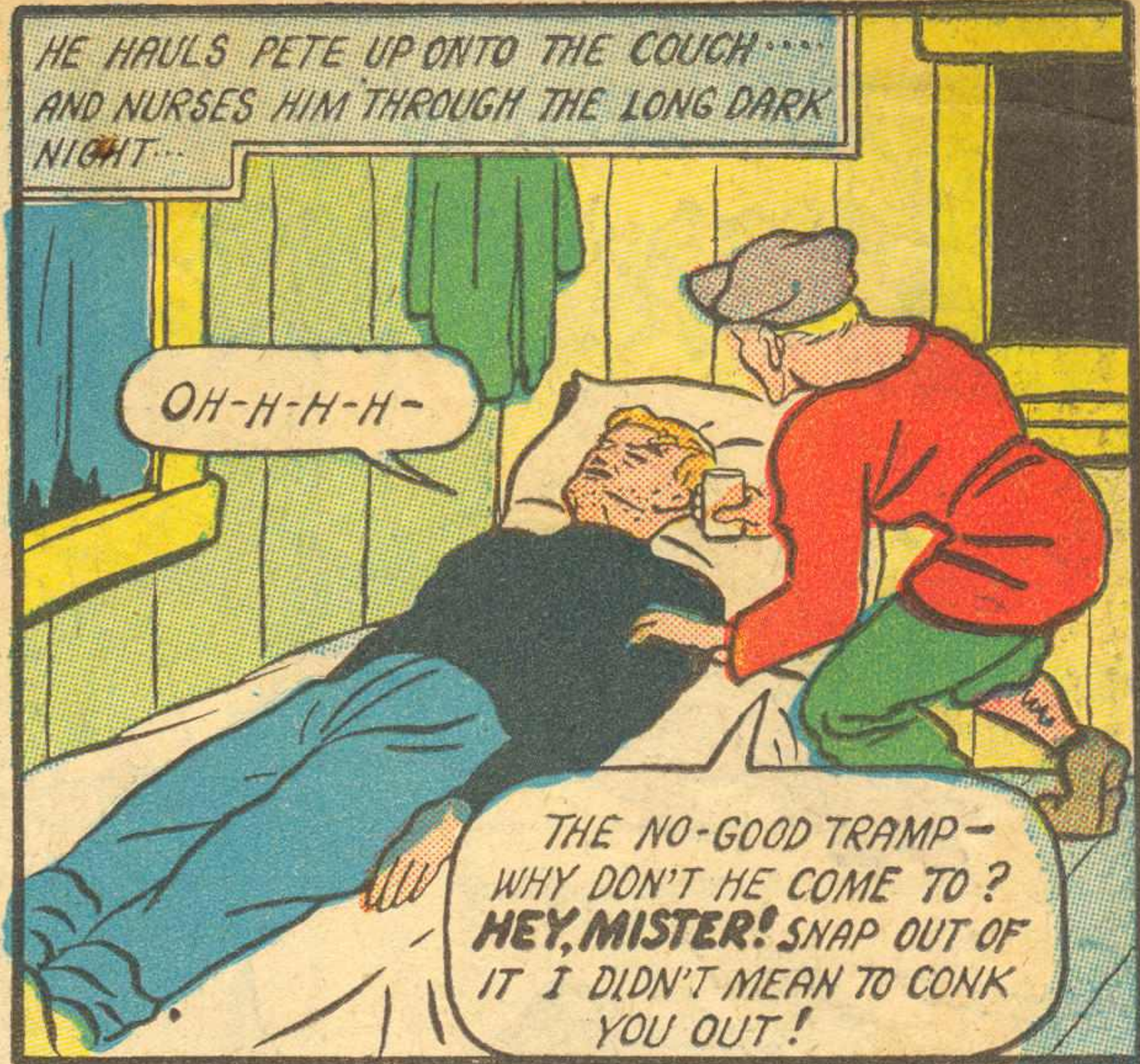
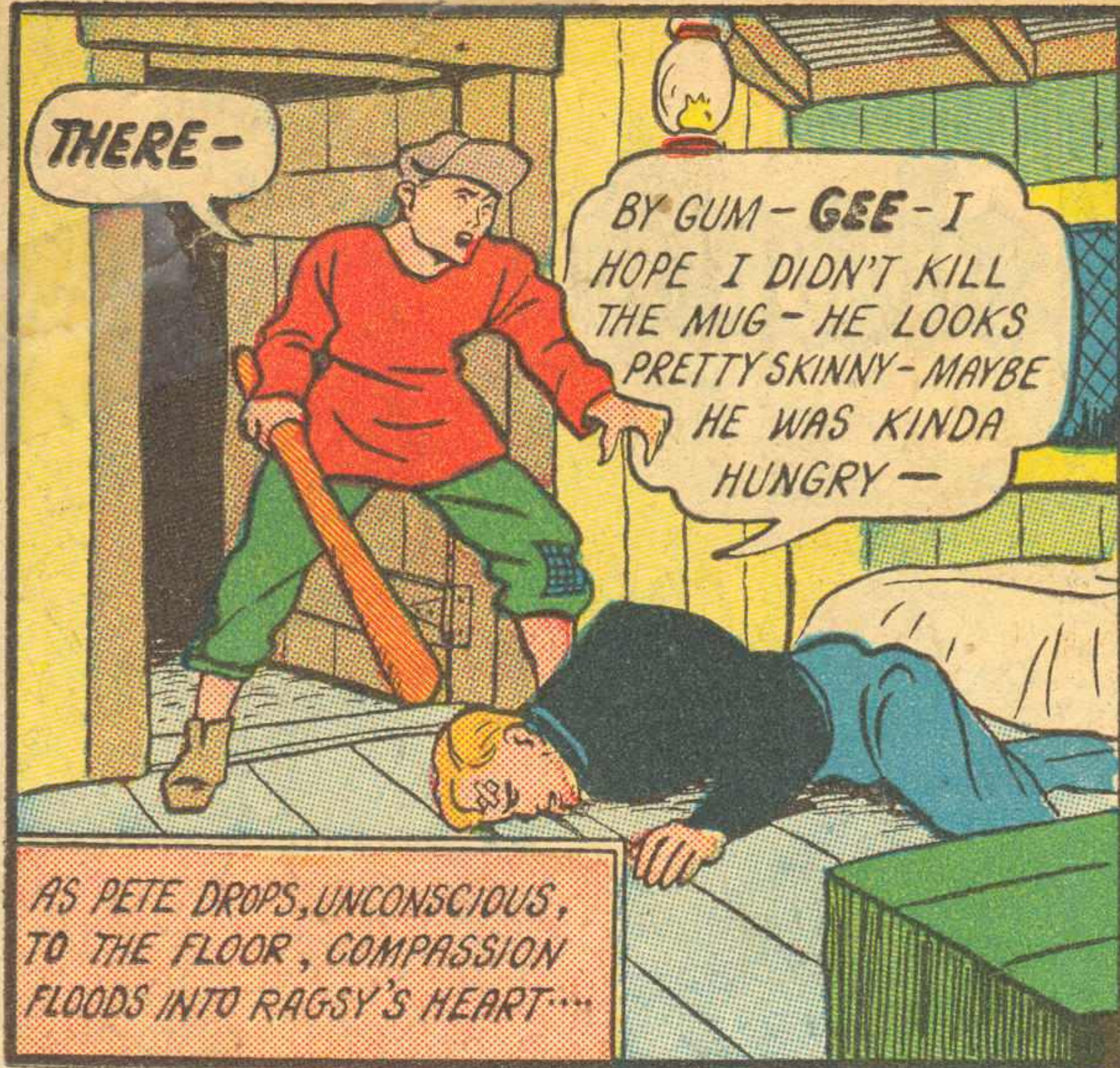


BY CRIMMINY! DROP DAT GRUB!

YOU POKY PALOOKA!

SOCK!!







A Fantastic Feature Film in Comicolor

Part VII.

# Treasure Island

By Robert  
Louis  
Stevenson

THE SCHOONER, HISPANIOLA, ARRIVED AT ITS DESTINATION—TREASURE ISLAND. THE CREW, MOSTLY EX-PIRATES, MUTINIED. THE OWNER, TRELAWNEY, CAPTAIN SMOLLETT, DOCTOR LIVESEY AND A FEW OTHERS HELD A BLOCK HOUSE ON THE ISLAND AGAINST THE PIRATES, WHO DEMANDED THE MAP SHOWING THE LOCATION OF THE TREASURE. JIM HAWKINS, CABIN BOY, WHO IS RELAYING THIS STORY, STEALS OFF, AND IN A SMALL BOAT, REACHES AND BOARDS THE HISPANIOLA.

Retold in  
Pictures  
by  
HAROLD  
DE LAY

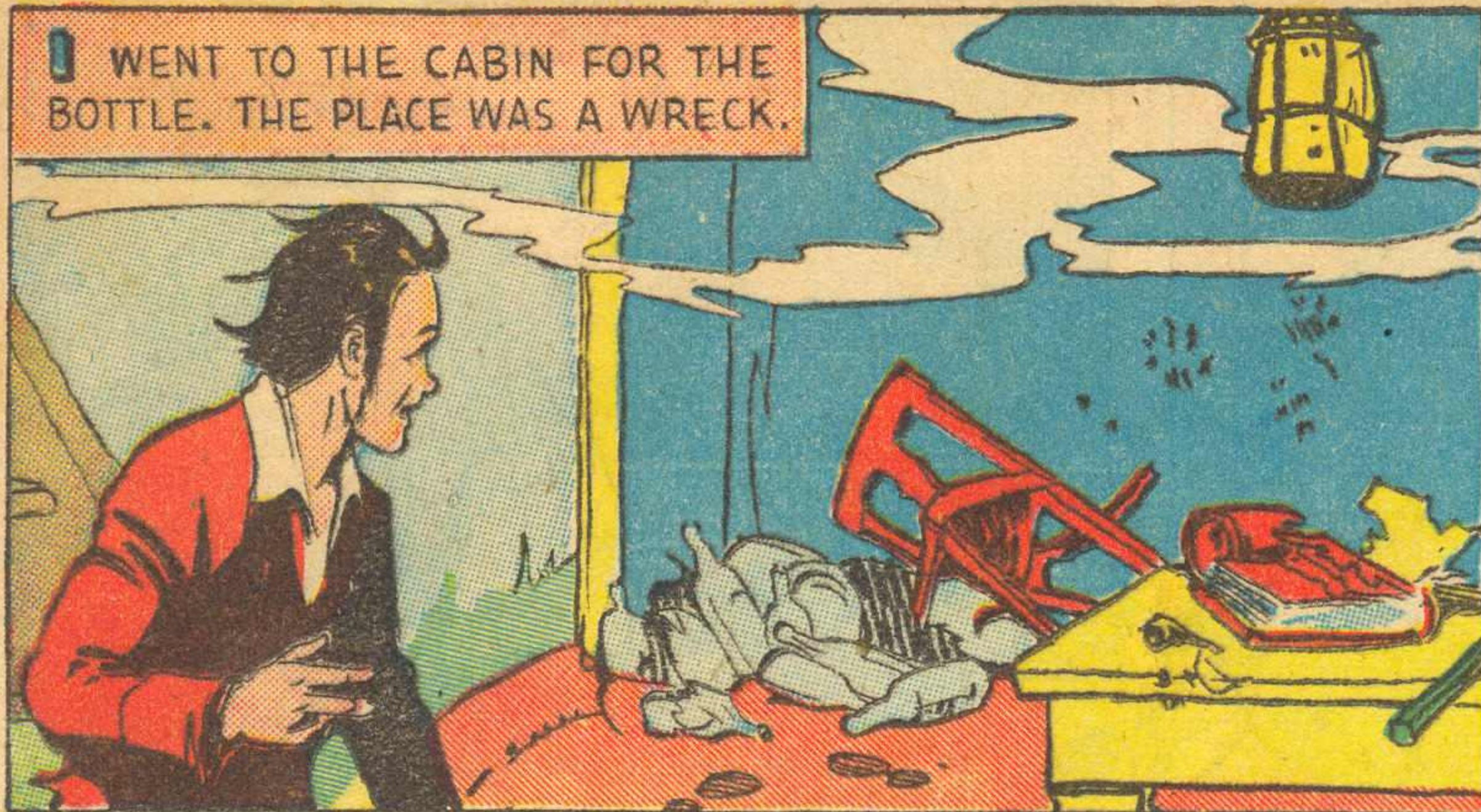
I CRAWLED ALONG THE BOWSPRIT, AND TUMBLED HEAD FOREMOST ON THE DECK.

THERE WERE THE TWO WATCHMEN, ONE ON HIS BACK—THE OTHER, ISRAEL HANDS, WAS PROPPED AGAINST THE BULWARK.

"COME ABOARD," I SAID IRONICALLY. HE UTTERED ONE WORD: "BRANDY."



I WENT TO THE CABIN FOR THE BOTTLE. THE PLACE WAS A WRECK.



I FOUND THE BRANDY HANDS WANTED, AND FOOD FOR MYSELF, THEN RETURNED TO HIM.

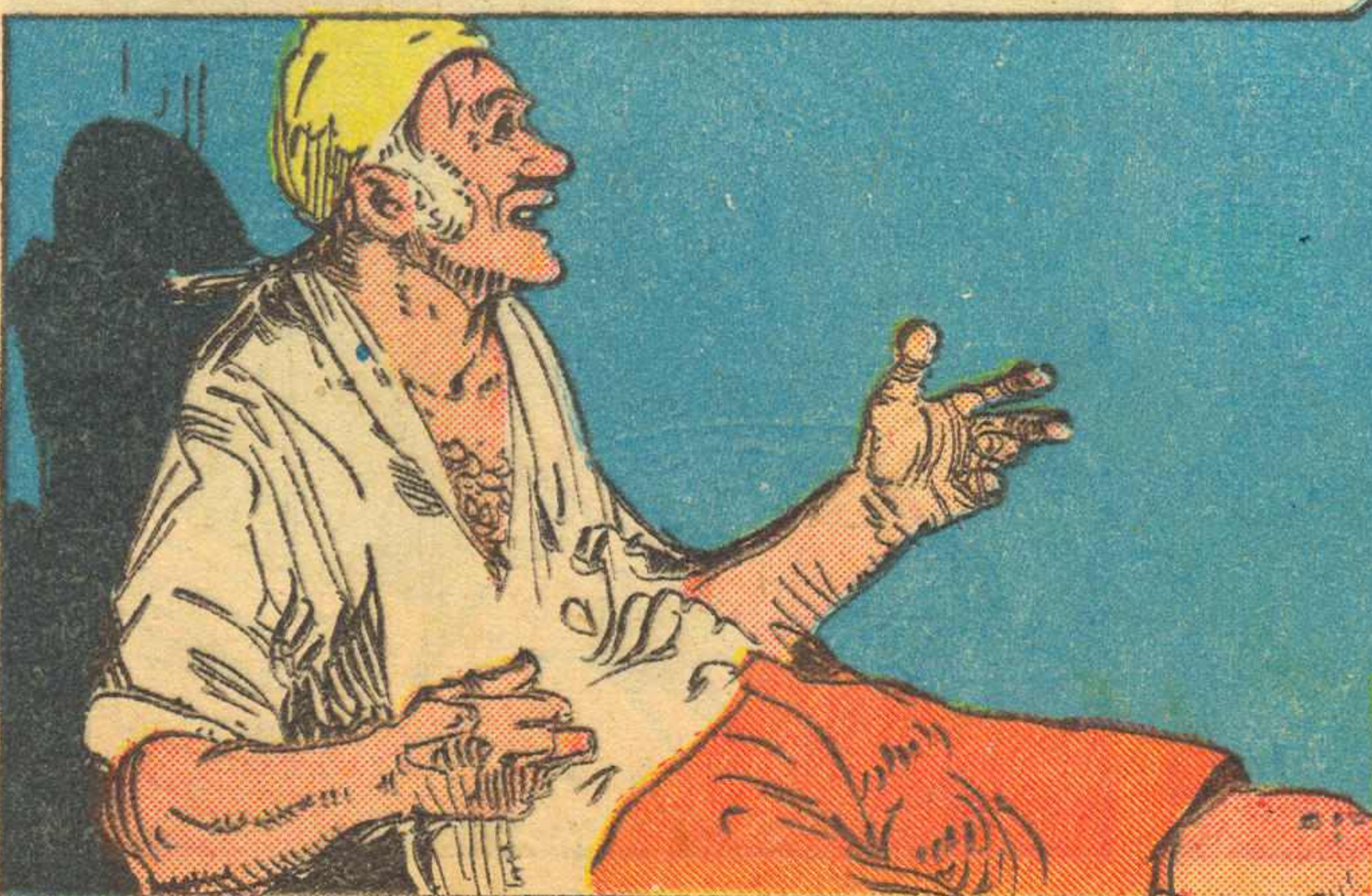
"AYE," SAID HE, "BY THUNDER, BUT I WANTED SOME OF THAT!"



"GOOD! NOW YOU'LL PLEASE REGARD ME AS YOUR CAPTAIN UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE."



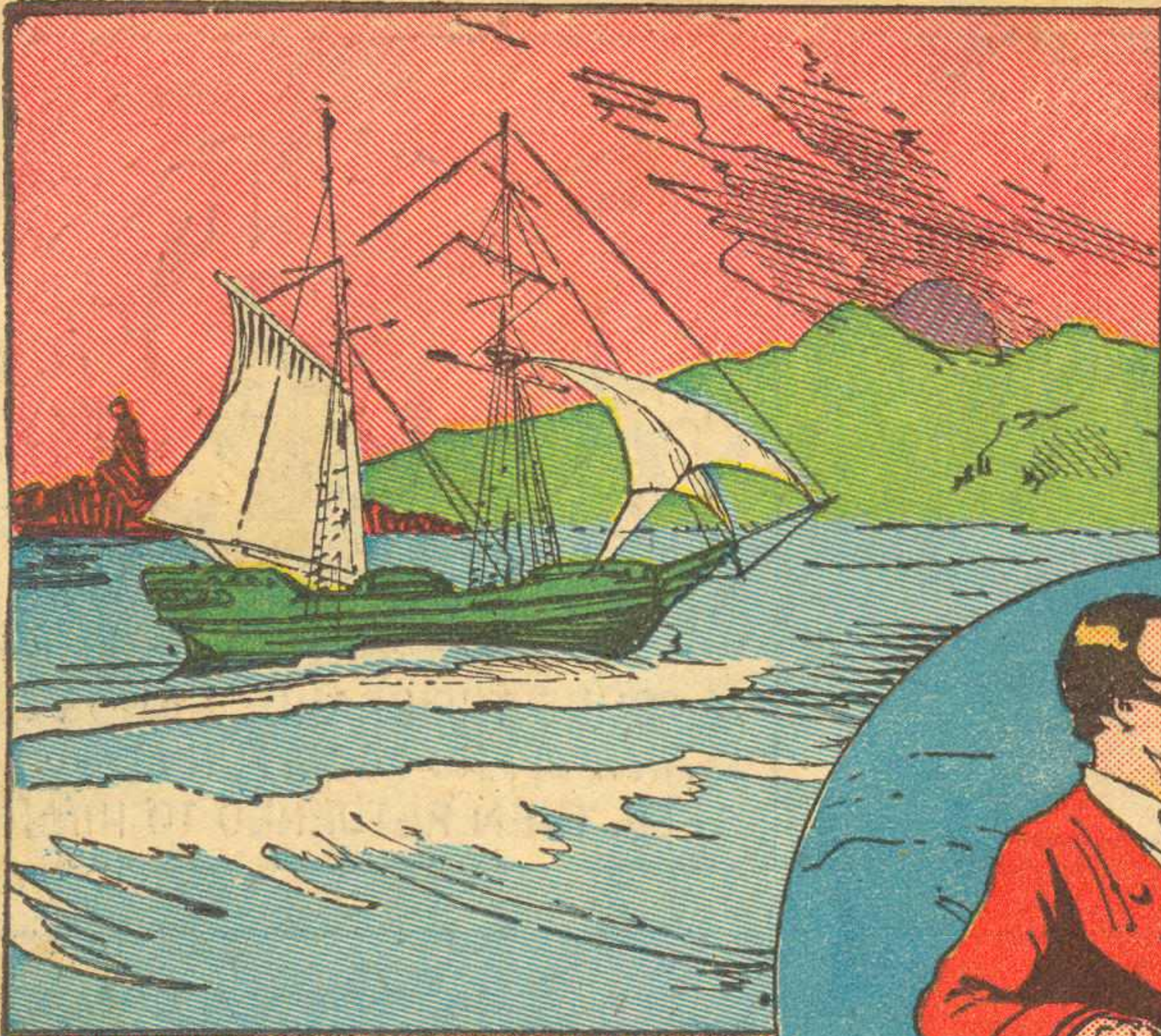
"I CAN'T HAVE THESE COLORS, MR. HANDS," I SAID, "AND BY YOUR LEAVE, I'LL STRIKE THEM!"



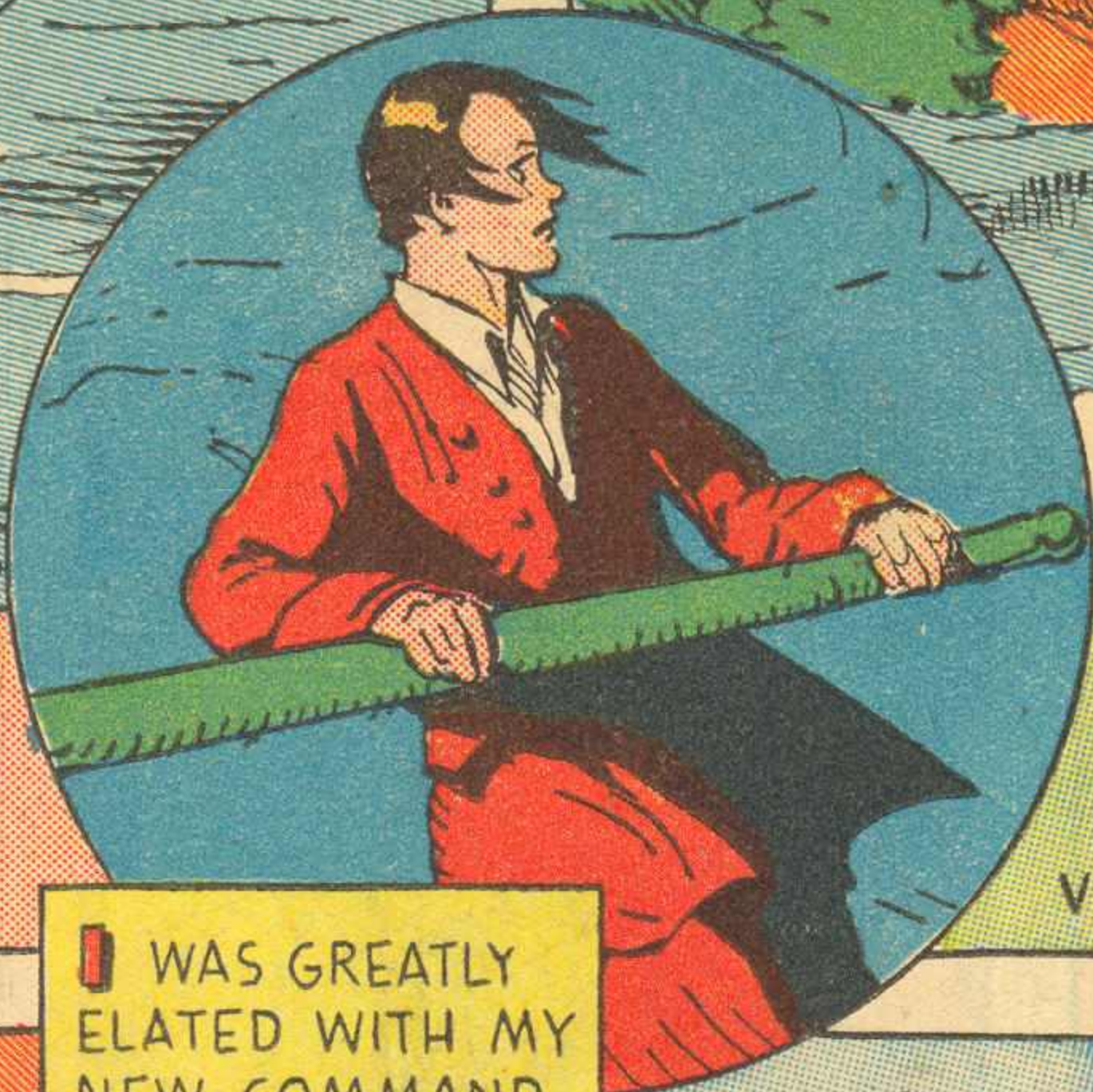
"YOU GIVE ME FOOD AND DRINK," HANDS PROPOSED, "AND I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO SAIL HER!" WE STRUCK OUR BARGAIN, ON THE SPOT!



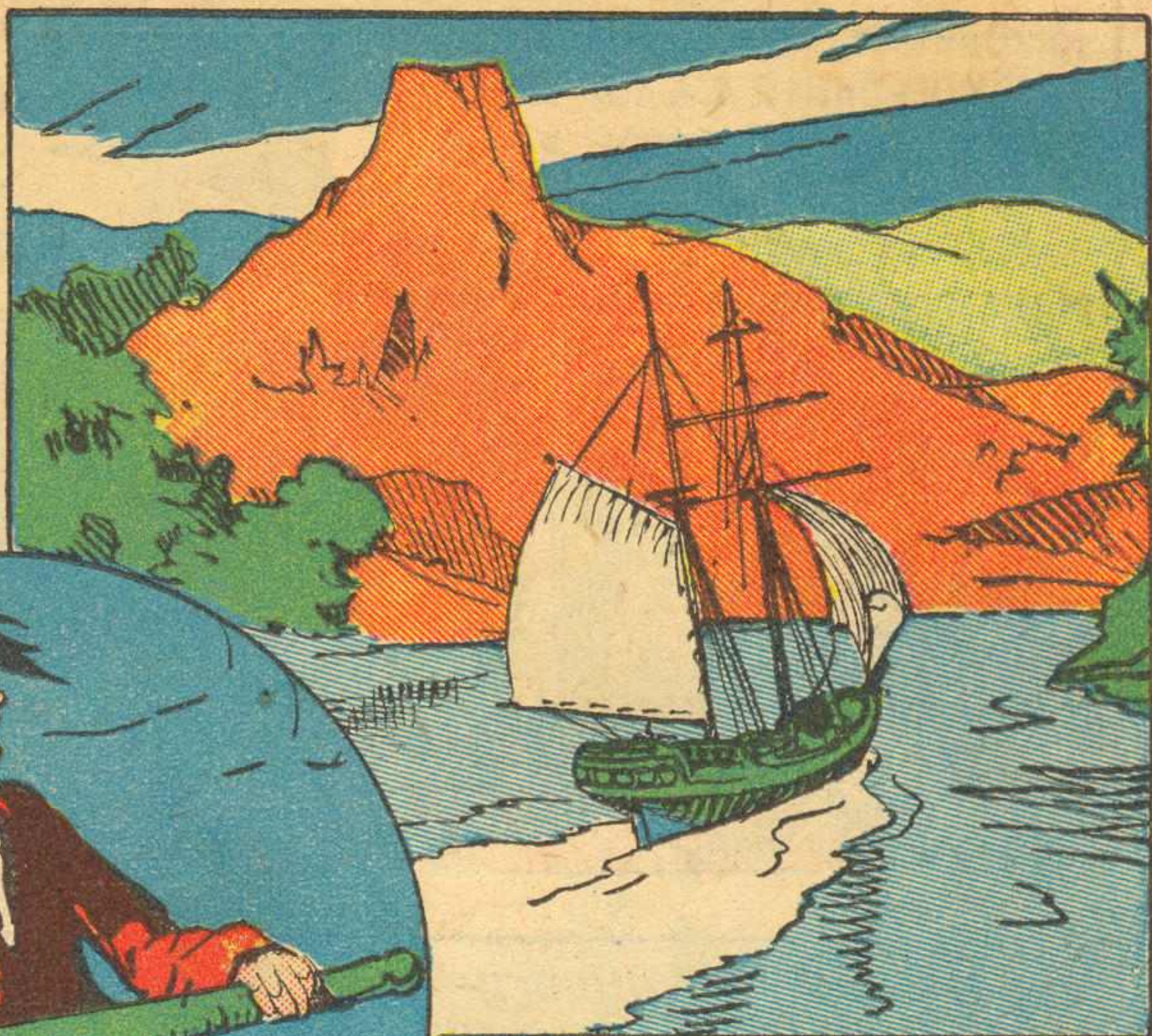




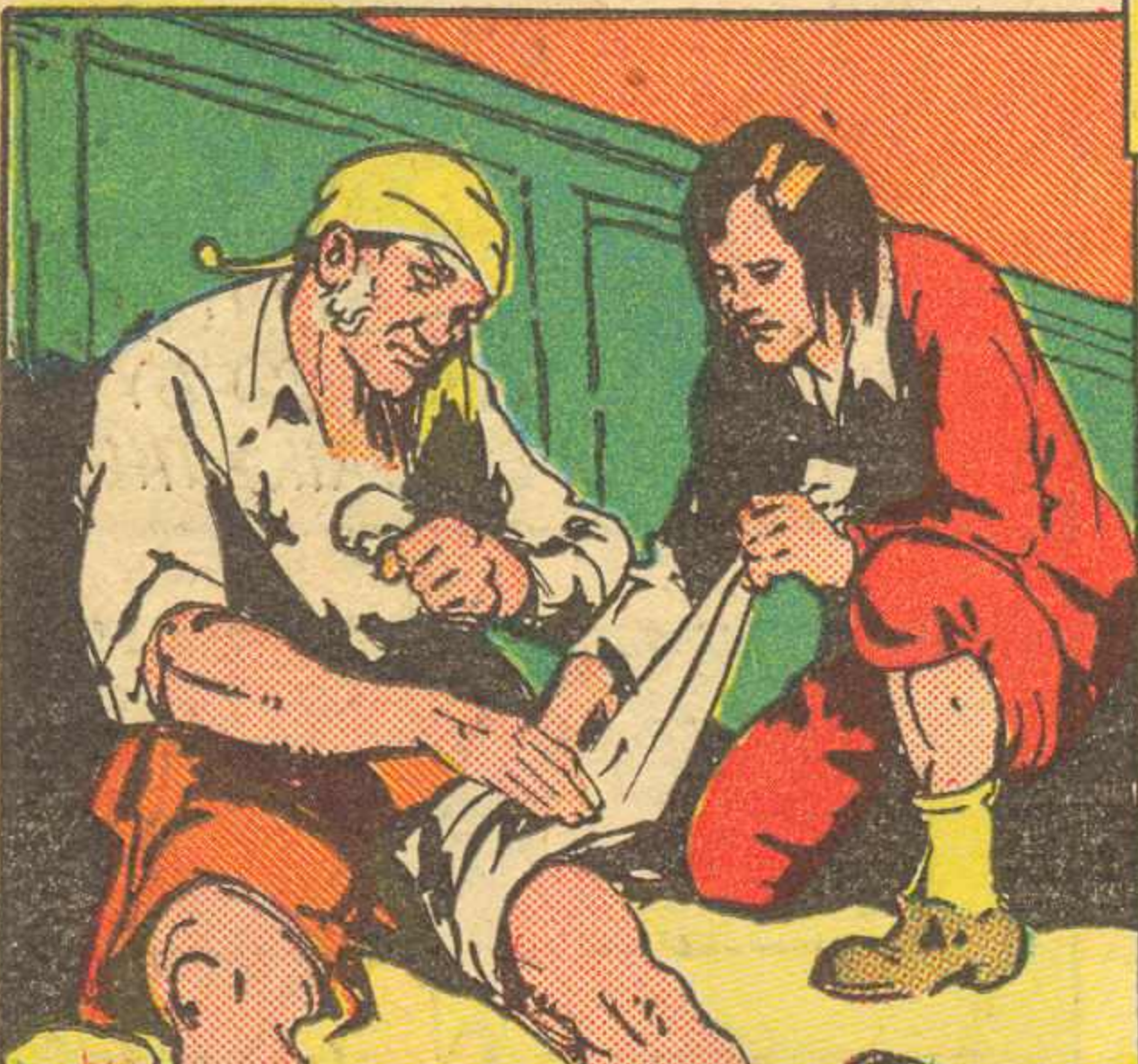
**I**N THREE MINUTES I HAD THE HISPANIOLA SAILING EASILY BEFORE THE WIND, ALONG THE COAST OF TREASURE ISLAND.



**I** WAS GREATLY ELATED WITH MY NEW COMMAND.



**T**HE BREEZE SERVED US ADMIRABLY. WE SKIMMED BEFORE IT LIKE A BIRD, THE VIEW CHANGING EVERY MINUTE.



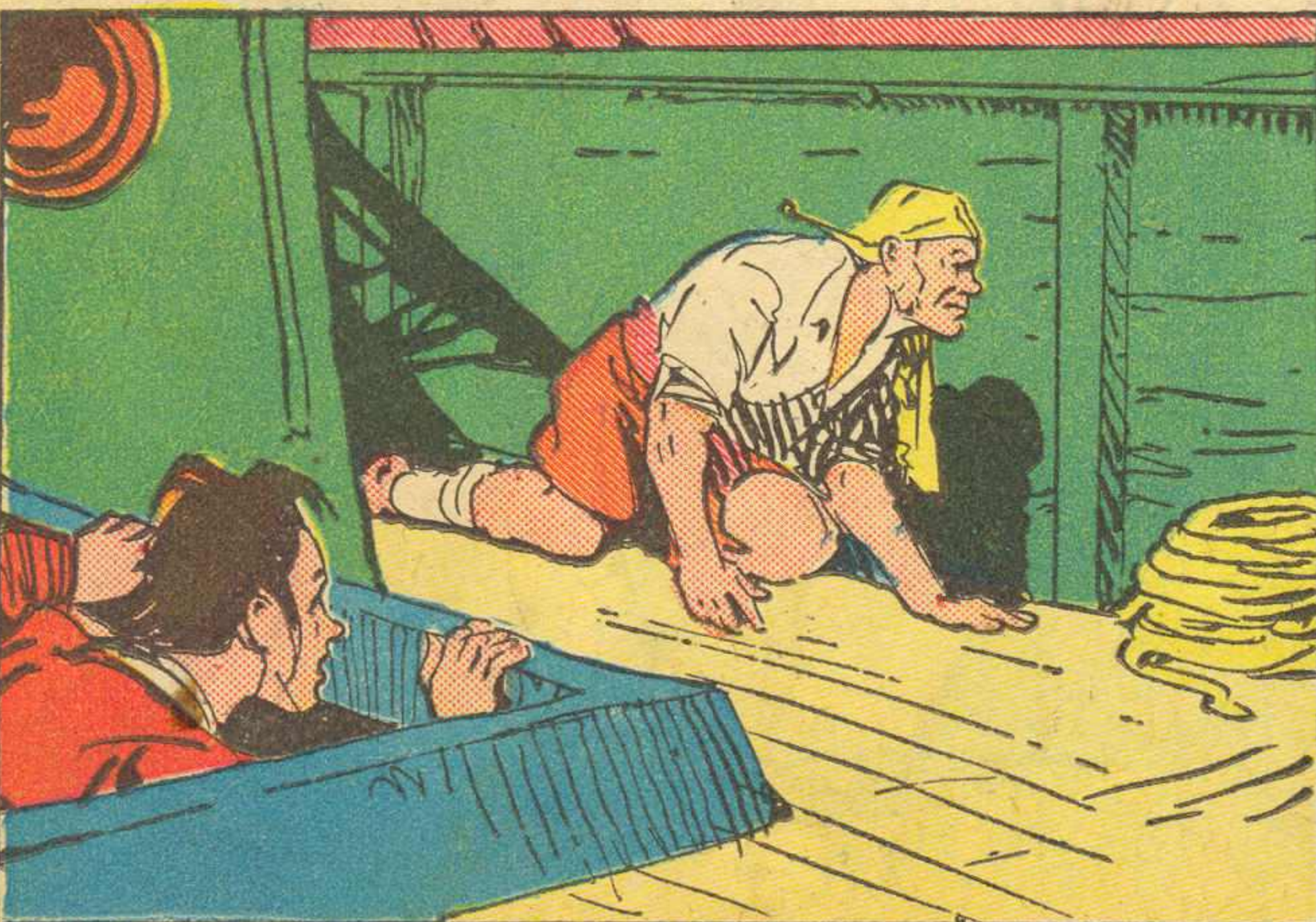
**W**ITH MY AID, HANDS BOUND UP THE WOUND HE HAD RECEIVED IN HIS THIGH.



**T**HERE WAS A SHADOW OF TREACHERY IN HIS EXPRESSION, AS HE WATCHED AND WATCHED ME AT MY WORK.



**G**ET ME A BOTTLE OF WINE, JIM, THIS BRANDY'S TOO STRONG FOR MY HEAD!



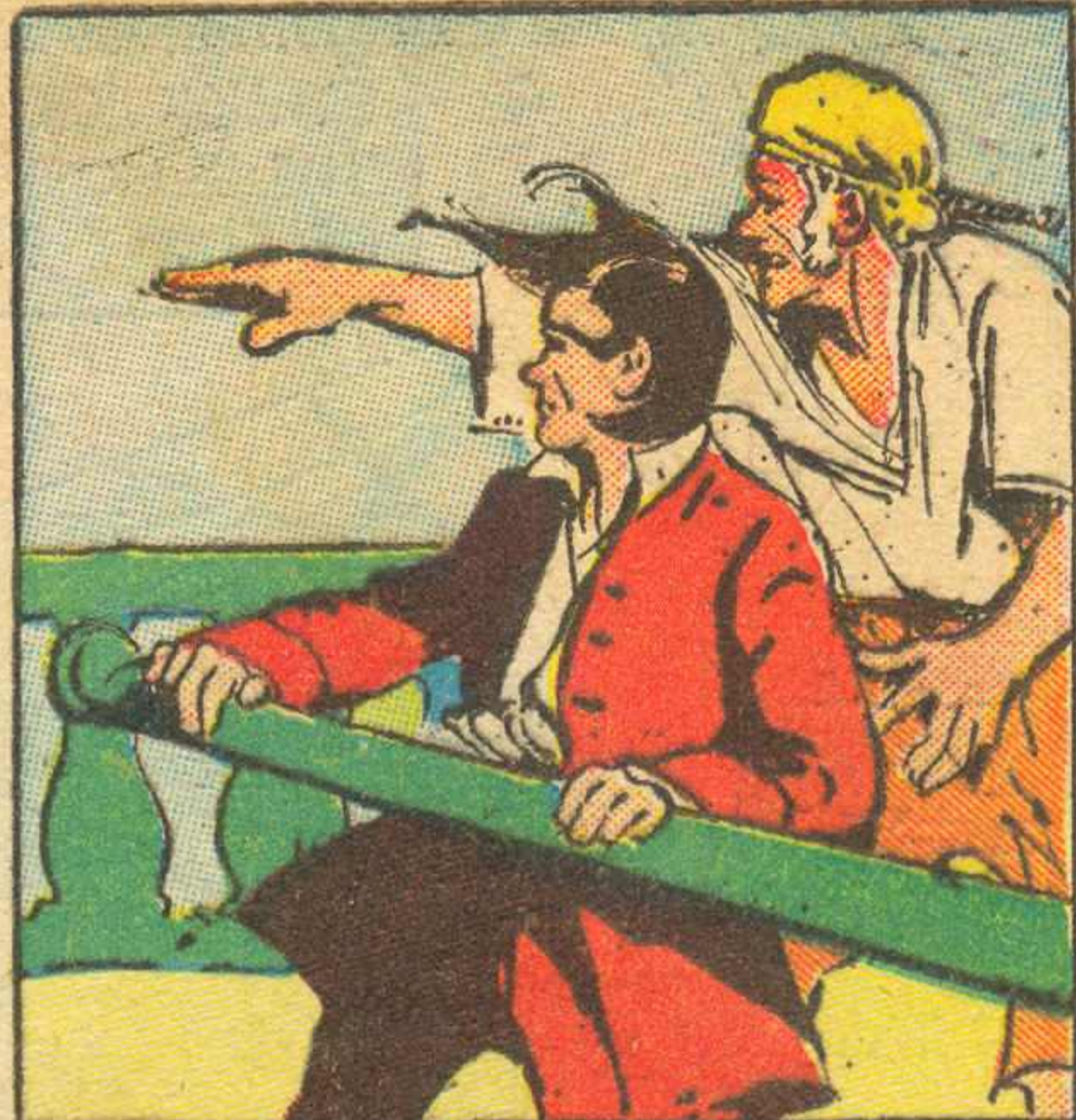
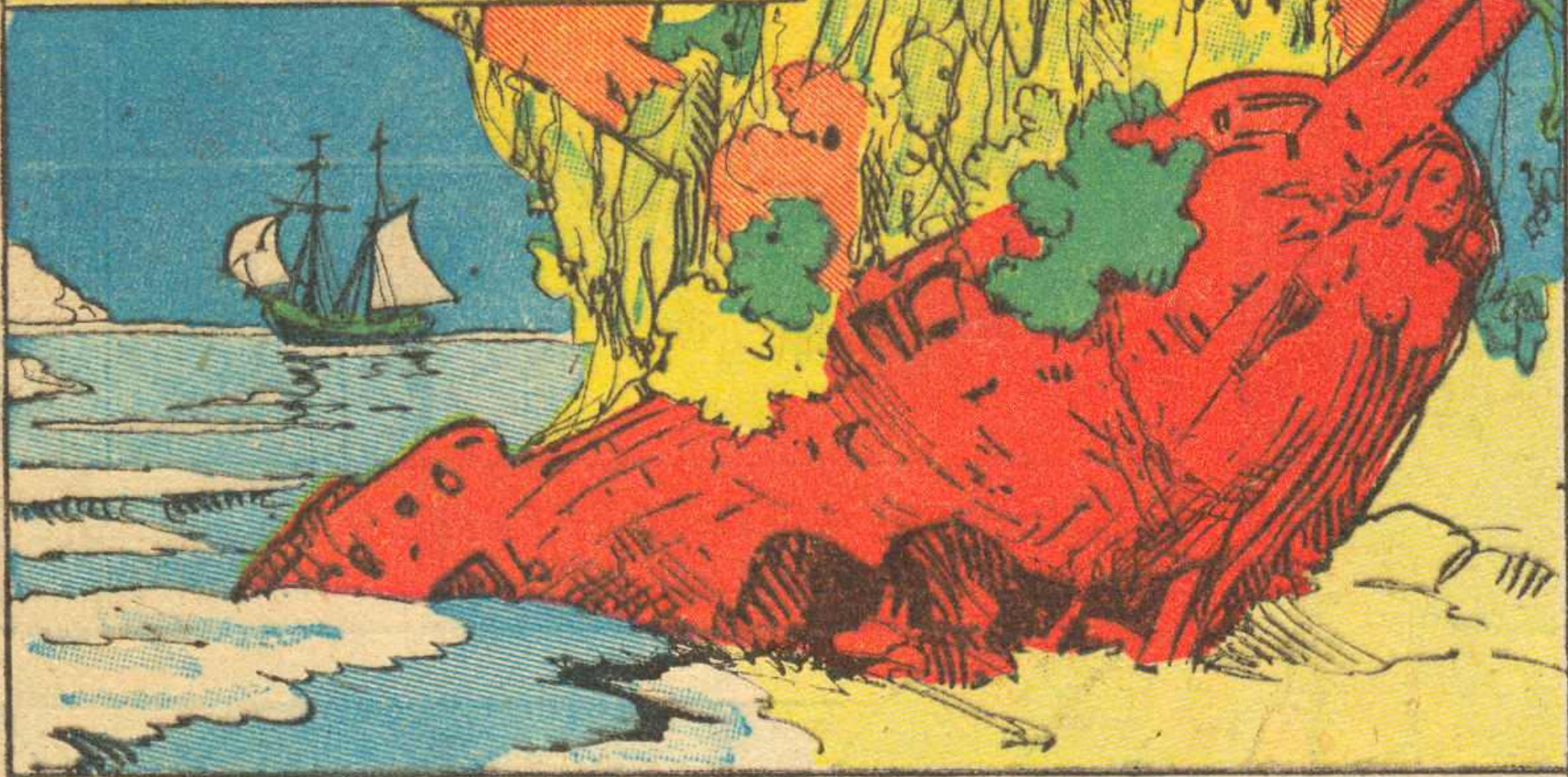
**I** QUICKLY RAN FOR THE WINE, BUT I WENT BELOW, MOUNTED THE FORECASTLE AND POPPED MY HEAD OUT OF THE FORE COMPANION.

**I**N HALF A MINUTE HE HAD SEARCHED A COIL OF ROPE, PICKED OUT A LONG KNIFE AND TRIED THE POINT ON HIS HAND!





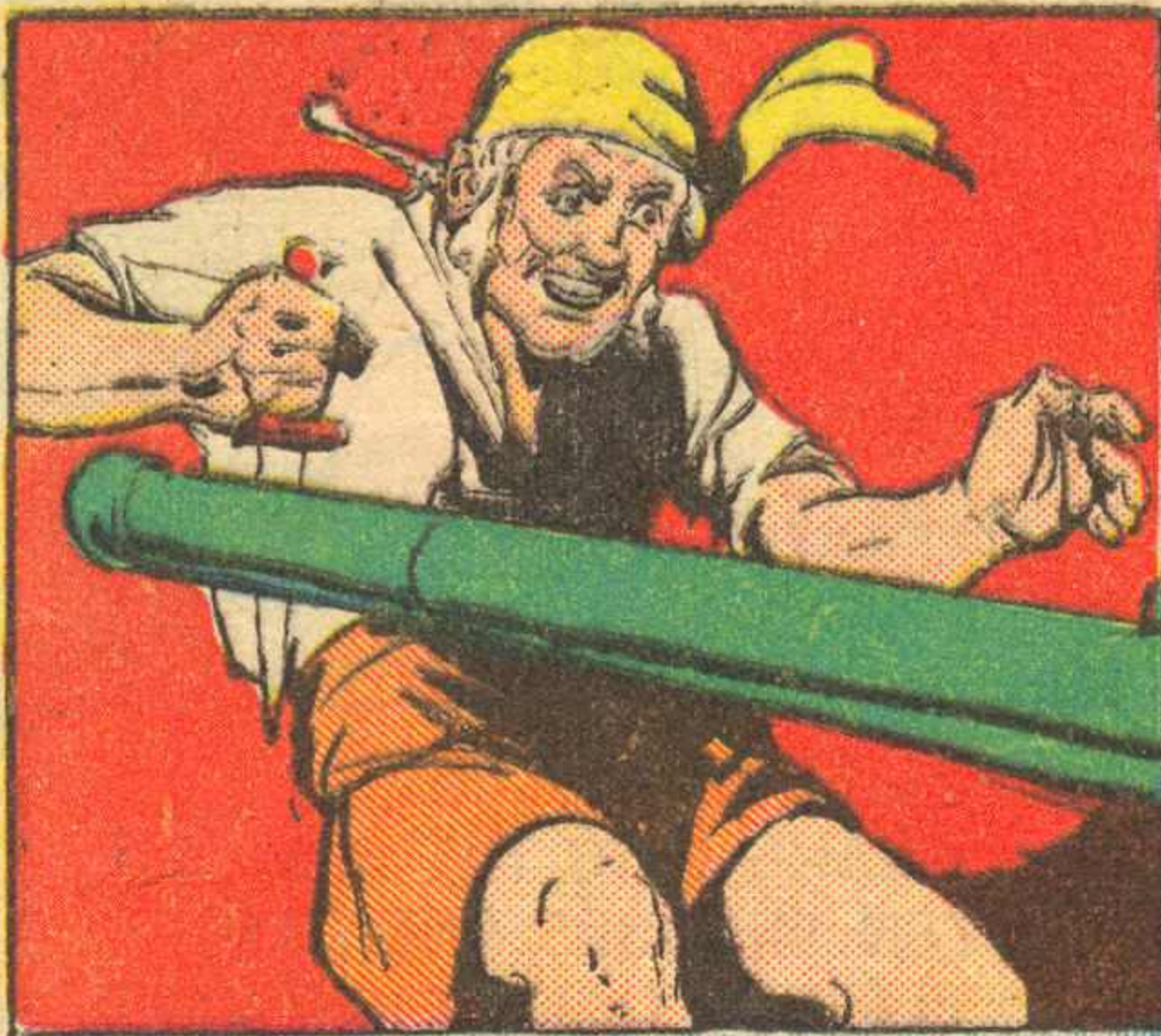
**S**UDDENLY BEFORE US WE SAW THE WRECK OF A SHIP, HUNG WITH WEBS OF SEAWEED--NOW FLOURISHED THICK WITH FLOWERS.



**"LOOK THERE; THERE'S A PET BIT FOR TO BEACH A SHIP IN!"**  
HE SAID.



**I** LOOKED AROUND AND, THERE WAS HANDS, WITH THE DIRK IN HIS RIGHT HAND.

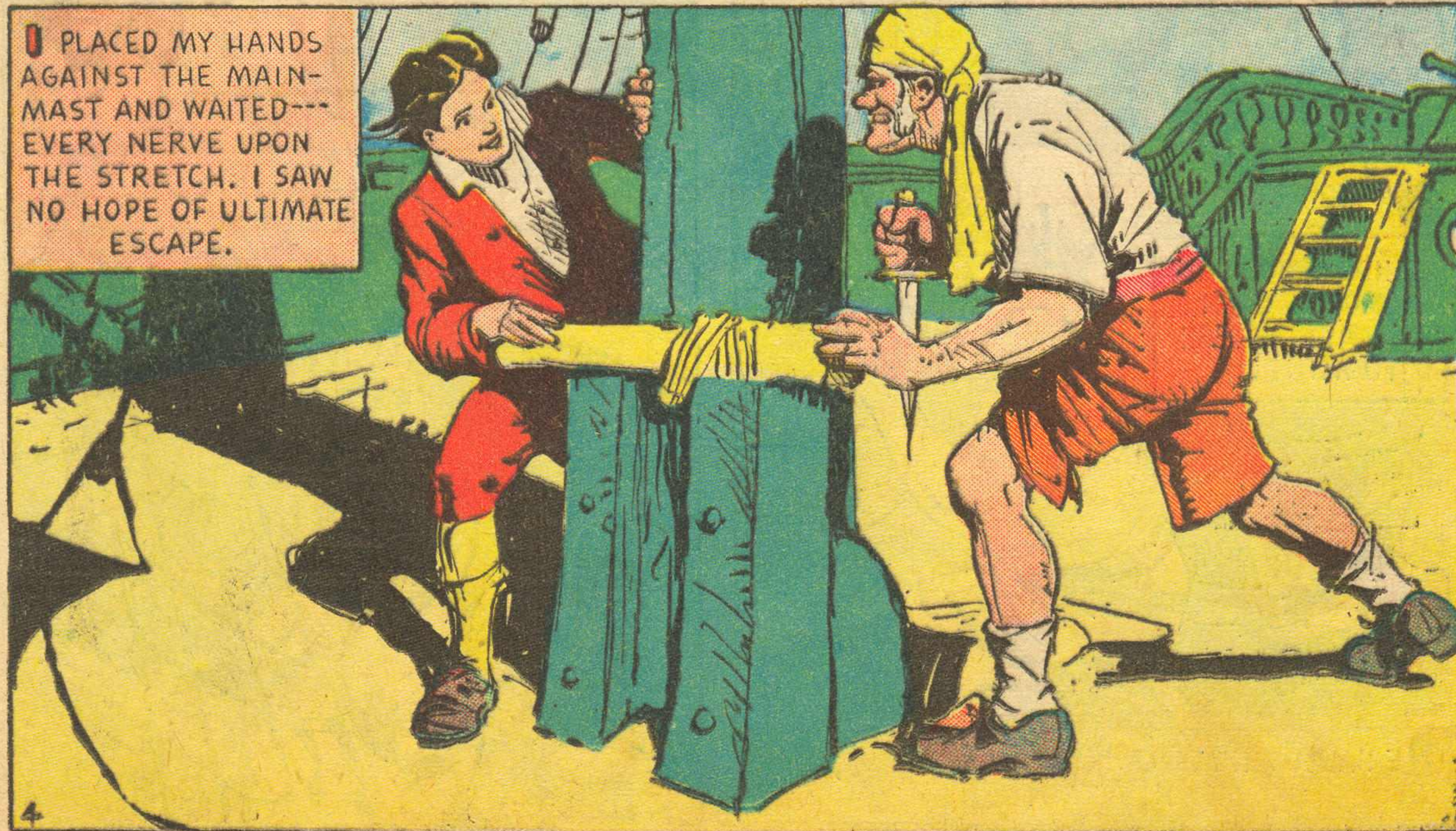


**I** LET GO THE TILLER AND IT STRUCK HANDS ACROSS THE CHEST AND STOPPED HIM!

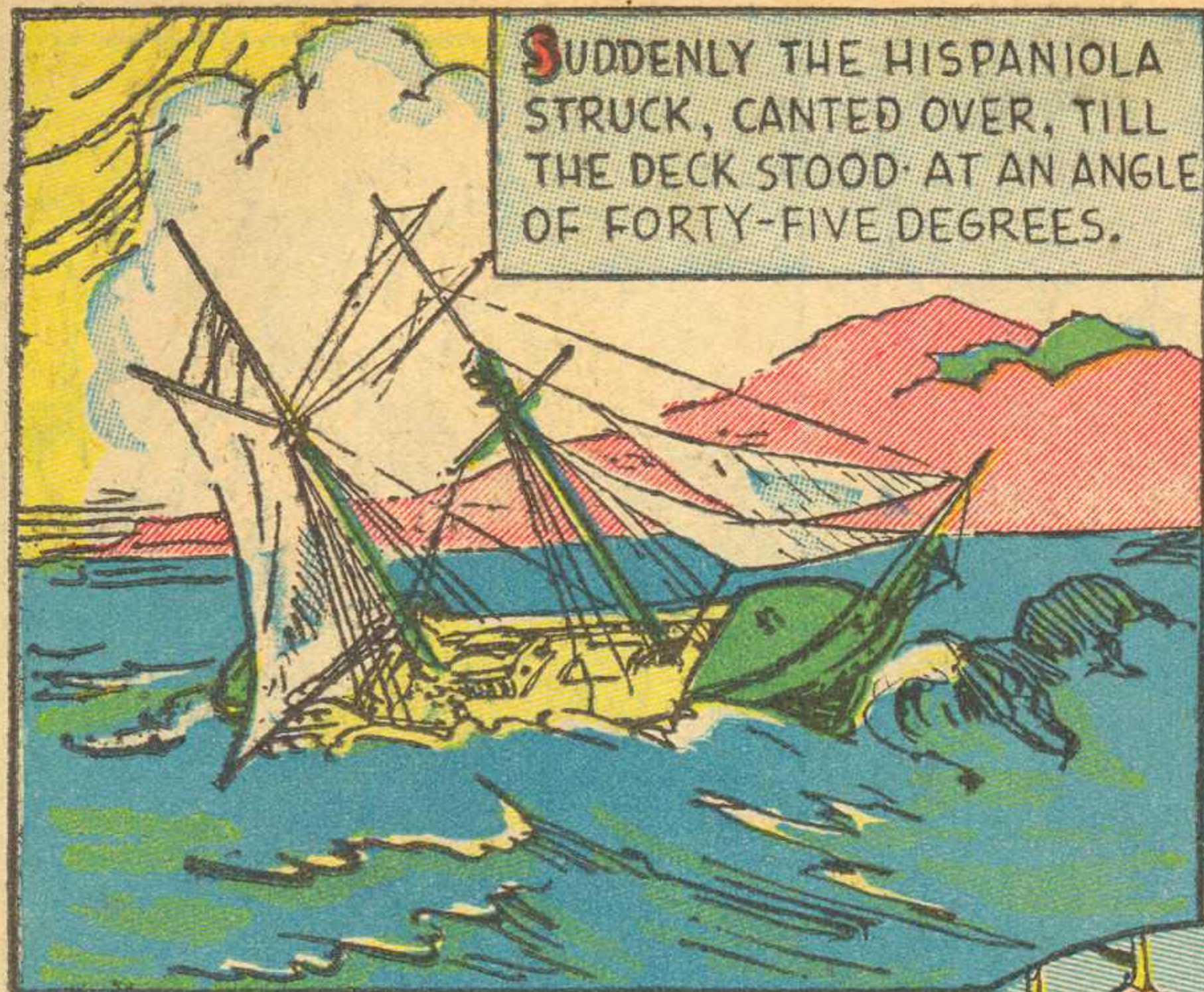


**I** DREW A PISTOL, AIMED AND DREW THE TRIGGER, BUT THE PRIMING WAS USELESS WITH SEAWATER!

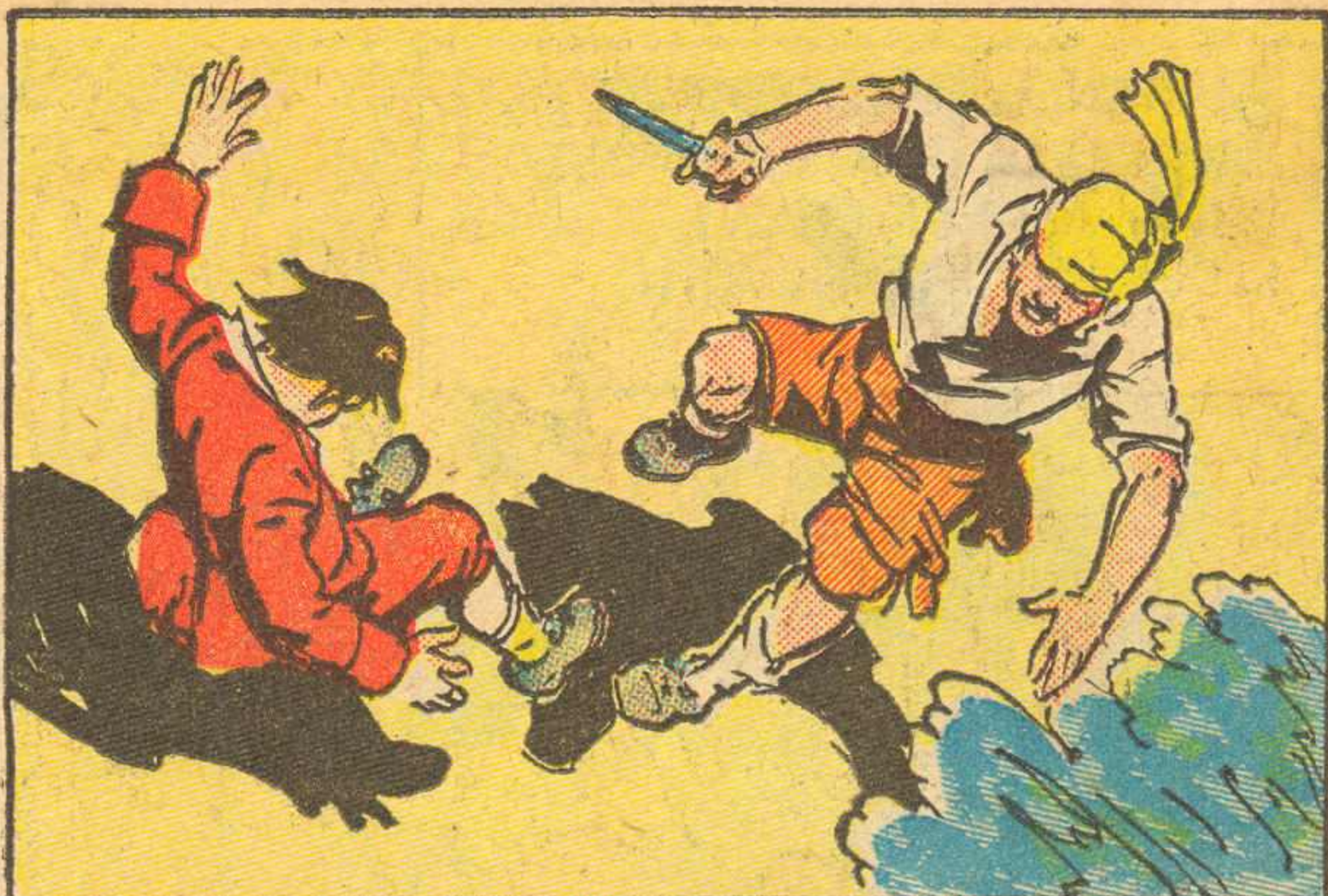
**I** PLACED MY HANDS AGAINST THE MAIN-MAST AND WAITED---EVERY NERVE UPON THE STRETCH. I SAW NO HOPE OF ULTIMATE ESCAPE.



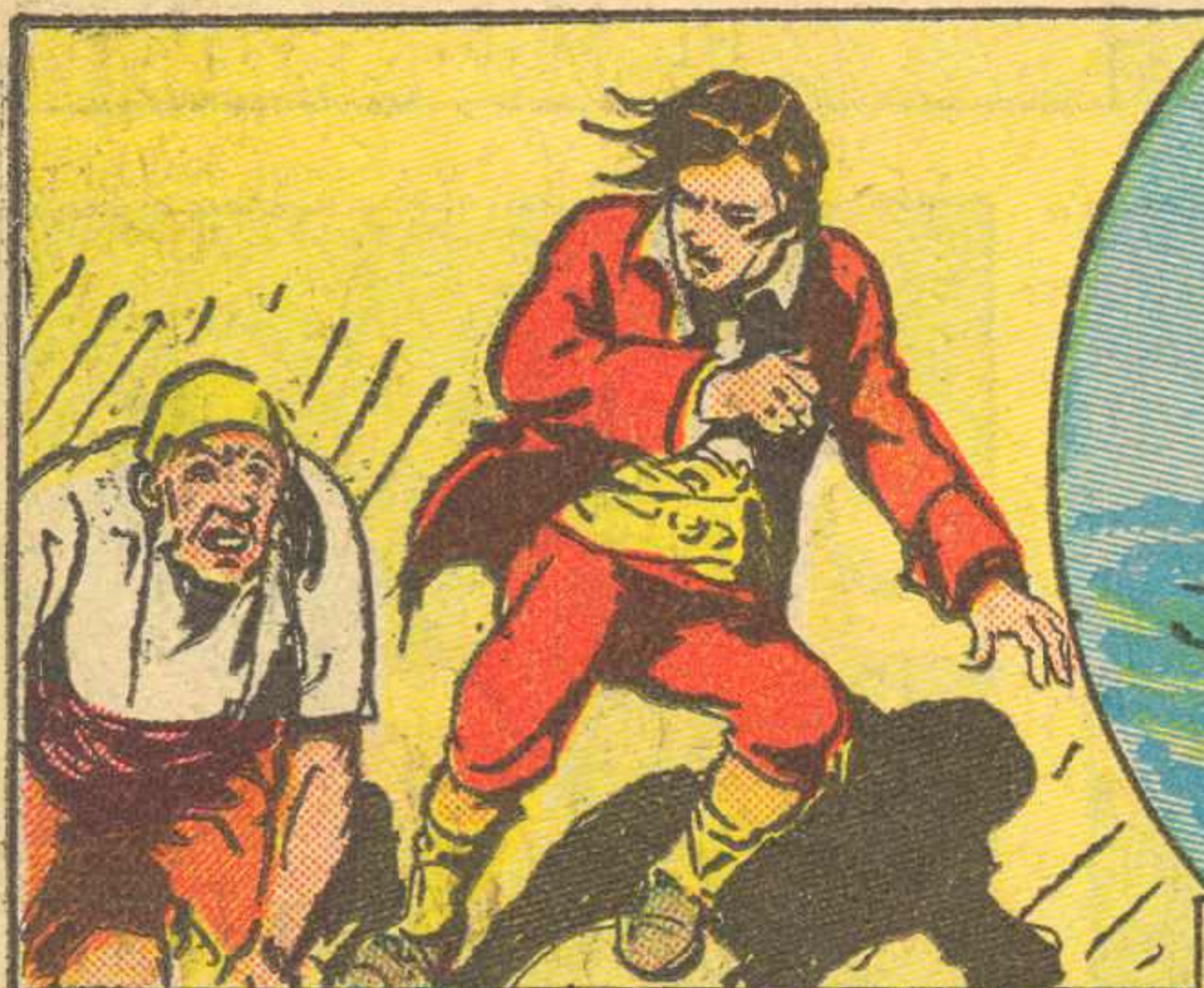




**S**UDDENLY THE HISPANIOLA STRUCK, CANTED OVER, TILL THE DECK STOOD AT AN ANGLE OF FORTY-FIVE DEGREES.



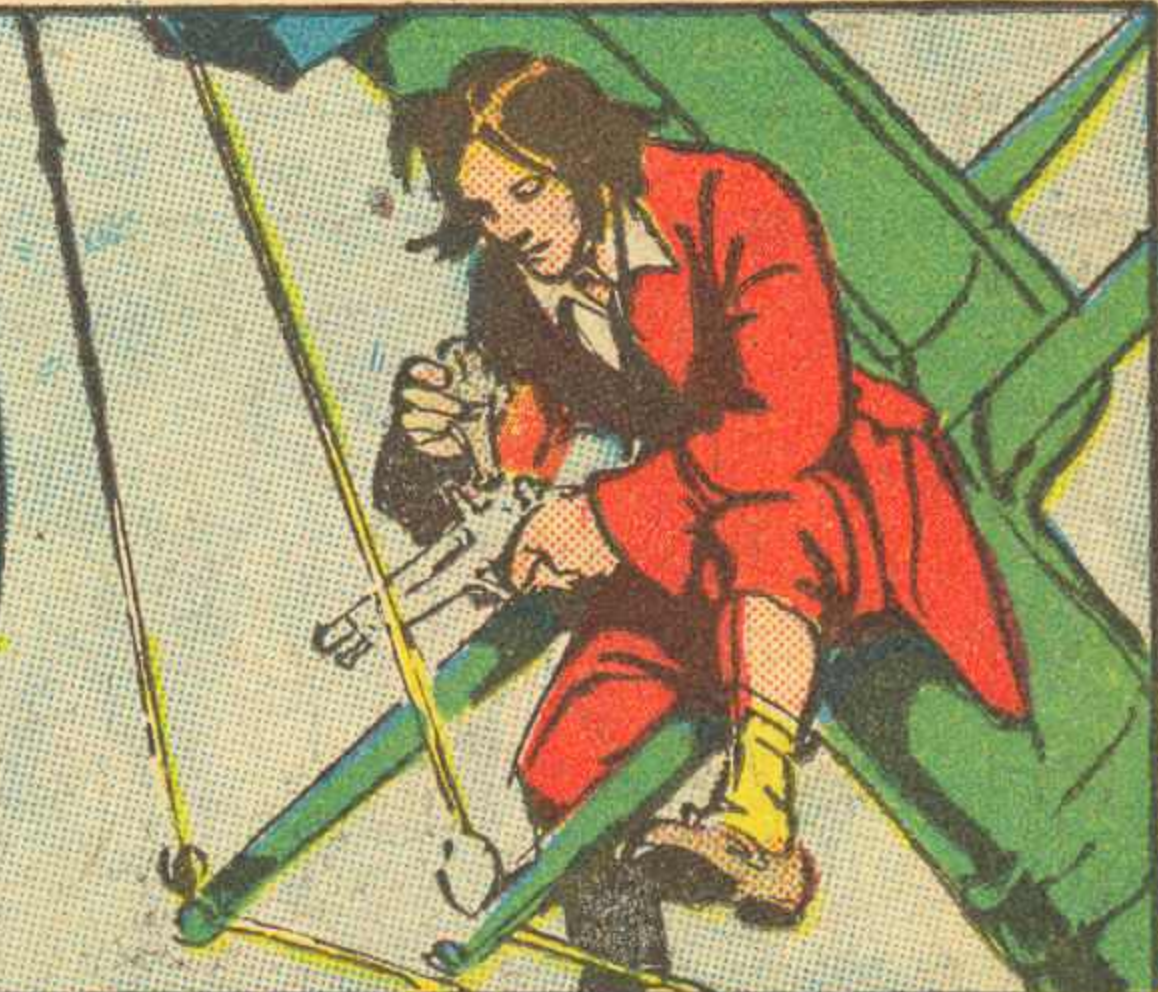
**W**E WERE BOTH OF US CAPSIZED IN A SECOND, AND ROLLED INTO THE SCUPPERS.



**I** WAS THE FIRST AFOOT; I HAD TO FIND SOME NEW WAY OF ESCAPE



**Q**UICK AS THOUGHT, I SPRANG INTO THE MIZZEN SHROUDS AND RAT-TLED UP HAND OVER HAND.



**I** DID NOT DRAW BREATH TILL I WAS SEATED ON THE CROSS-TREES PRIMING MY PISTOLS.



**H**ANDS STOOD WITH HIS MOUTH OPEN AND FACE UPTURNED TO MINE.

**H**E HAULED HIMSELF INTO THE SHROUDS, DIRK IN HIS TEETH.



**"ONE MORE STEP MR. HANDS, SAID I, AND I'LL FIRE."**

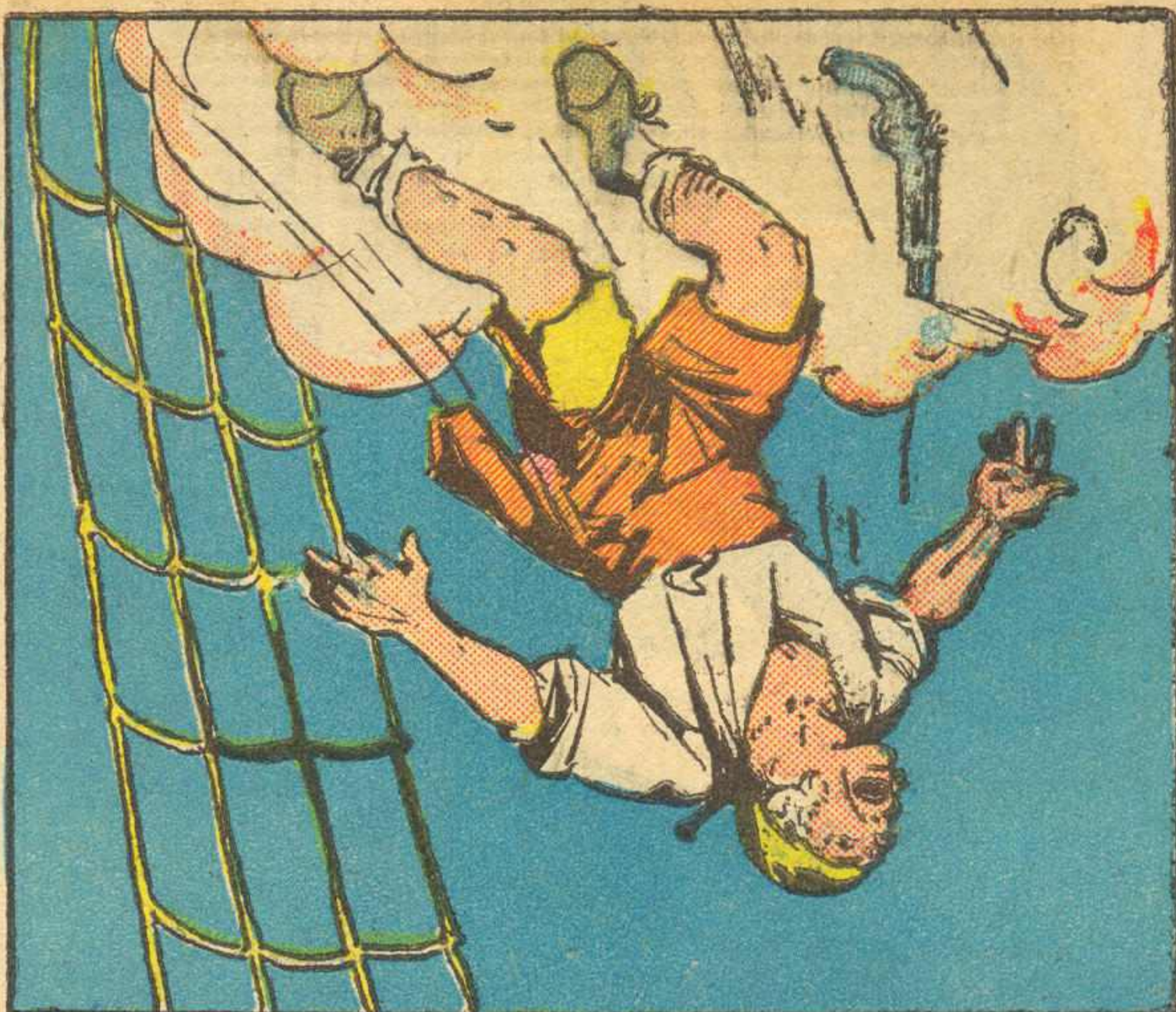




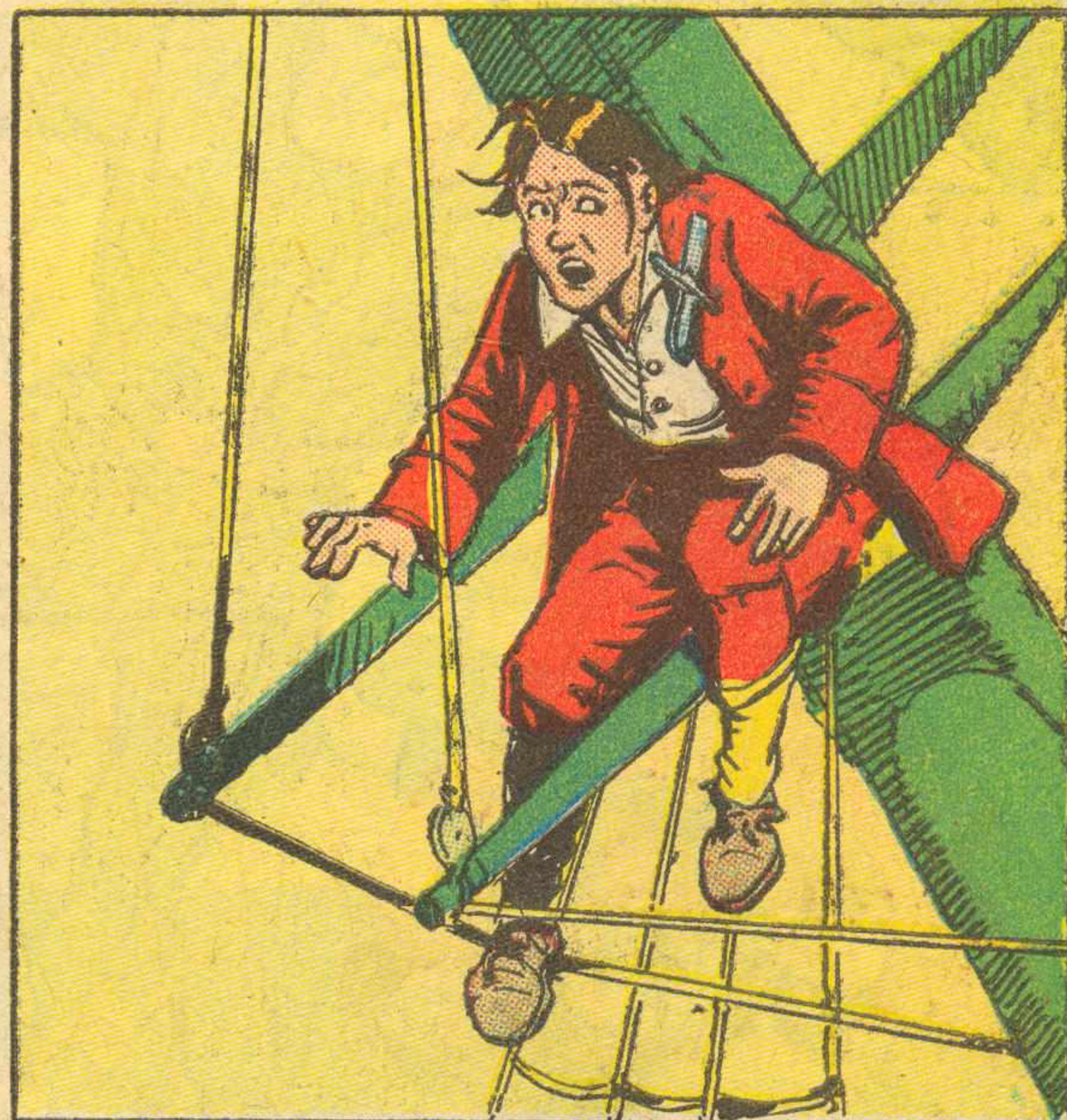
**B**ACK WENT HIS RIGHT HAND---- THEN, SOMETHING SANG THROUGH THE AIR.



**O**VER THE SIDE I COULD SEE THE BODY OF HANDS-- THE QUICK FISHES STEERING TO AND FRO OVER HIM.



**B**OTH PISTOLS WENT OFF! HANDS LOOSED HIS GRASP AND PLUNGED HEADFIRST INTO THE WATER.



**I** WAS PINNED BY MY COAT TO THE MAST. I FREED MYSELF WITH A JERK AND WENT BELOW.

**I** WAS NOW ALONE UPON THE SHIP.



**F**OLLOW THIS TALE OF TREASURE AND TERROR IN THE NEXT ISSUE  
**TARGET!**



# SPACEHAWK

SPACEHAWK, MAN FROM SPACE, IS CERTAIN THAT HIS SCIENTIST ENEMY, DR. GORE, HAS BEEN KILLED WHEN SPACEHAWK BLASTS DOWN THE DOCTOR'S LABORATORY IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. BUT WHEN DR. GORE FEELS THE MOUNTAIN TOP BEGINNING TO TOPPLE, HE LEAPS TO SAFETY IN A SECRET PASSAGE DOWN THRU THE INSIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN!

BLAST DOWN MY LABORATORY, WILL HE? WELL — HE WON'T GET ME!

CRASH!

A CLOSE SHAVE, BUT I'M STILL ALIVE — AND I STILL HAVE SPACEHAWK'S SECRET OF ANTI-GRAVITY POWER, TUCKED AWAY IN MY BRAIN!

BASIL WOLVERTON

THE PASSAGE LEADS TO A CAVE FACING OUT ON A SMALL VALLEY — A NATURAL LANDING FIELD.....

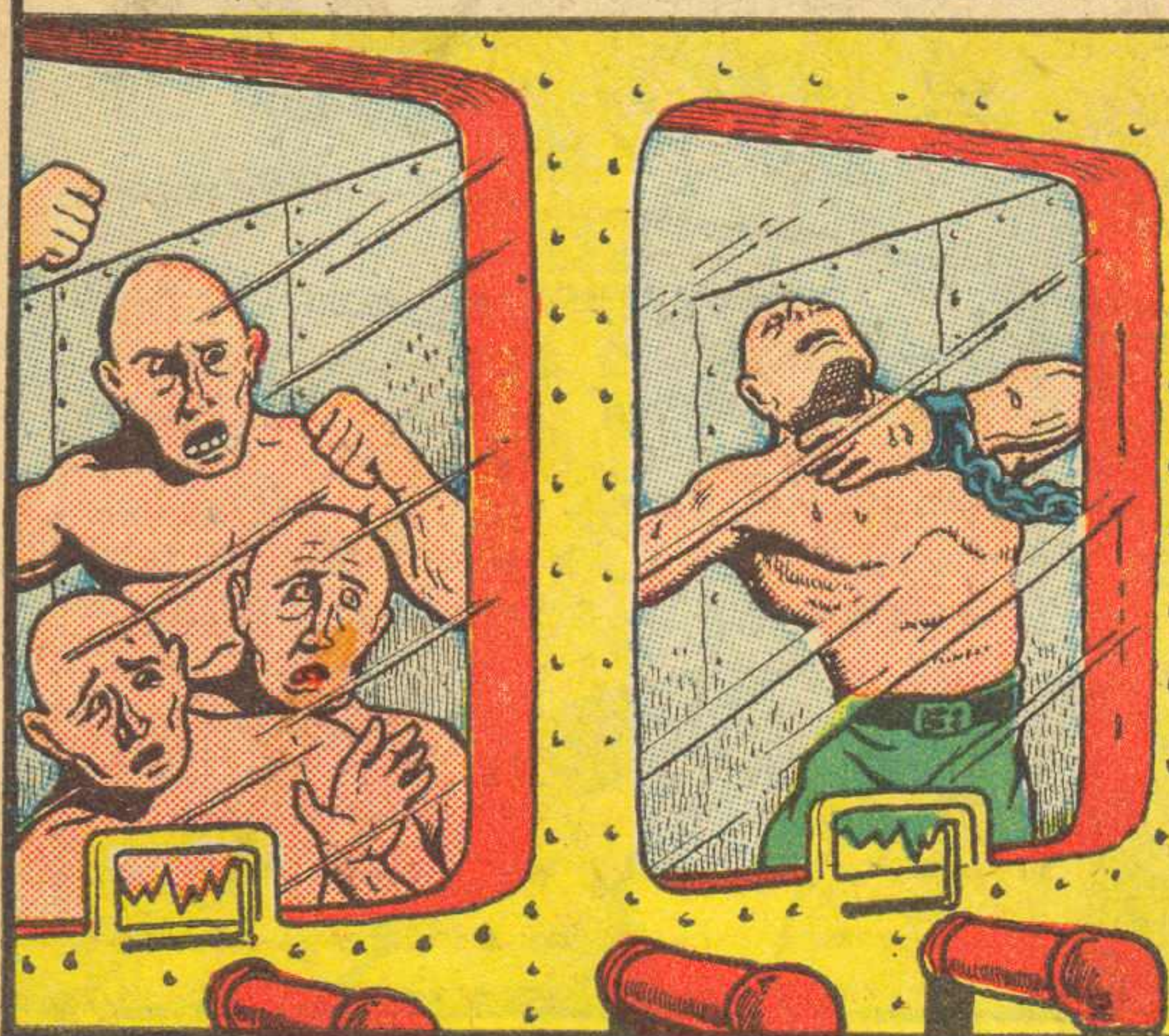
LITTLE DOES SPACEHAWK KNOW THAT I HAVE A PLANE HIDDEN HERE!

NOW TO GET TO MY LABORATORY IN EUROPE AND PLAN MY NEXT STEP!

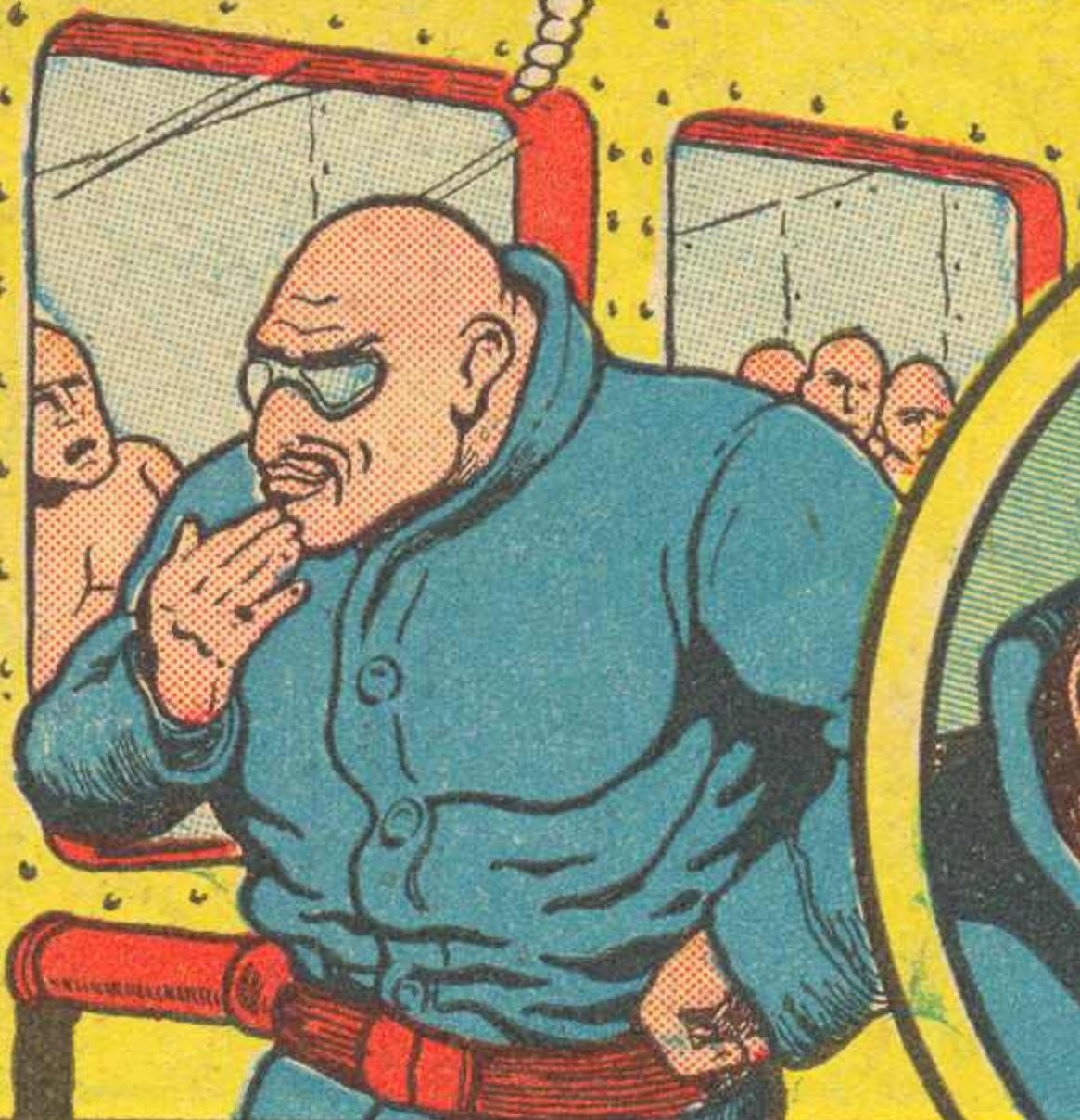




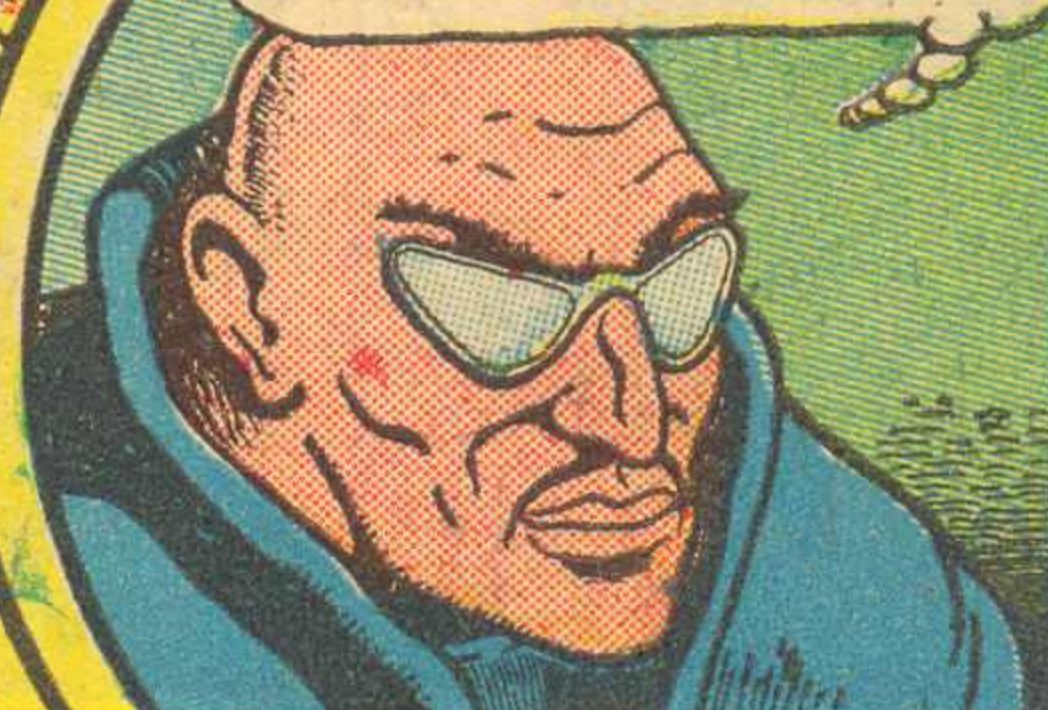
IN HIS HIDDEN EUROPEAN LABORATORY, WHERE HE CONDUCTS DIABOLIC EXPERIMENTS WITH UNFORTUNATE HUMAN BEINGS, DR. GORE MAKES A DECISION.....



INSTEAD OF IMMEDIATELY USING THE ANTI-GRAVITY SECRET IN A FLEET OF MY OWN PLANES, I SHALL SELL IT TO MY OWN GOVERNMENT!



MY OWN COUNTRY IS THE MOST DESPERATE NATION ON EARTH, AND SHOULD PAY ME THE HIGHEST PRICE! THEN, AS SOON AS I RECEIVE THE CASH, I SHALL DESTROY THOSE MEN WHO ARE INVOLVED IN THE DEAL AND AGAIN THE SECRET WILL BE MINE ONLY—AND SPACEHAWK'S!



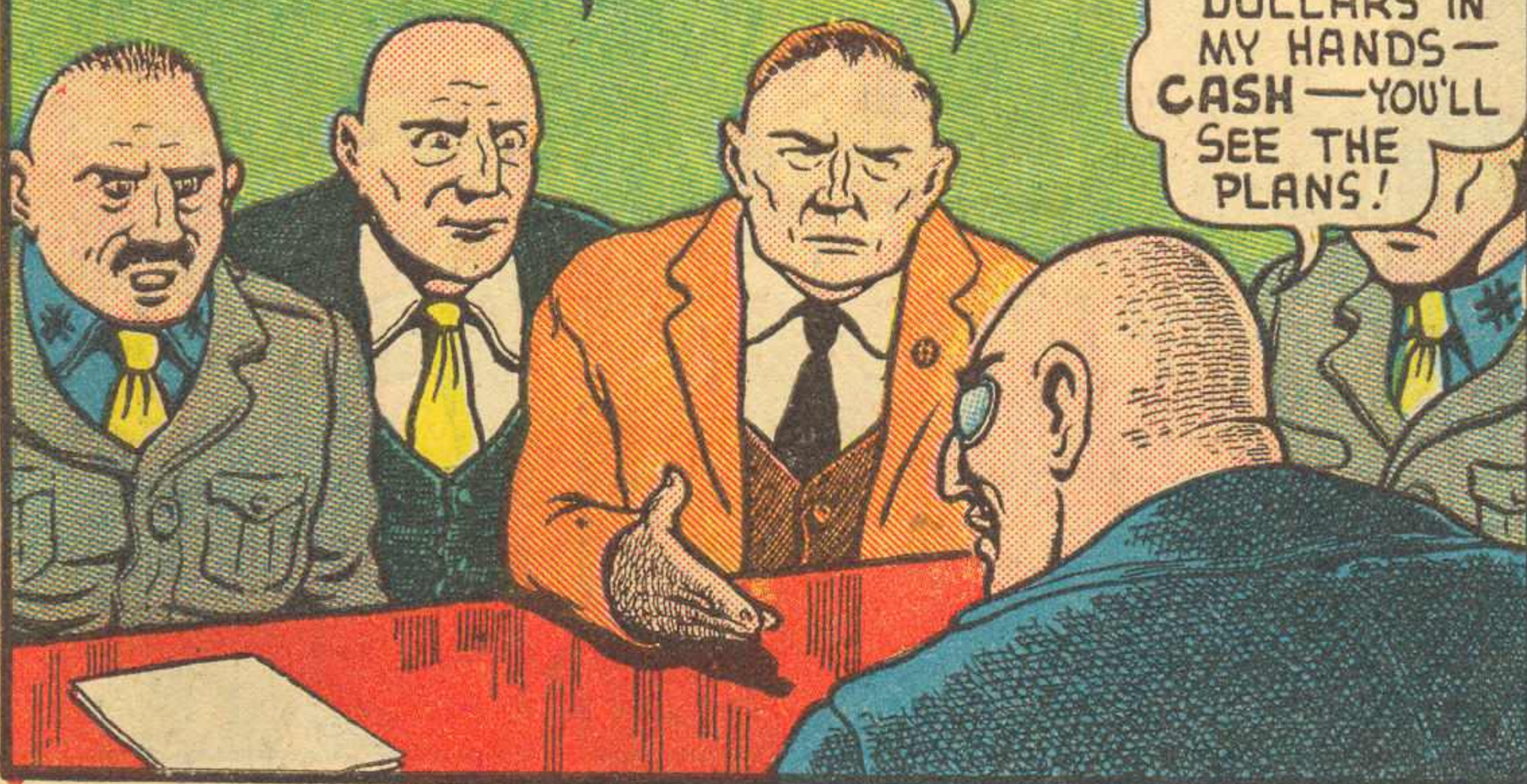
A FEW HOURS LATER, DR. GORE MEETS WITH OFFICIALS.

AMAZING!

SUCH A THING WOULD SURELY WIN THE WAR FOR US!

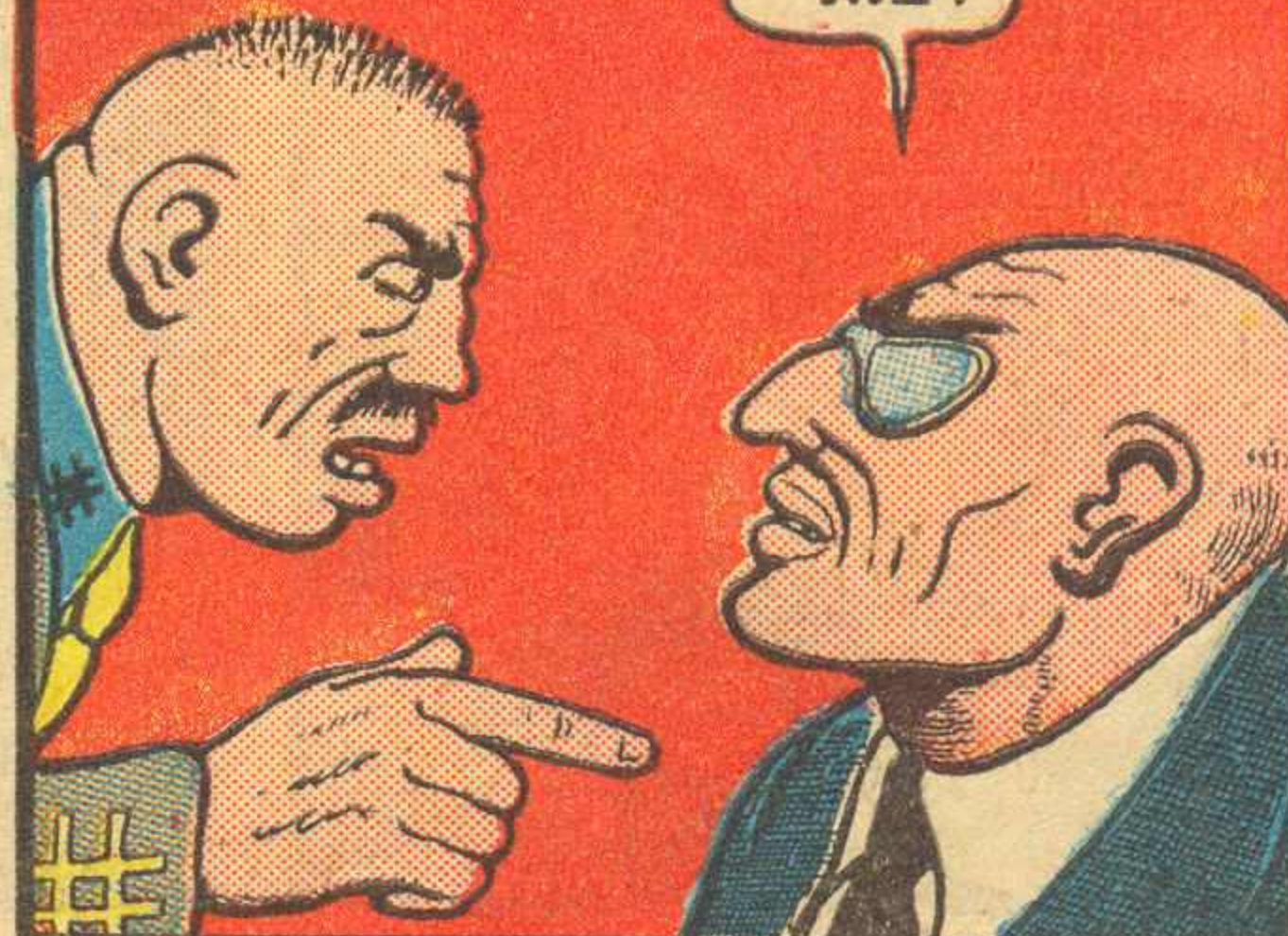
LET US SEE YOUR PLANS FOR THIS ANTI-GRAVITY UNIT, DR. GORE!

GENTLEMEN, WHEN YOU PLACE ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS IN MY HANDS—CASH—YOU'LL SEE THE PLANS!



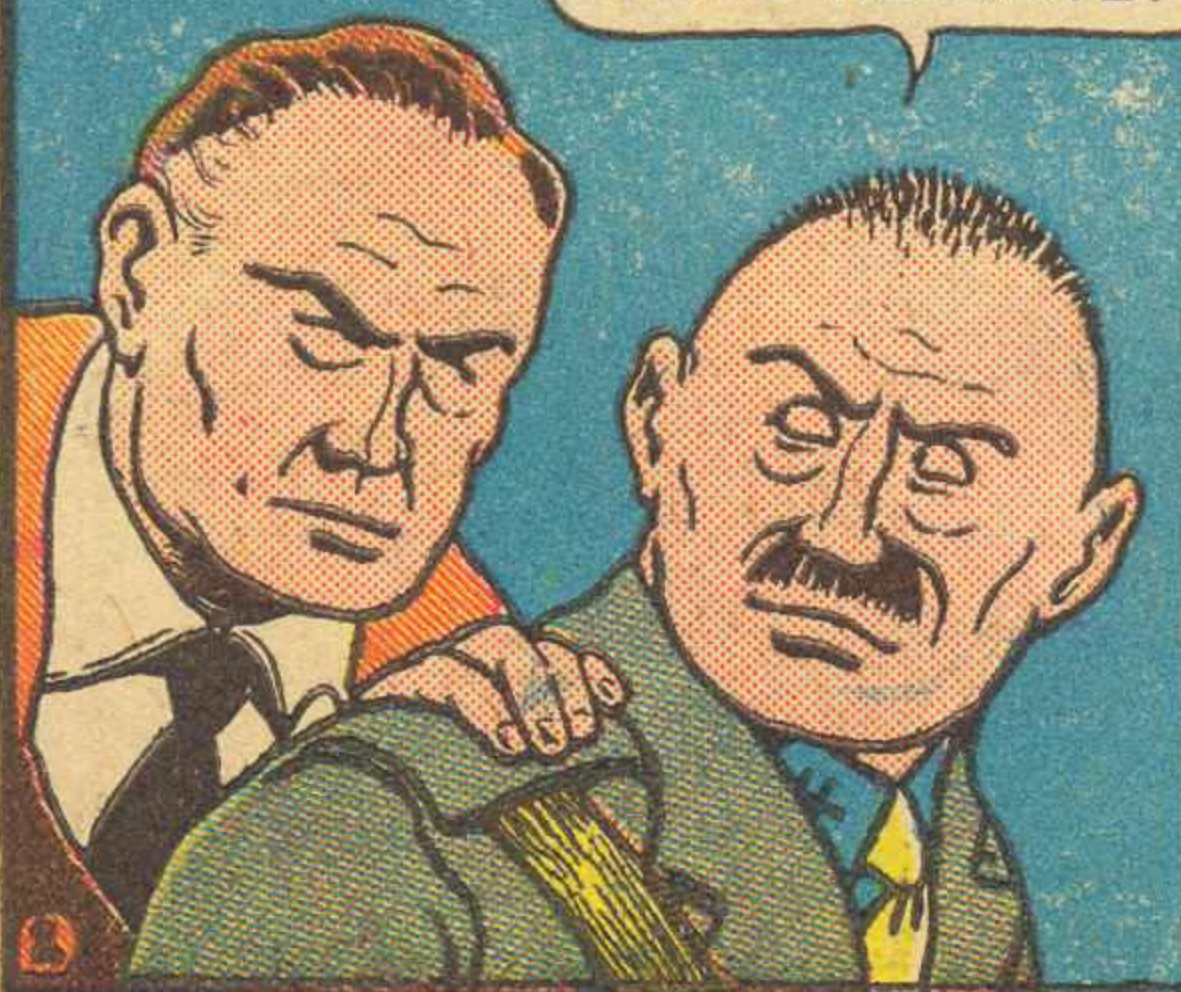
WHAT? YOU ASK A PRICE FOR A DEVICE TO DEFEND YOUR OWN NATION? YOU'LL FACE A FIRING SQUAD FOR THIS!

DON'T BE A FOOL! THE PLANS ARE ONLY IN MY BRAIN! THE OUTCOME OF THE WAR DEPENDS ON ME!



LET US USE TACT! I CAN HAVE THAT MONEY HERE WITHIN A FEW MINUTES! AFTER WE ARE IN POSSESSION OF HIS SECRET, WE'LL HAVE HIM SEIZED!

GOOD! THEN IF THIS IS A HOAX, WE'LL LOSE NOTHING!



LATER

WE HAVE DECIDED YOUR DISCOVERY IS WORTH THE PRICE, DR. GORE! HERE YOU ARE! NOW, WHAT HAVE YOU TO OFFER?

IT'S COMPARATIVELY SIMPLE! I'LL SKETCH IT OUT, AND GIVE YOU THE LIST OF MATERIALS YOU'LL NEED!



EXCUSE ME NOW, GENTLEMEN! I MUST GO. THANK YOU, AND GOOD LUCK!





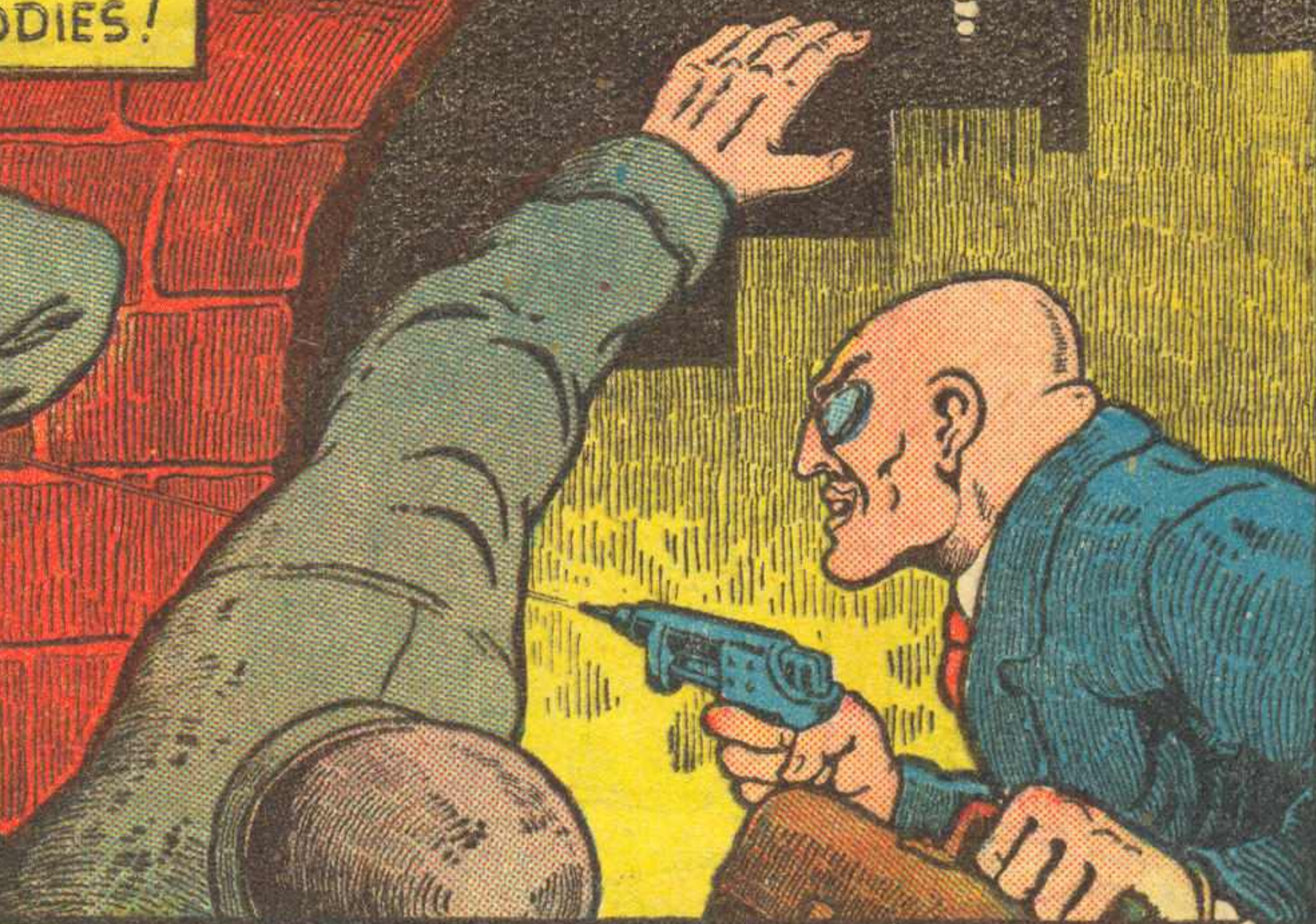
HE WON'T GO FAR! GUARDS ARE AWAITING HIM!



AS DR. GORE PASSES THRU A DARKENED CORRIDOR, ARMED GUARDS LEAP OUT AT HIM, BUT THE SCIENTIST'S NEEDLE GUN SPITS SILENT DEATH INTO THEIR BODIES!

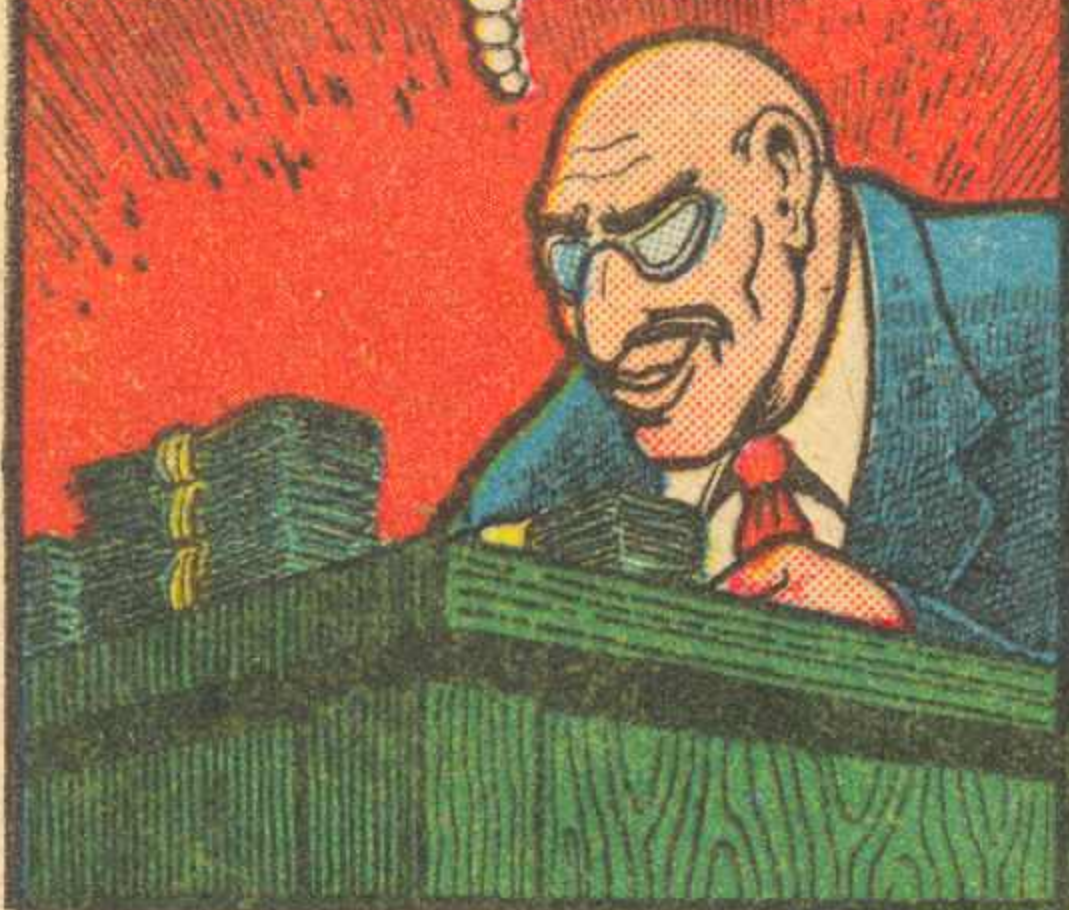


WHAT STUPIDITY TO THINK THAT I SHOULD FALL INTO SUCH AN OBVIOUS TRAP!



HE SAFELY REACHES HIS LABORATORY....

ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS! THEY NEVER GUESSED THERE WAS THE REMOTEST CHANCE OF ACTUALLY LOSING IT! WHAT A DEAL!



NOW, TO DISGUISE MYSELF AS A GUARD AND RETURN TO GET MY SKETCHES — AND TO ERASE EVERY MAN WHO HAS SEEN THEM! AGAIN I SHALL PROVE HOW FUTILE IT IS TO TRY TO DOUBLECROSS ME!



MEANWHILE, AS SPACEHAWK CRUISES THRU THE STRATOSPHERE....

WHAT'S THIS? — A SHIP COMING IN OUT OF SPACE! I MUST STOP IT!



HALT AND IDENTIFY YOURSELF!

I COME IN PEACE, A STRANGER FROM A DISTANT SOLAR SYSTEM! I WISH TO VISIT THIS PLANET!

NOT WITHOUT INSPECTION! PULL ALONGSIDE AND OPEN YOUR AIRLOCK DOORS!

DEFYING THE SEMI-VACUUM OF THE STRATOSPHERE, SPACEHAWK LEAPS ABOARD THE OTHER SHIP....



SPACEHAWK RUSHES IN...



THE ANSWER COMES BACK...





INSIDE THE  
STRANGE CRAFT—

DORK! WHY  
YOU OLD  
ROCKET-RIDER!  
WHERE'D YOU  
COME FROM?

SPACEHAWK!  
I NEVER  
EXPECTED TO  
SEE YOU  
AGAIN!

WHAT  
BRINGS  
YOU  
SO FAR  
FROM  
HOME?

I HEARD RUMORS THAT  
THE PLANET EARTH IS  
ENGULFED IN WAR, AND  
I CAME TO SEE HOW  
OTHER WORLDS WAGE  
THEIR BATTLES!

IT'S NOT PLEASANT.  
GREEDY DICTATORS ARE  
KILLING THOUSANDS IN  
THEIR DRIVES TO CONQUER  
PEACE-LOVING NATIONS!  
IF YOU'D LIKE TO SEE HOW  
A DICTATOR-NATION  
FUNCTIONS, I'LL TAKE YOU  
TO A RINGSIDE SEAT!

LET'S GO! AND  
WHILE WE'RE ON THE WAY,  
TELL ME WHAT YOU'VE BEEN  
DOING ALL THESE YEARS!

THE TWO SHIPS  
DIVE EARTHWARD...

EQUIPPED WITH ANTI-  
GRAVITY BELTS, SPACEHAWK  
AND DORK FLOAT DOWN  
OVER A DARKENED CITY...

THIS IS ONE OF THE PLACES  
WHERE WAR PLANS ARE  
MADE! WE'LL SEE WHAT  
GOES ON INSIDE!

INSIDE, EXCITED  
OFFICIALS ARE  
CONSTRUCTING  
A WORKING  
MODEL, FROM  
THE SKETCHES  
OBTAINED FROM  
DR. GORE...

THIS ANTI-GRAVITY DEVICE HAD  
BETTER WORK, OR WE'RE OUT  
AN ENORMOUS SUM! I CAN'T  
UNDERSTAND HOW THAT CROOKED  
SCIENTIST ESCAPED!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL  
GET HIM! I'VE GIVEN  
ORDERS TO SHOOT  
HIM ON SIGHT!



THE DOOR  
SWINGS  
OPEN.....

RAISE YOUR HANDS, AND STAND BACK!

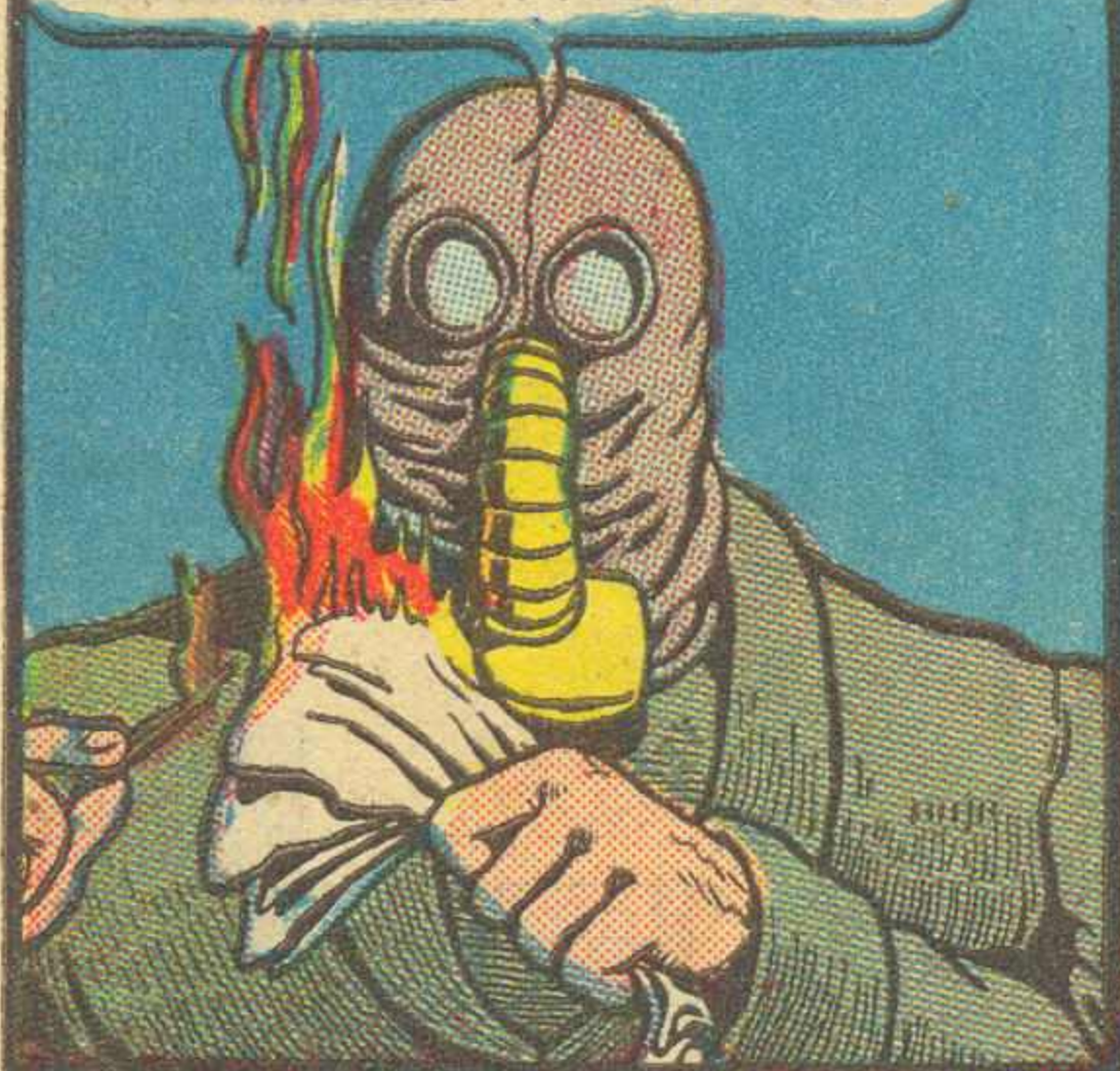
GUARD! WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN BY  
BREAKING IN  
HERE AND —

THAT'S  
NO GUARD!  
IT'S DR. GORE!

YES, GENTLEMEN —  
DR. GORE! I'VE  
SILENCED YOUR GUARDS  
WITH THIS NEEDLE PISTOL!  
NOW, I'M GOING TO  
SILENCE YOU THREE  
WITH THIS CAPSULE OF  
DEADLY LETHANE GAS!



FIRST, HOWEVER, I'LL  
PUT ON THIS MASK! THEN  
I'LL BURN THESE SKETCHES  
YOU SO OBLIGINGLY  
PURCHASED FROM ME!



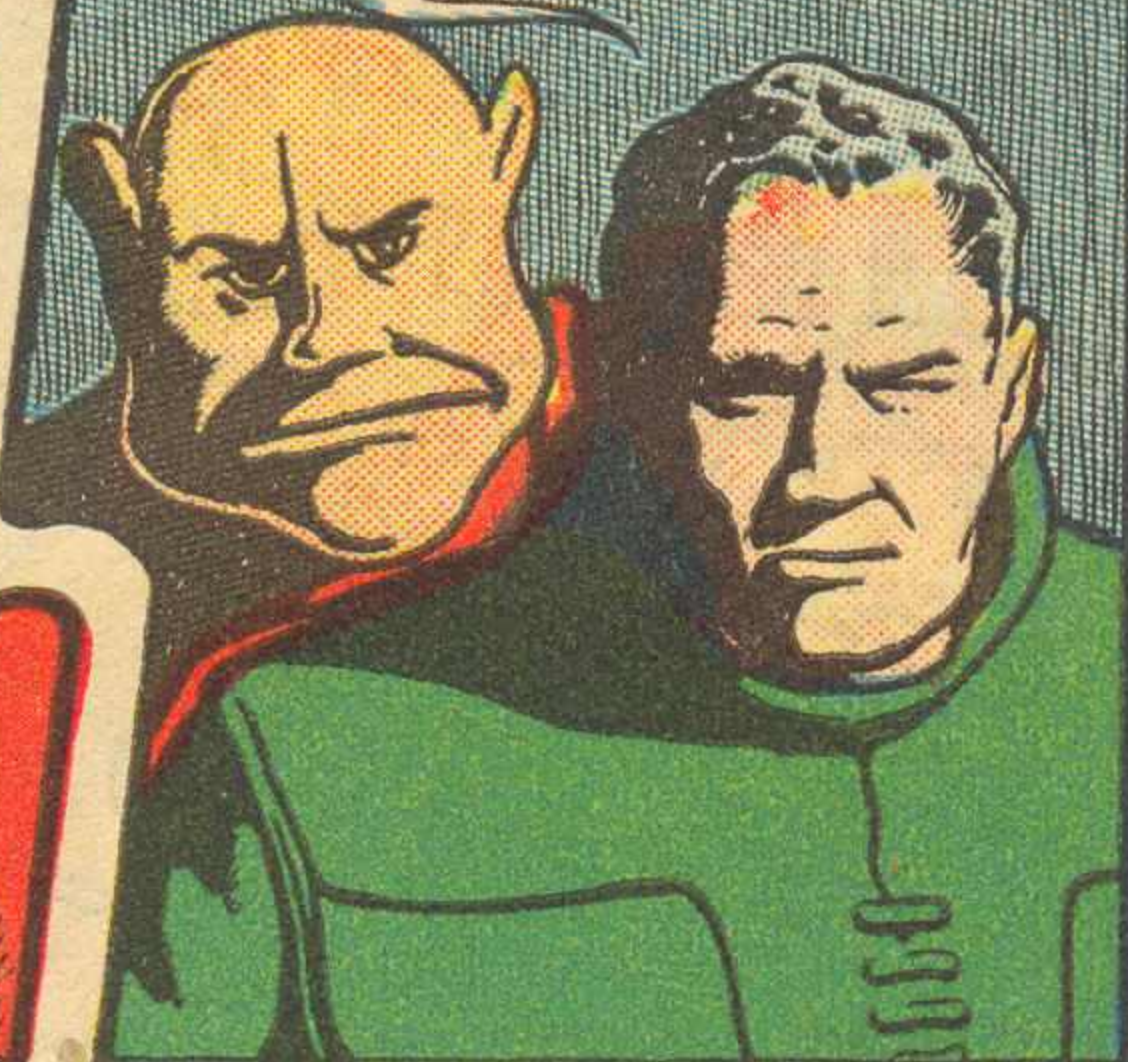
SPACEHAWK IS AMAZED AT  
WHAT HE SEES....

DR. GORE — ALIVE! AND ALREADY  
HE'S SOLD THE ANTI-GRAVITY  
SECRET HE STOLE FROM MY  
SHIP!

YOU MEAN EARTHLINGS  
DON'T KNOW HOW TO  
OFFSET GRAVITY?



NO, AND FOR THEIR OWN  
WELFARE THEY MUST  
NOT FIND OUT! THEIR  
AIR WARFARE IS  
ALREADY HORRIBLE  
ENOUGH! WAIT HERE,  
DORK! I'M GOING AFTER  
THAT MAN!



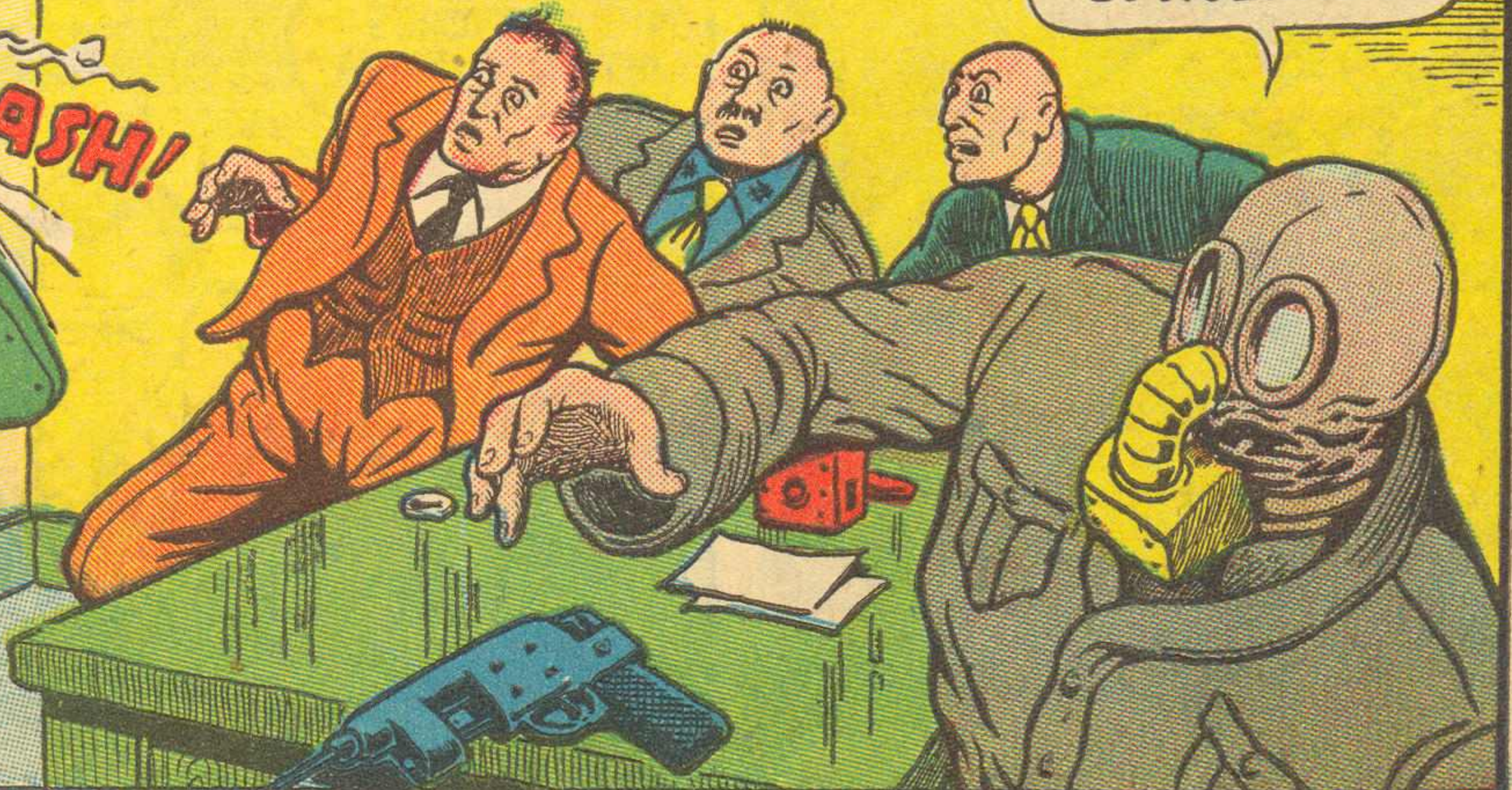
WHAT THE — !?

THIS IS A MADHOUSE!  
I'M GOING CRAZY!

SPACEHAWK!

CRASH!

SPACEHAWK  
COMES CRASHING  
THRU THE  
WINDOW!





NOW I'M GOING TO SETTLE WITH YOU!

STAND BACK, OR I'LL FLING THIS GAS CAPSULE RIGHT IN YOUR FACE!

THIS IS OUR CHANCE! SHOOT THEM BOTH!

THE RAT! I'LL FIX HIM!

PARDON ME, BROTHER, BUT I HAVE A MANIA FOR LEAPING ON PEOPLE I DON'T LIKE!

GOOD WORK, DORK!

YES — GOOD INDEED! THE MORE THE MERRIER WHEN I SQUEEZE, OPEN THIS CAPSULE! HERE GOES!

ANOTHER ONE! WHAT IS ALL THIS?

OUTSIDE, DORK SEES THE OFFICER RAISE HIS PISTOL...

THUD!

SWIFT AS A BULLET SPACEHAWK'S HAND FLASHES OUT AND SNATCHES THE CONTAINER OF GAS...

FURIOUS, DR. GORE LUNGES, AND IN THE MELEE THAT FOLLOWS, THE CAPSULE FALLS TO THE FLOOR.....

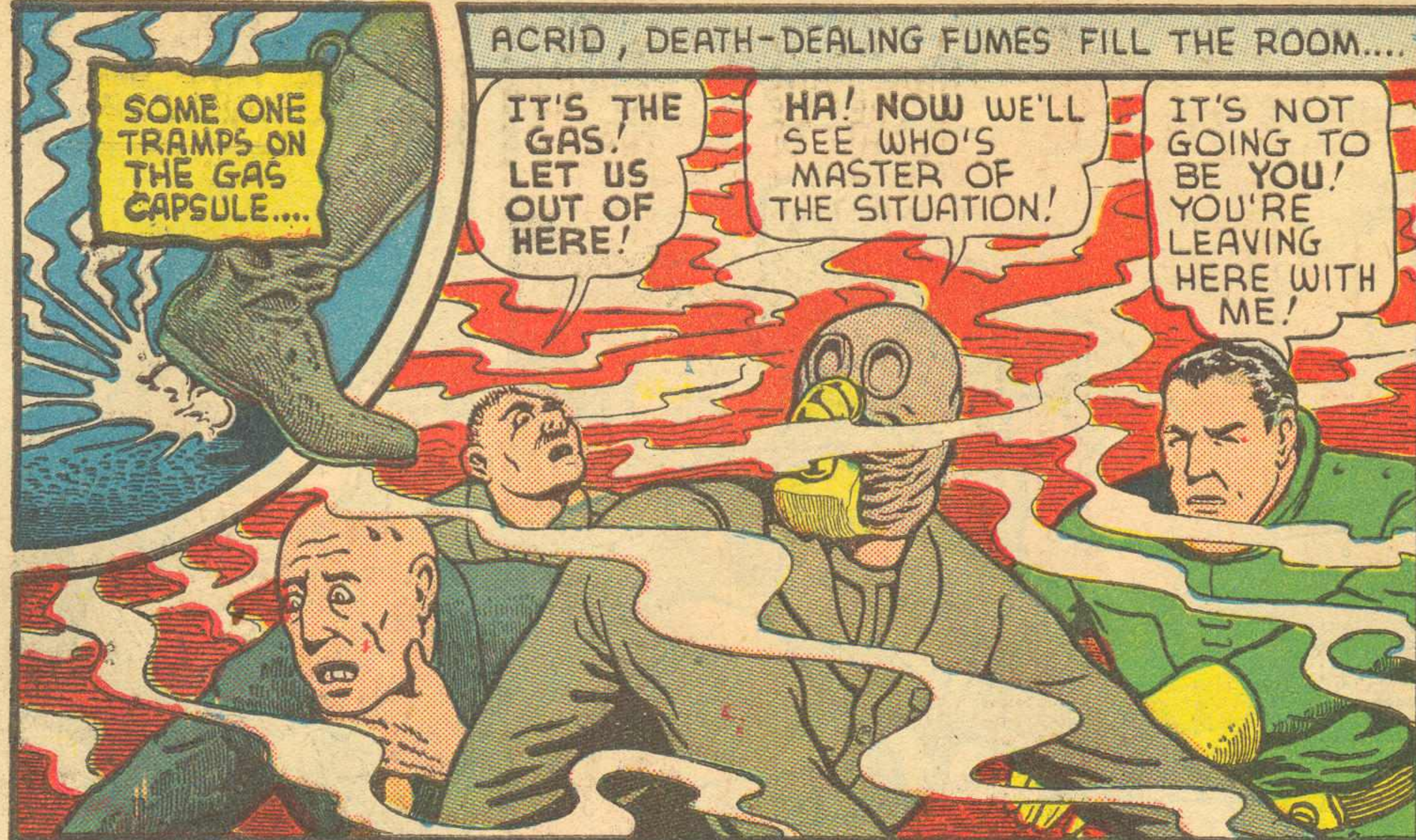
TAKE CARE OF THE OTHERS, DORK — IF YOU CAN!

I'LL PUT YOU OUT LIKE A LIGHT!

YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE FASTER THAN THAT!

WHO SAYS I CAN'T?





ACRID, DEATH-DEALING FUMES FILL THE ROOM...

SOME ONE TRAMPS ON THE GAS CAPSULE....

IT'S THE GAS! LET US OUT OF HERE!

HA! NOW WE'LL SEE WHO'S MASTER OF THE SITUATION!

IT'S NOT GOING TO BE YOU! YOU'RE LEAVING HERE WITH ME!



HOLD YOUR BREATH, DORK, AND GET OUTSIDE-QUICK!



OUTSIDE...

MAN! THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH HIM?

I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT IF HE'S SOLD THE ANTI-GRAVITY SECRET TO ANY OTHER NATION!

LET GO OF ME!



THE TWO MEN CARRY DR. GORE TO SPACEHAWK'S SHIP...



NOW TELL ME, DR. GORE — IS ANY ONE ELSE IN POSSESSION OF THE ANTI-GRAVITY SECRET?

I'LL TELL YOU NOTHING! AND DON'T WEARY YOUR BRAIN TRYING TO READ MY MIND!



LET ME BEAT IT OUT OF HIM, SPACEHAWK!



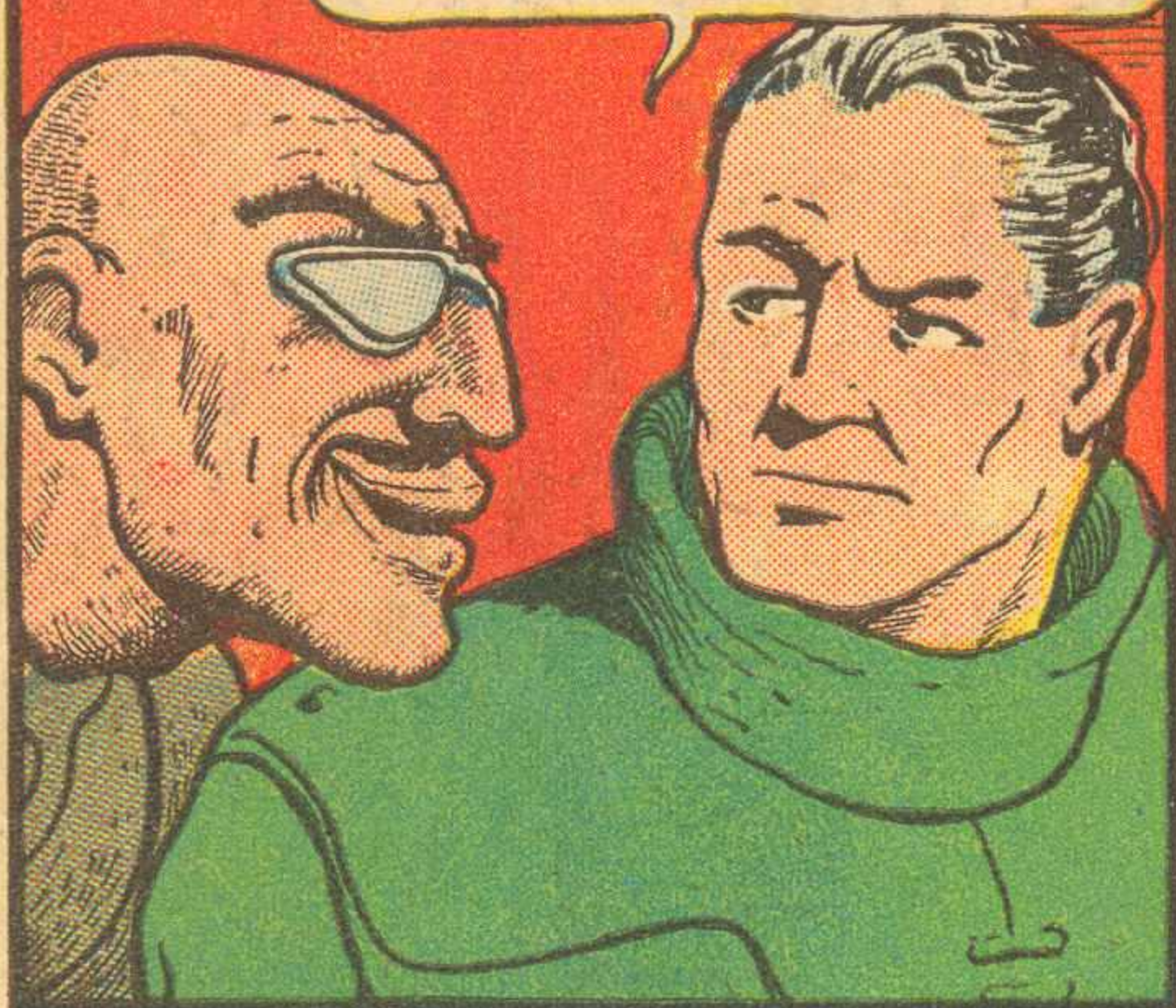
THAT'S NOT NECESSARY, DORK! HE HAS A STRONG MIND, BUT I CAN READ IT ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT THE SECRET STILL REMAINS WITH HIM!

GOOD!

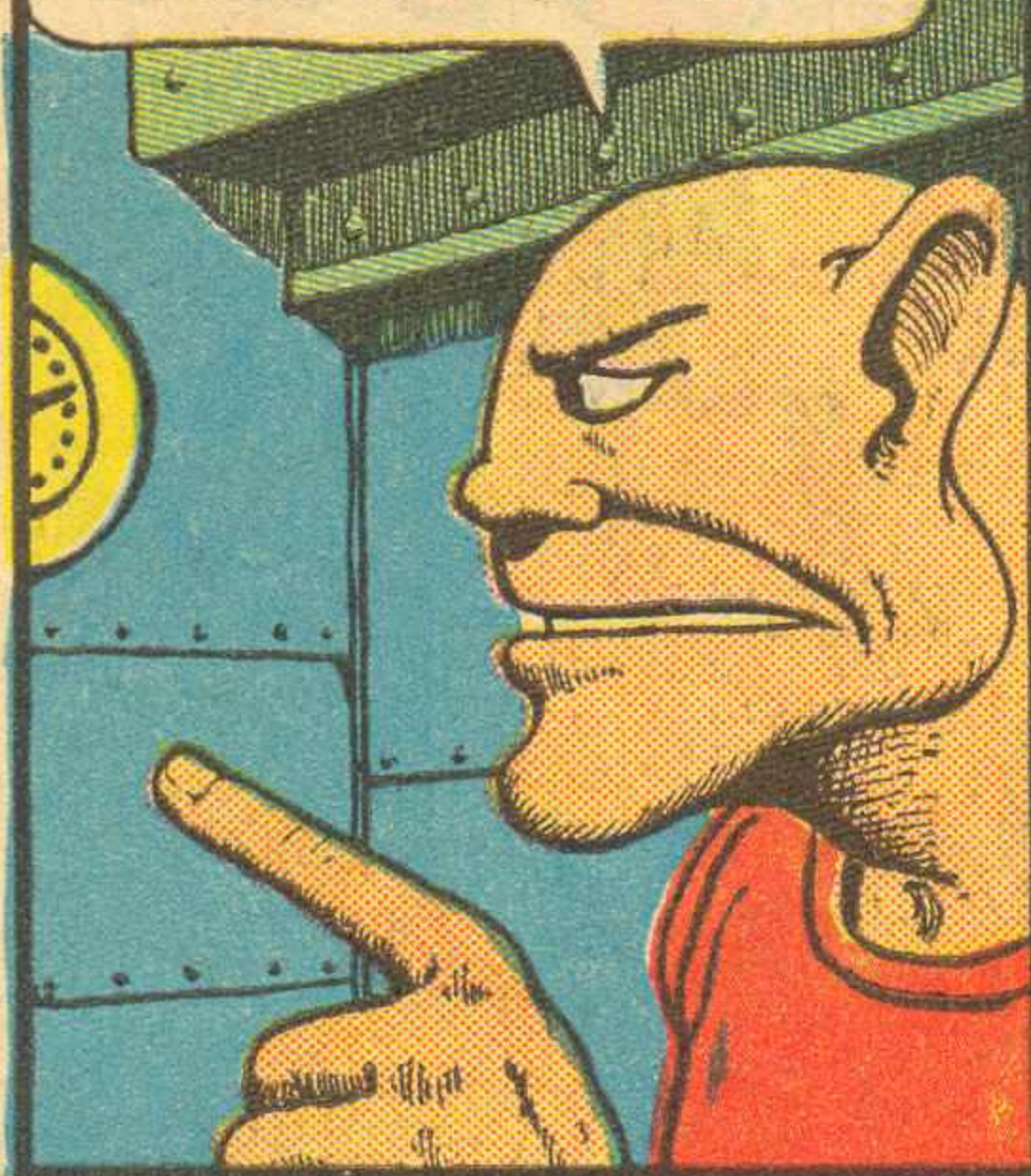


WELL, MASTER-MIND, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?

SHOOTING IS TOO GOOD FOR YOU! YOU DESERVE SOMETHING A BIT MORE DRAWN OUT!



I HAVE IT, SPACEHAWK! LET ME TAKE HIM TO MARS, AND LEAVE HIM IN THE DESERT OF THE LIZARD DUNES! THAT'LL GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO THINK THINGS OVER!



WHAT? YOU MEAN YOU'D ATTEMPT TO TRAVEL THRU SPACE? THAT'S RIDICULOUS!



BROTHER, YOU'RE DUE FOR A TERRIFIC SURPRISE! INSIDE OF TEN EARTH DAYS YOU'LL BE CRAWLING ACROSS THE WORST PART OF MARS, YOUR TONGUE HANGING OUT A FOOT FOR LACK OF WATER!

NO! NO! YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO ME!

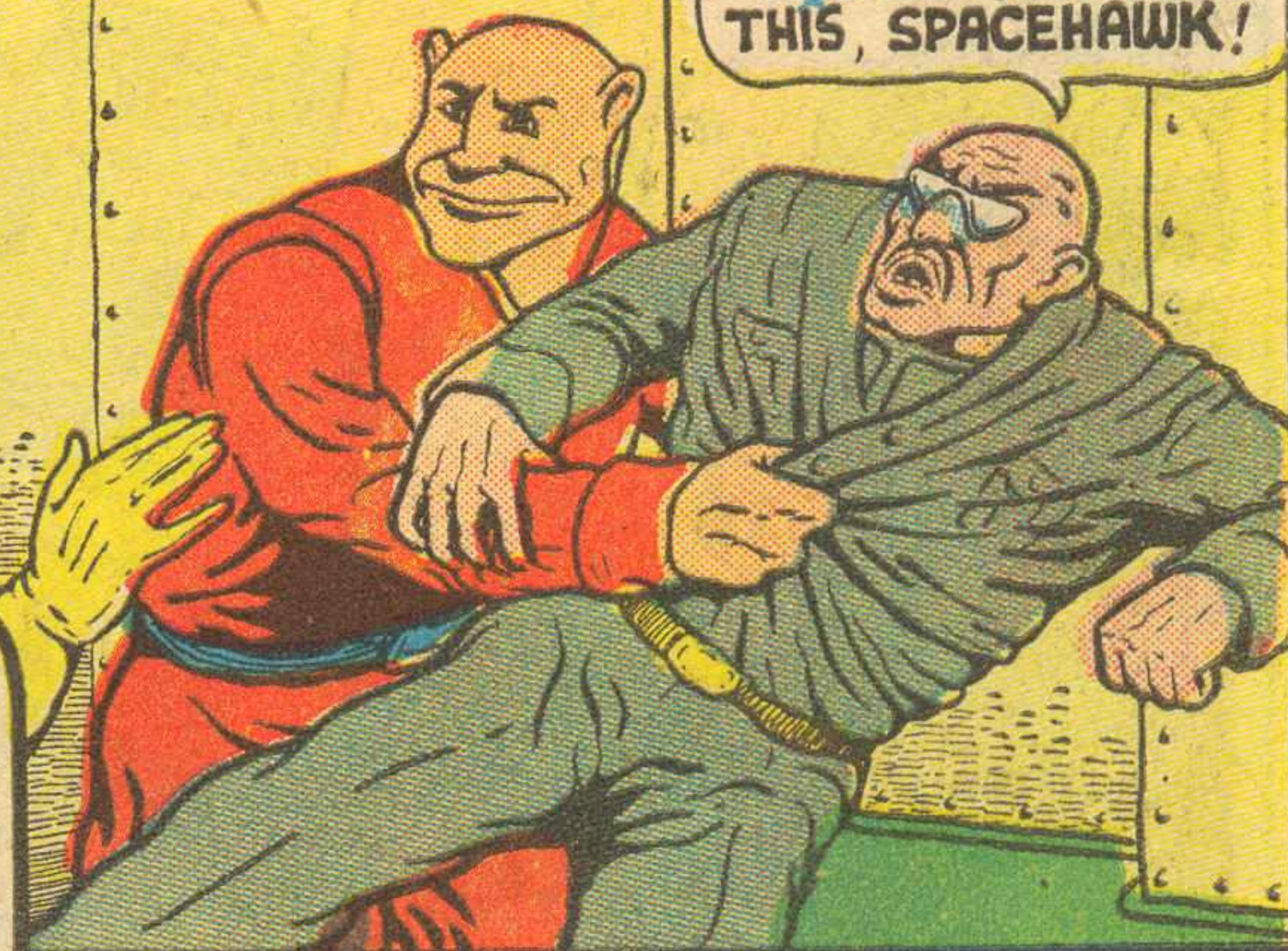


THAT'S YOUR OPINION, DR. GORE. TAKE HIM AWAY, DORK! THANKS FOR THE HELP!

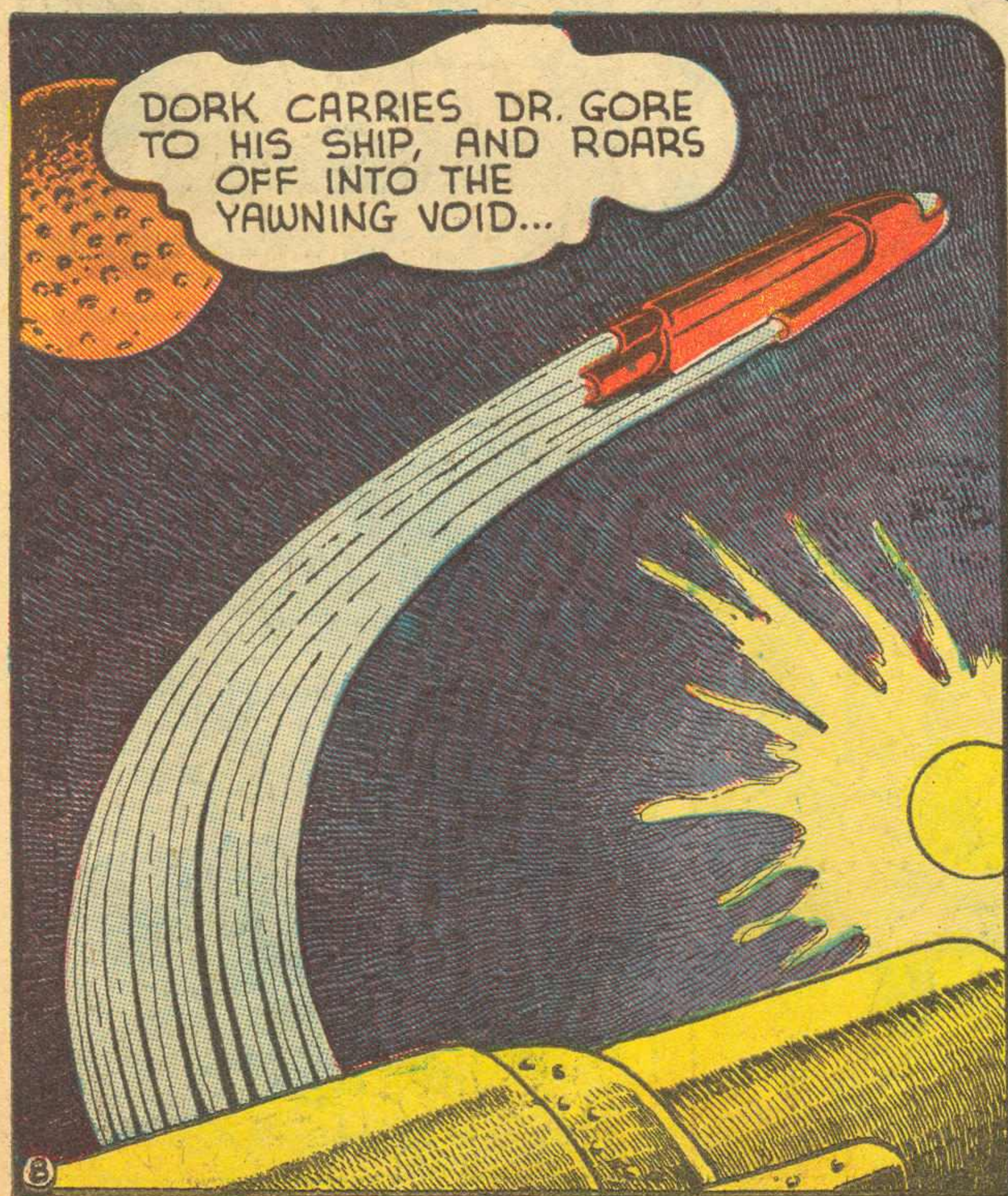


I'LL SEE YOU LATER, SPACEHAWK!

MARK MY WORDS, YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, SPACEHAWK!



DORK CARRIES DR. GORE TO HIS SHIP, AND ROARS OFF INTO THE YAWNING VOID...



STRANGE I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! MARS IS JUST THE PLACE FOR SEVERAL MEN ON EARTH I KNOW!



SPACEHAWK GOES AFTER INVADERS FROM THE STRATOSPHERE in **TARGET COMICS**

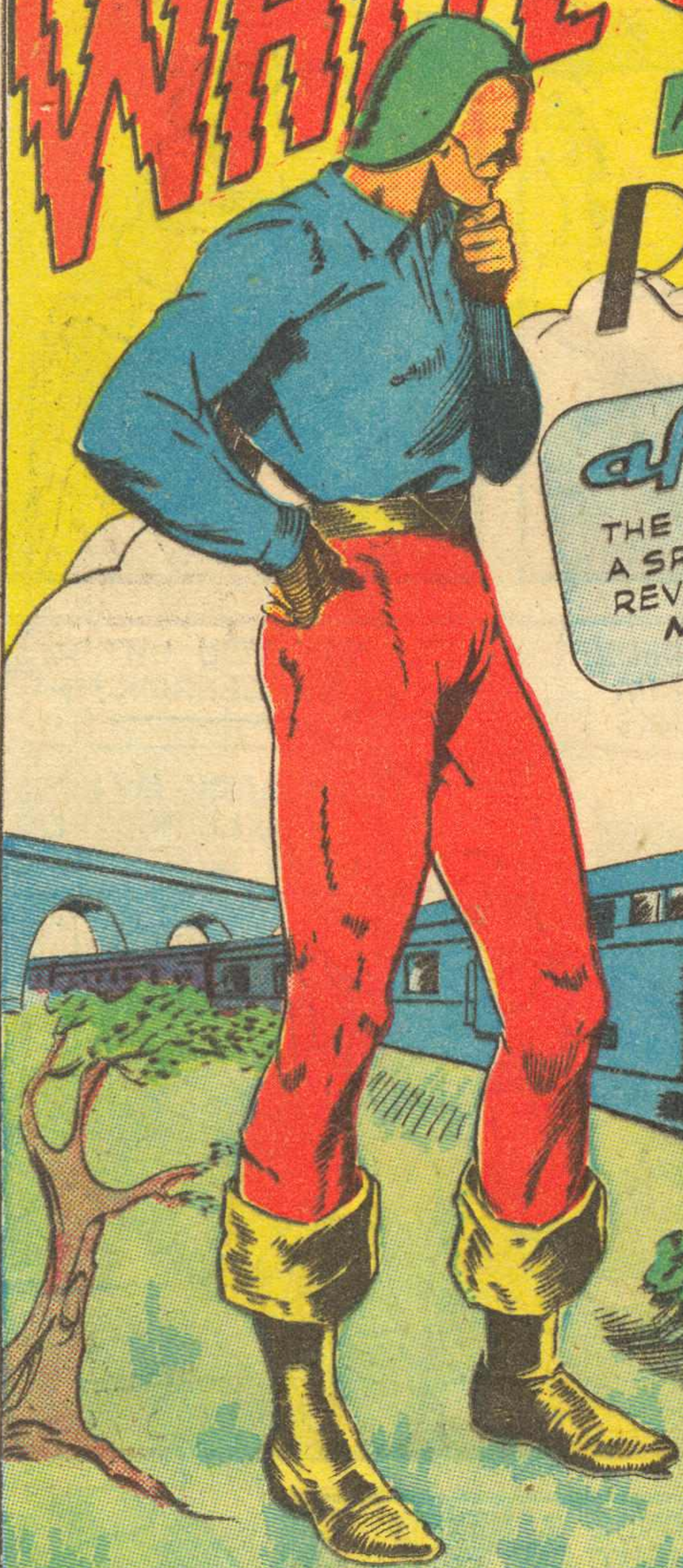


THE

# WHITE STREAK

## AND THE RED SEAL

*after* A SMASHING ADVENTURE AGAINST SABOTEURS IN THE ARMY, RED SEAL PLUNGES INTO A SPECTACULAR INCIDENT WHICH REVEALS THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING WHITE STREAK!



**A**BOARD THE CRACK STREAM-LINER, WASHINGTON BOUND, BRITISH COLONEL GEORGE BARTON IS ON A MISSION OF UTMOST SECRECY...



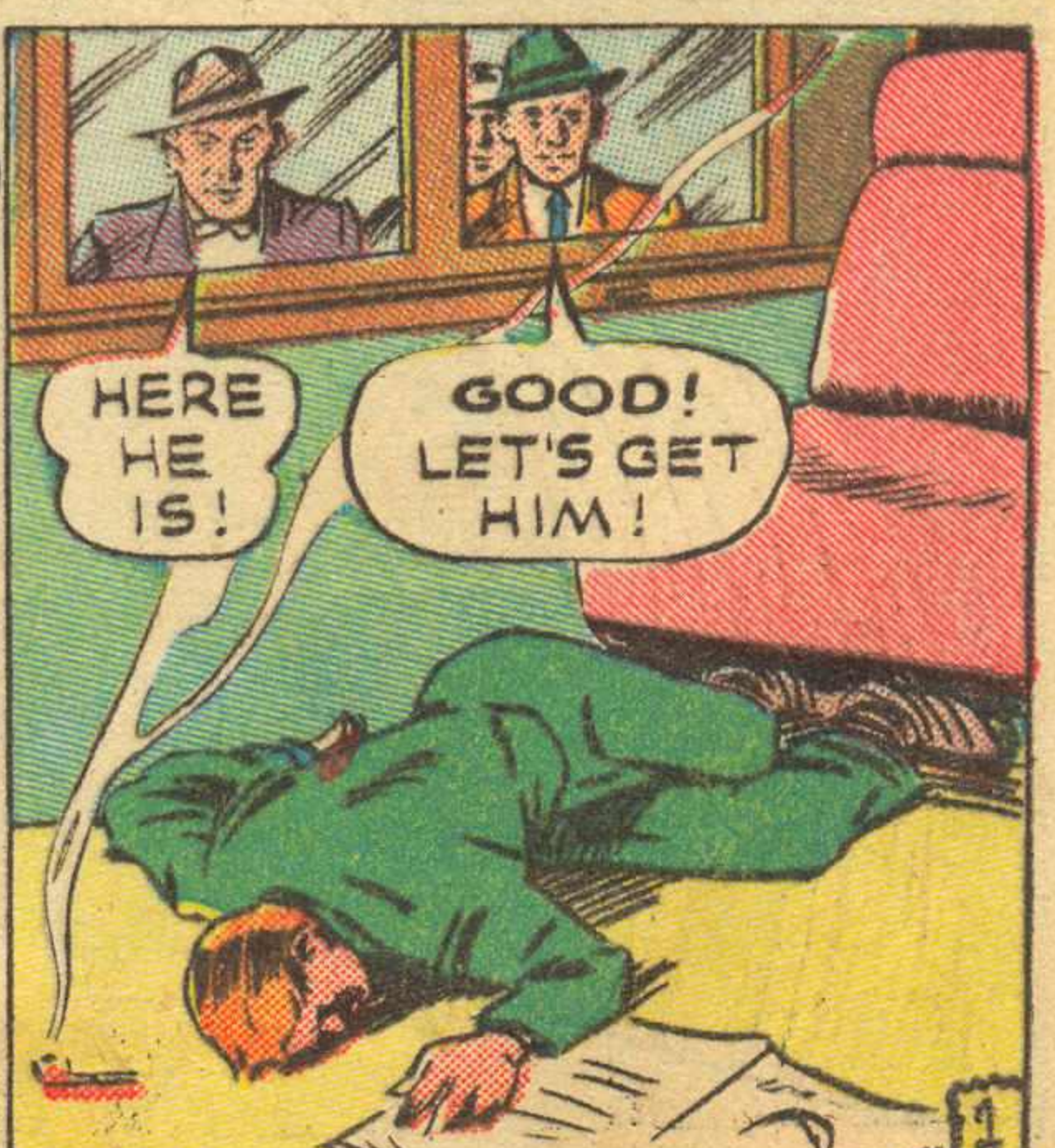
**S**UDDENLY... DISASTER OVERTAKES THE TRAIN...

GOOD LORD! WE'RE OFF THE TRACK!



SWELL JOB OF TRAINWRECKING!

NOW, TO FIND BARTON!



HERE HE IS!

GOOD! LET'S GET HIM!



GIVE US THOSE PAPERS  
CONCERNING THE METHOD  
YOU BRITISH RECENTLY  
DEVELOPED TO COMBAT  
AIR RAIDS!

I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE  
TALKING  
ABOUT!

ONE OF THE MEN STARTS  
TWISTING BARTON'S SER-  
IOUSLY INJURED LEG...

NO!  
DON'T!  
EOW!

PERHAPS  
THIS WILL  
CHANGE YOUR  
MIND!

TWIST IT MORE...  
MORE, MORE!

NO, STOP!  
I'LL TELL!  
I'LL TELL!

HERE THEY  
ARE, DOGS!

HAH! SO YOU'RE  
REASONABLE  
NOW!

A SLIGHT COMMOTION  
INVADES THE CAR!

WHO'S  
THAT?

LOOK!

YOU'D TWIST  
LEGS. EH?

RED  
SEAL  
INTRUDES!

OOF!

SO...GONE!  
AND WITH THE  
PAPERS! WELL,  
ONE OF THEM  
DIDN'T GET  
AWAY!

LET'S GET  
OUT OF  
HERE!

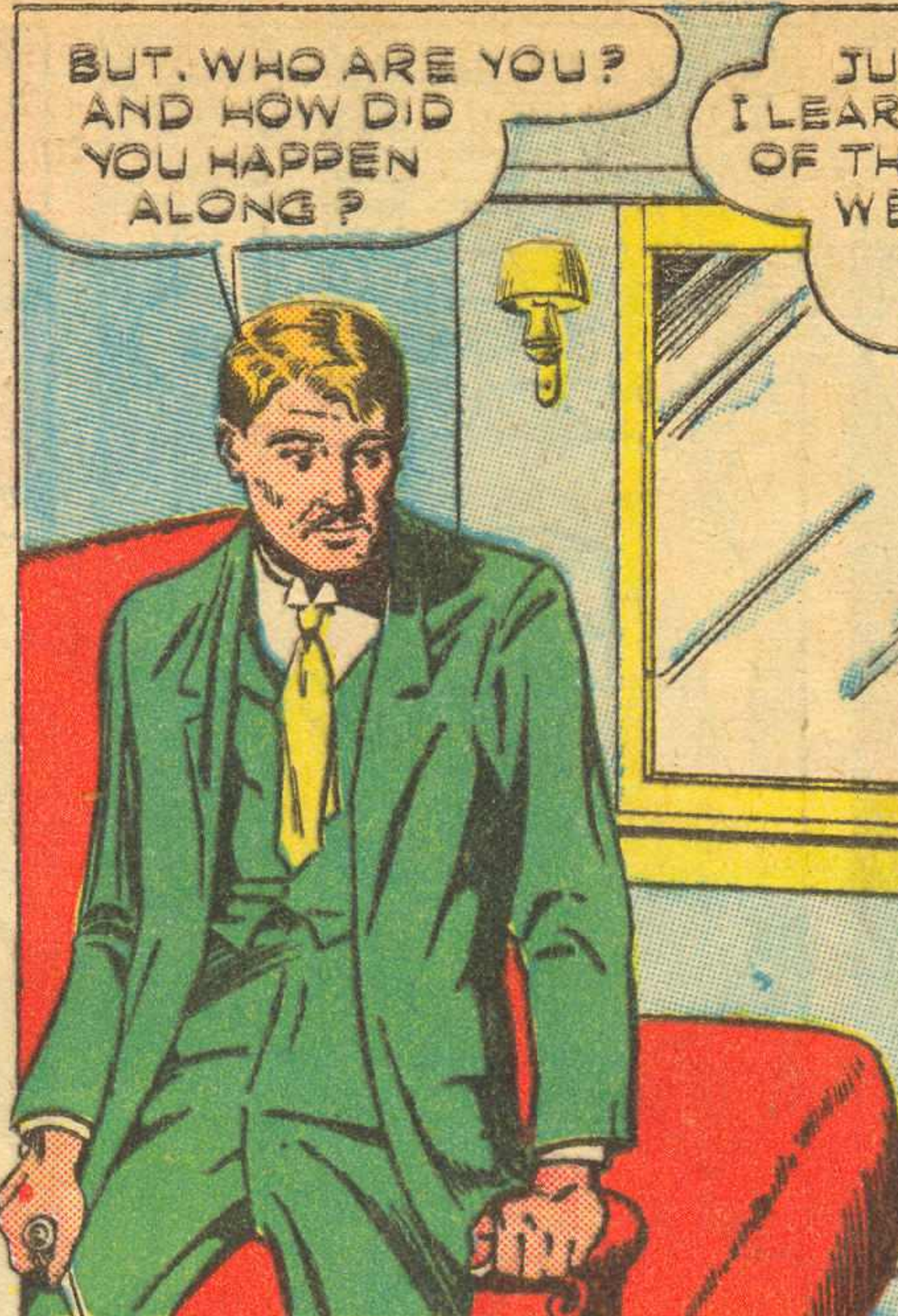
O-O-O-OH!





EASY, THERE!  
HOW DO YOU FEEL?

BETTER, SINCE  
YOU CAME!



BUT, WHO ARE YOU?  
AND HOW DID  
YOU HAPPEN  
ALONG?



JUST CALL ME A FRIEND!  
I LEARNED OF THE IMPORTANCE  
OF THE SECRET PAPERS YOU  
WERE CARRYING... AND  
SPIRITED MYSELF  
ABOARD AS YOUR  
BODYGUARD,  
INCOGNITO!



I PURPOSELY REFUSED A  
BODYGUARD TO DIVERT  
SUSPICION! THE FOREIGN  
SECRET AGENTS MUST HAVE  
CAUSED THIS TRAIN-  
WRECK TO GAIN THE DOC-  
UMENTS... TRY QUESTIONING  
THE CHAP YOU KNOCKED OUT!



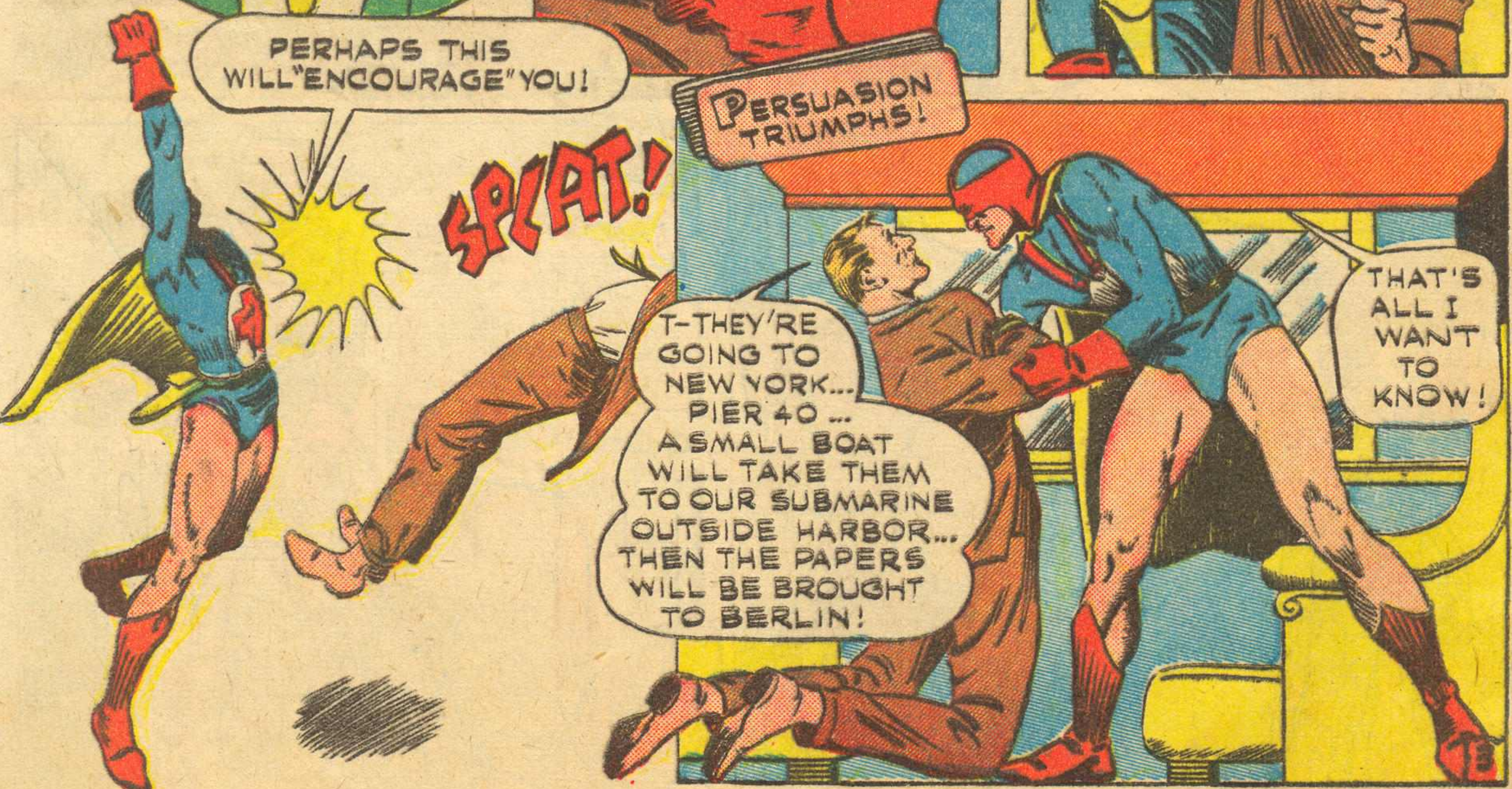
GOOD IDEA! GET UP, YOU!

UH-OH-  
WHERE  
AM I?



WHERE ARE YOUR  
BUDDIES  
HEADED  
FOR?

I-I  
WON'T  
TELL  
YOU!



PERHAPS THIS  
WILL "ENCOURAGE" YOU!

**SPLAT!**

PERSUASION  
TRIUMPHS!

T-THEY'RE  
GOING TO  
NEW YORK...  
PIER 40 ...  
A SMALL BOAT  
WILL TAKE THEM  
TO OUR SUBMARINE  
OUTSIDE HARBOR...  
THEN THE PAPERS  
WILL BE BROUGHT  
TO BERLIN!

THAT'S  
ALL I  
WANT  
TO  
KNOW!

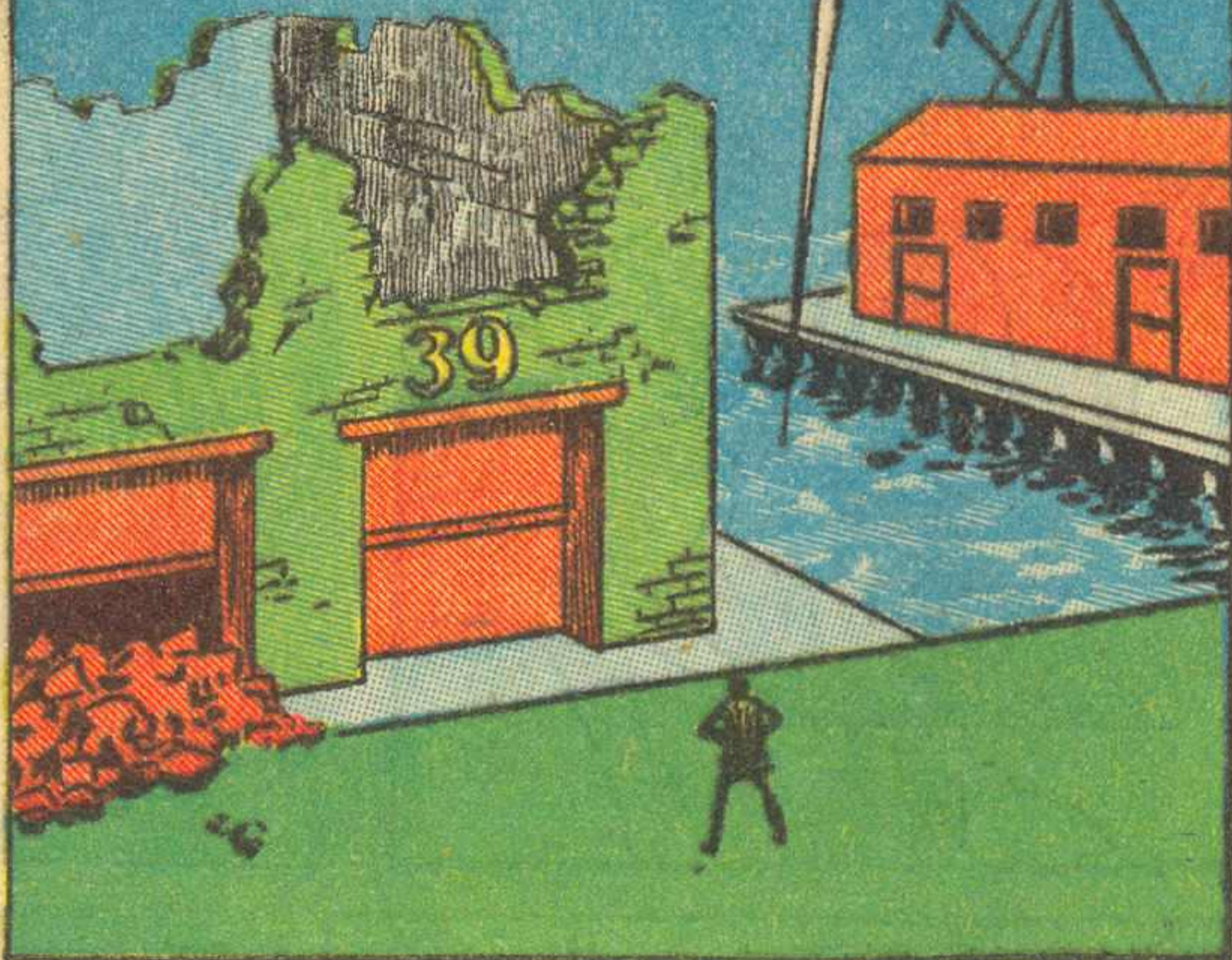


**W**ITH THE TRAIN WRECK CLEARED UP, AND THE FOREIGN AGENT PROPERLY TAKEN CARE OF... RED SEAL GOES TO NEW YORK TO FERRET OUT THE SPIES.



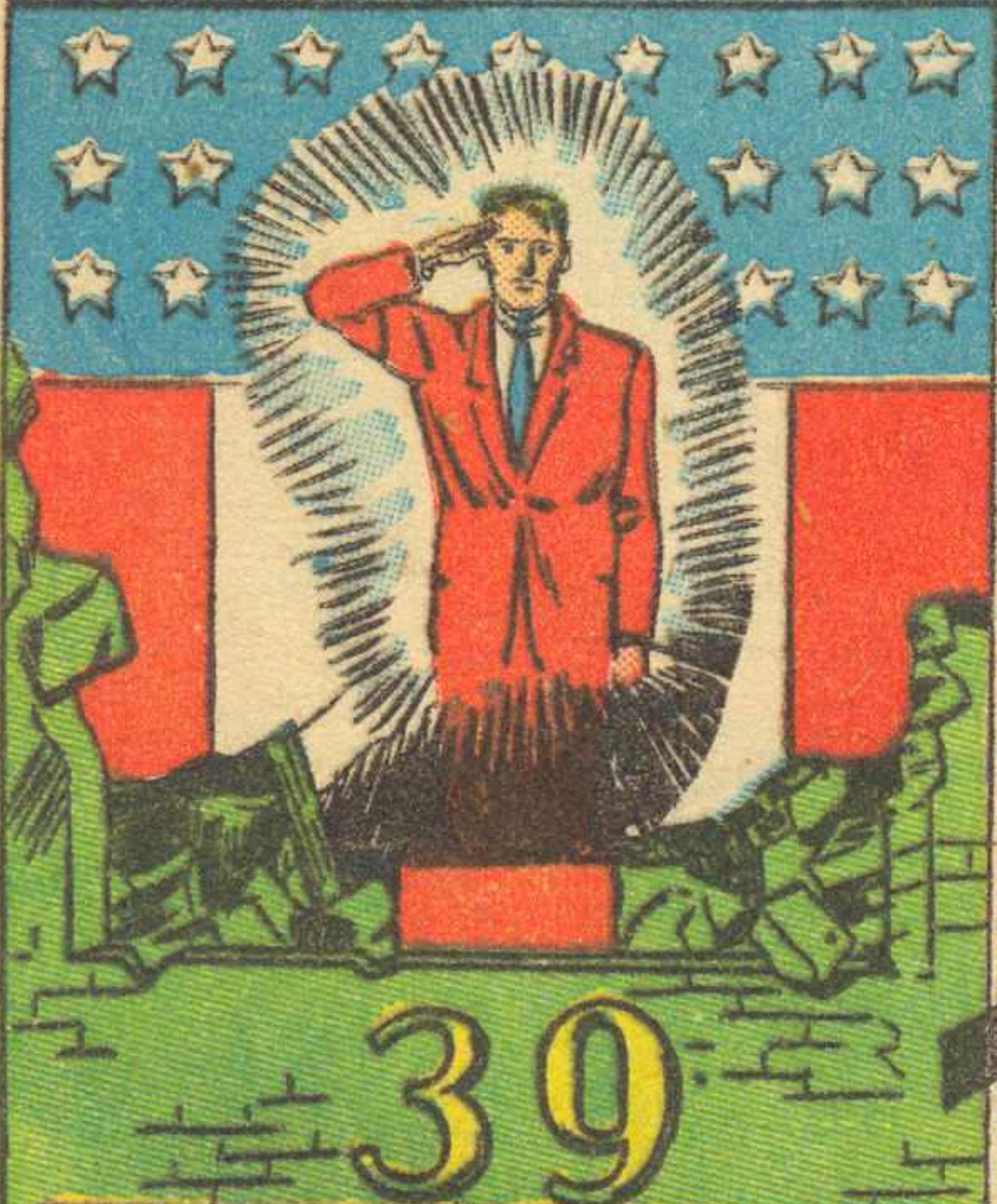
HMM... THIRTY-EIGHT... AND THE NEXT ONE'S THIRTY-NINE! I'LL NEVER FORGET IT....

AT PIER THIRTY NINE.



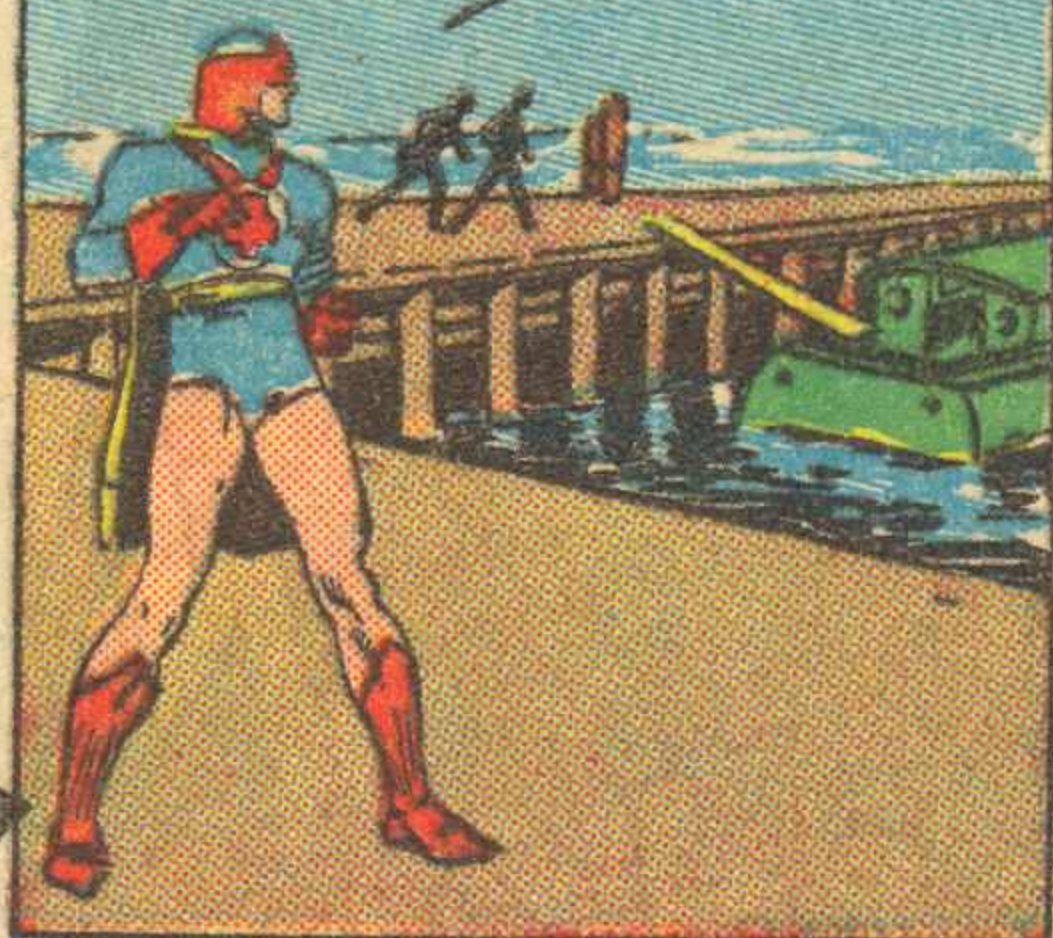
HERE IS WHERE WHITE STREAK PERISHED IN THE LINE OF DUTY!

IN SOLEMN TRIBUTE, RED SEAL SALUTES A TRUE PATRIOT...WHITE STREAK!



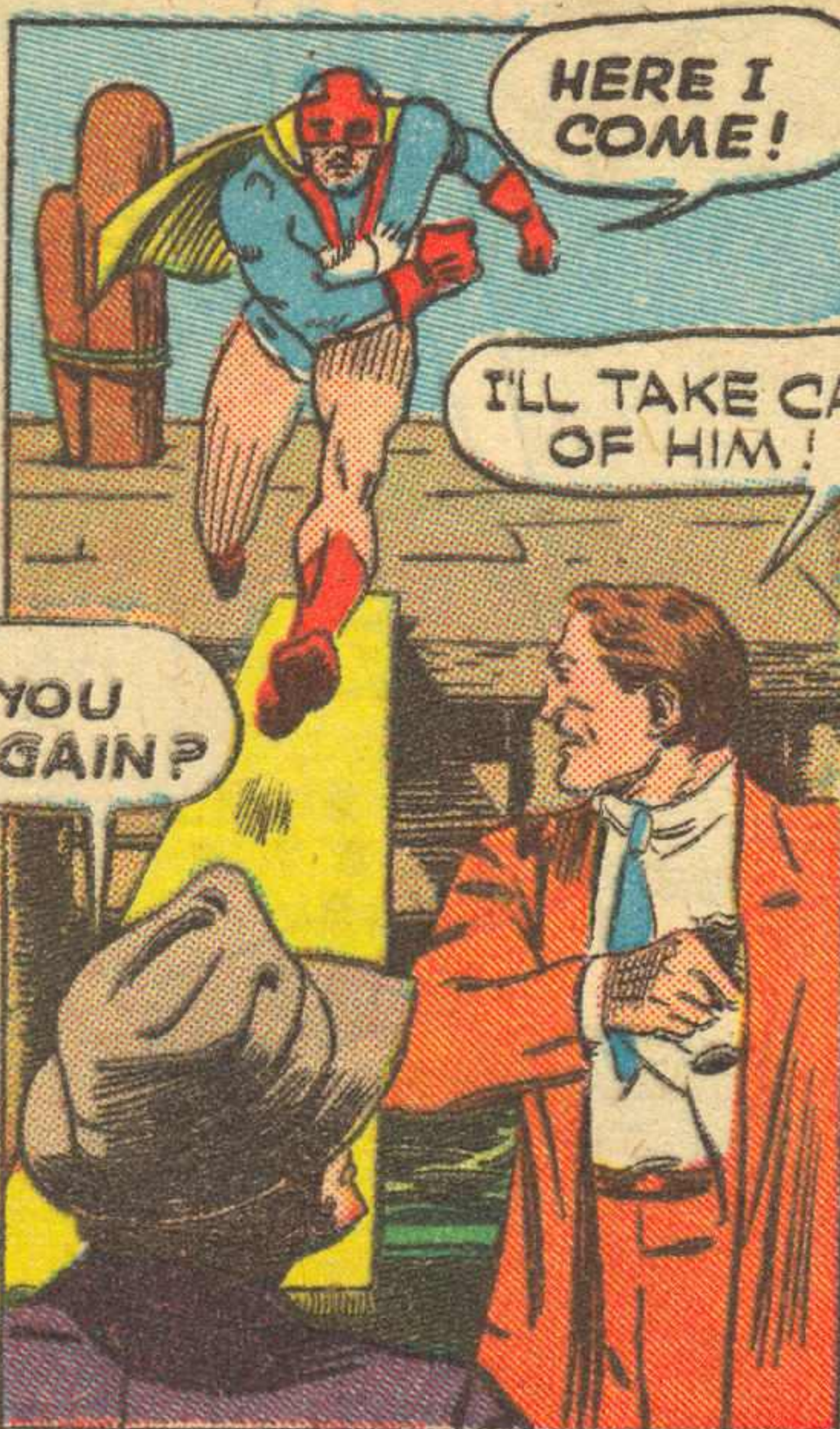
39

Then



HMM... THERE THEY ARE!

THE PAPERS MUST BE IN THAT BAG, SO...

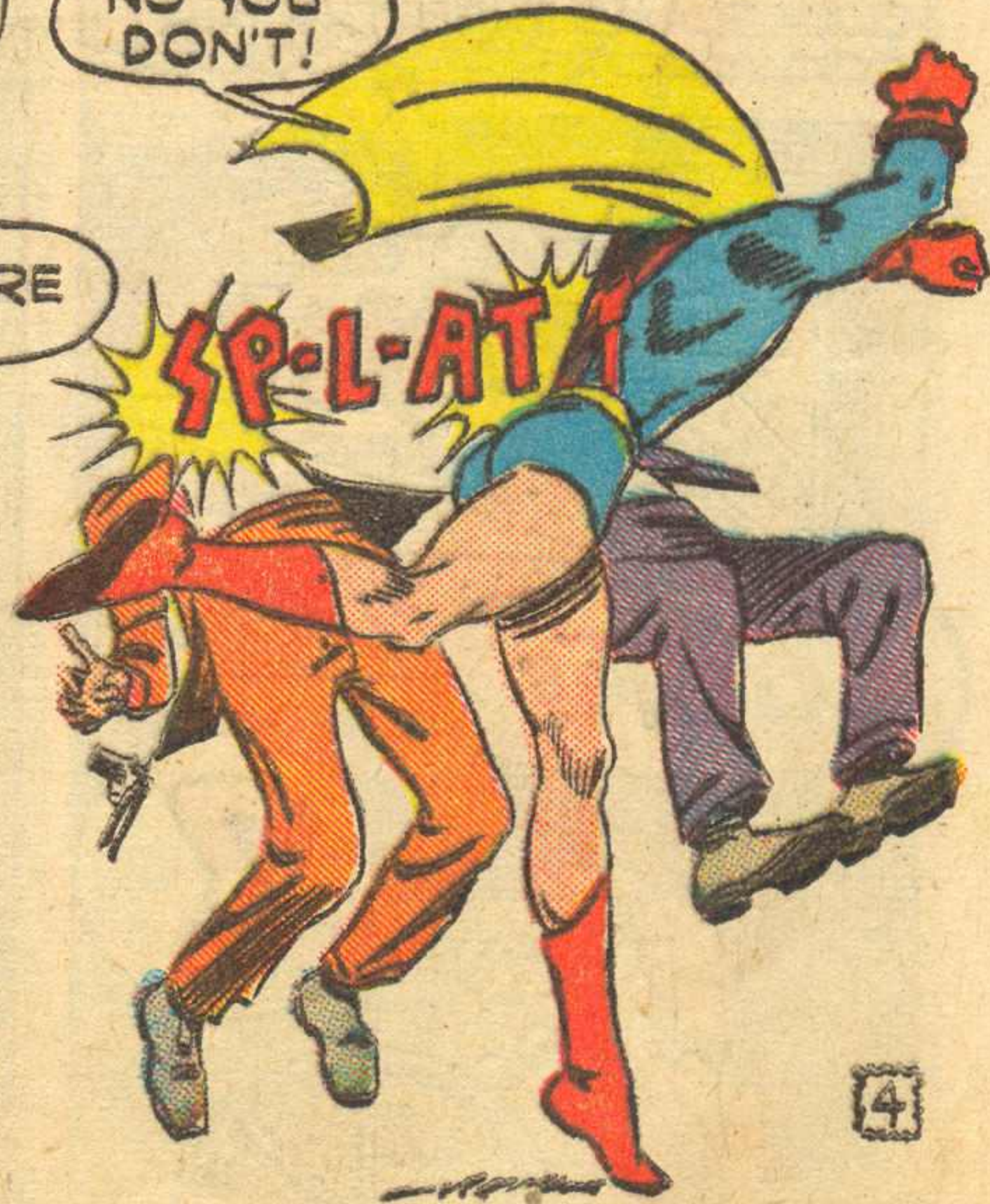


HERE I COME!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

YOU AGAIN?

NO YOU DON'T!



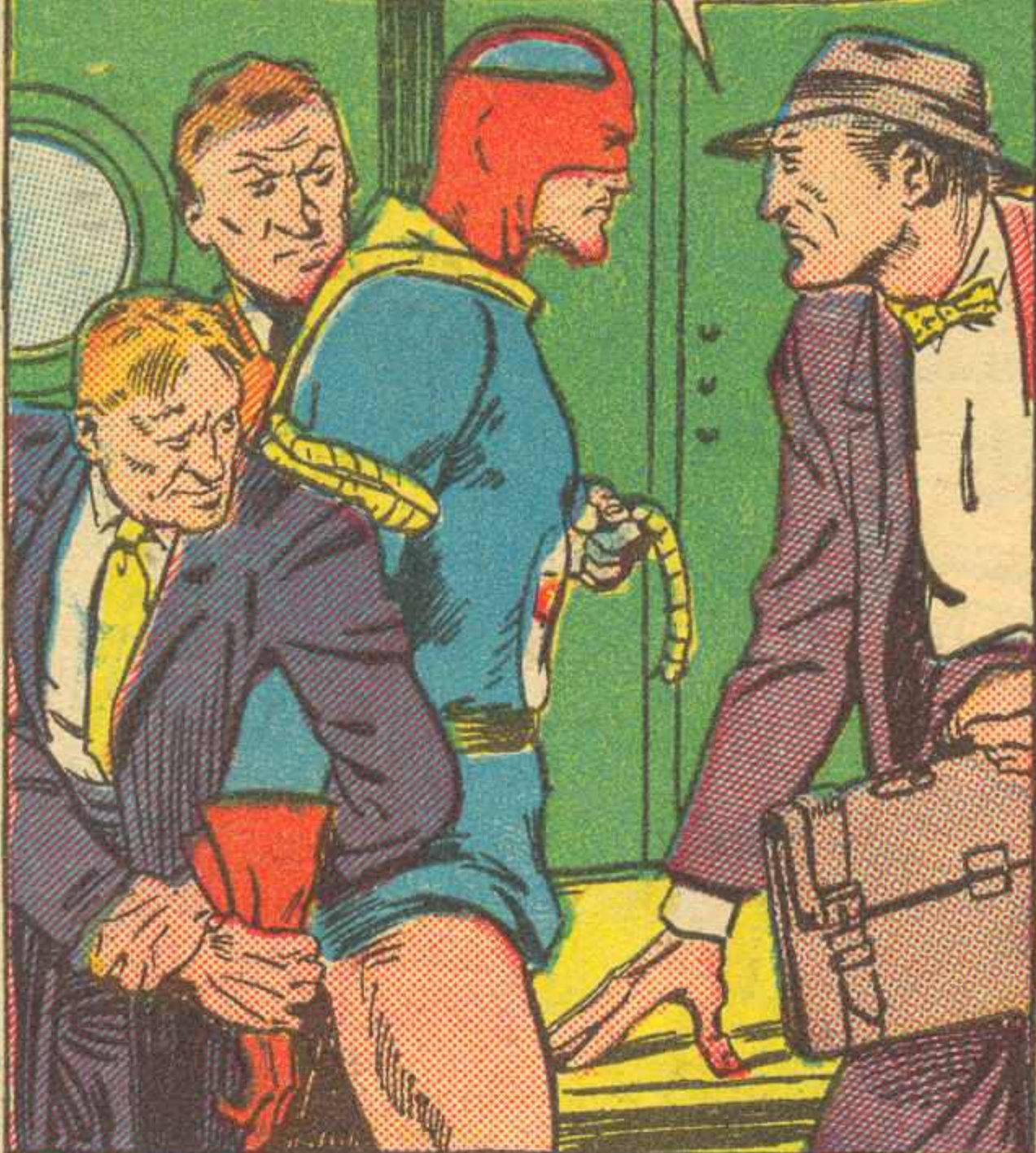


**A** THIRD MAN INTERVENES.

STOP...OR YOU'LL  
BE ROLLING  
IN BLOOD!

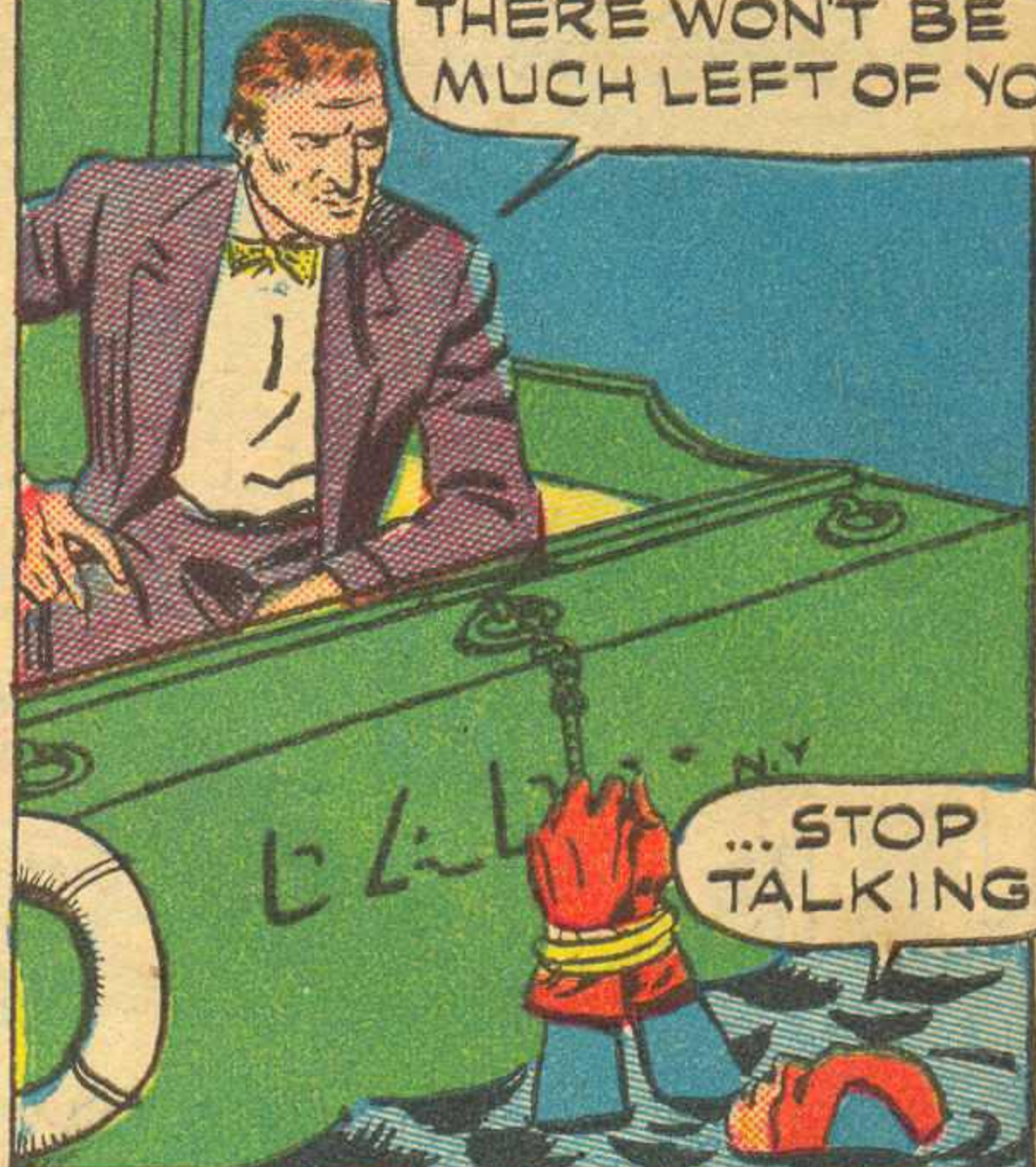


AFTER THE PAPERS...EH?  
WELL, YOU'LL NEVER GET  
THEM! PUT HIM OVERSIDE!

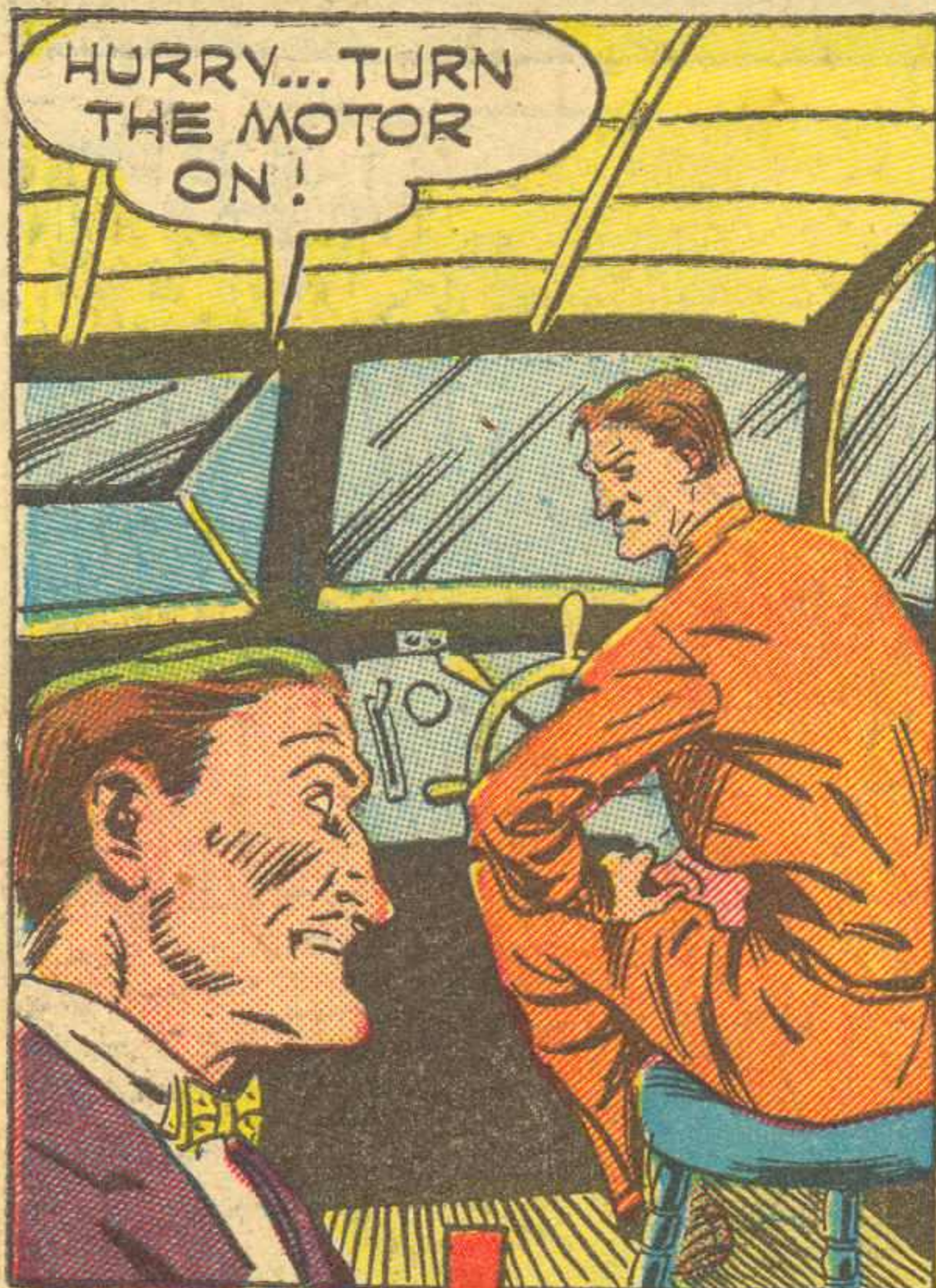


**R**ED SEAL IS PUT IN THE  
WATER...OVER THE PROPELLER.

WHEN THE MOTOR STARTS,  
THERE WON'T BE  
MUCH LEFT OF YOU!



HURRY...TURN  
THE MOTOR  
ON!

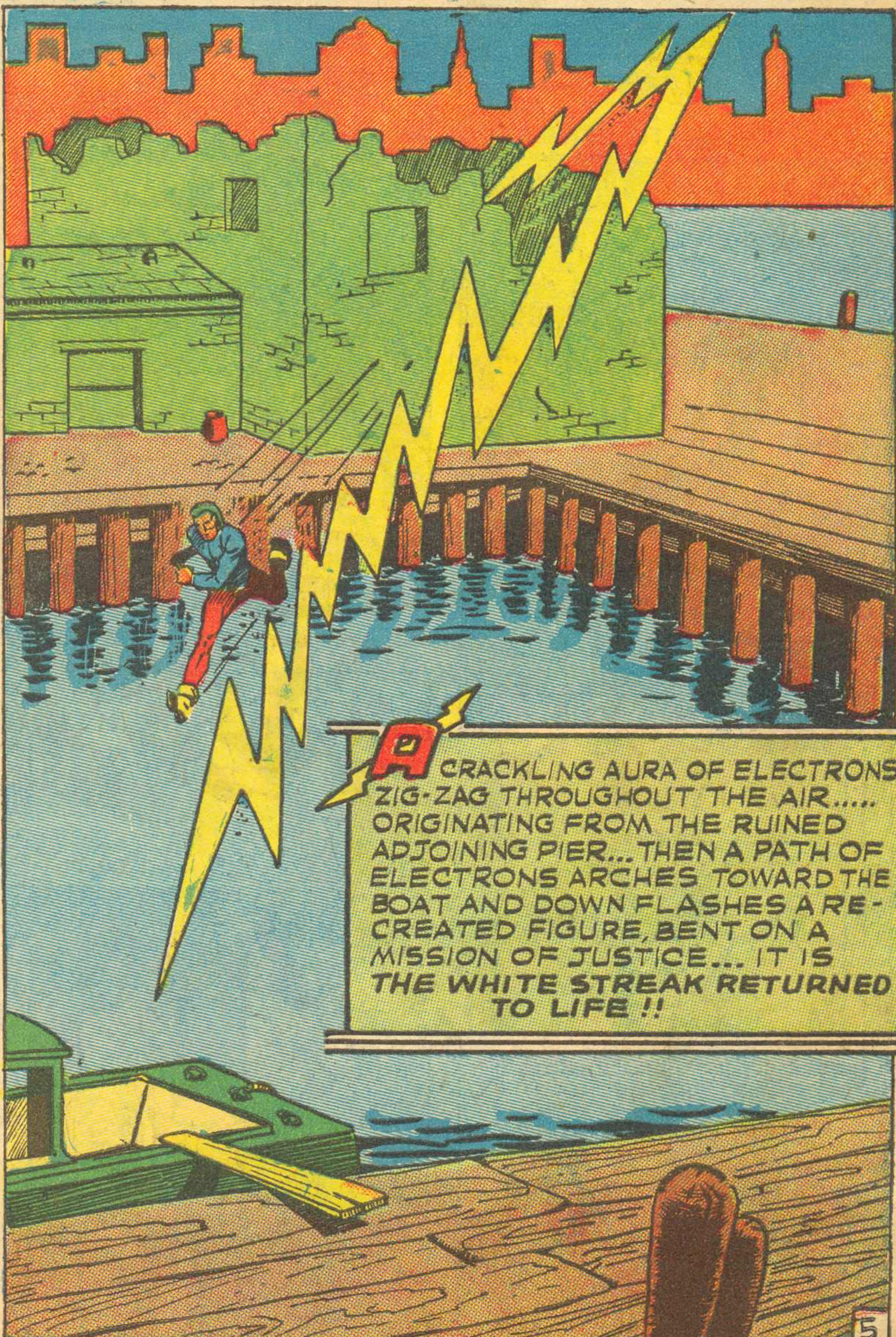
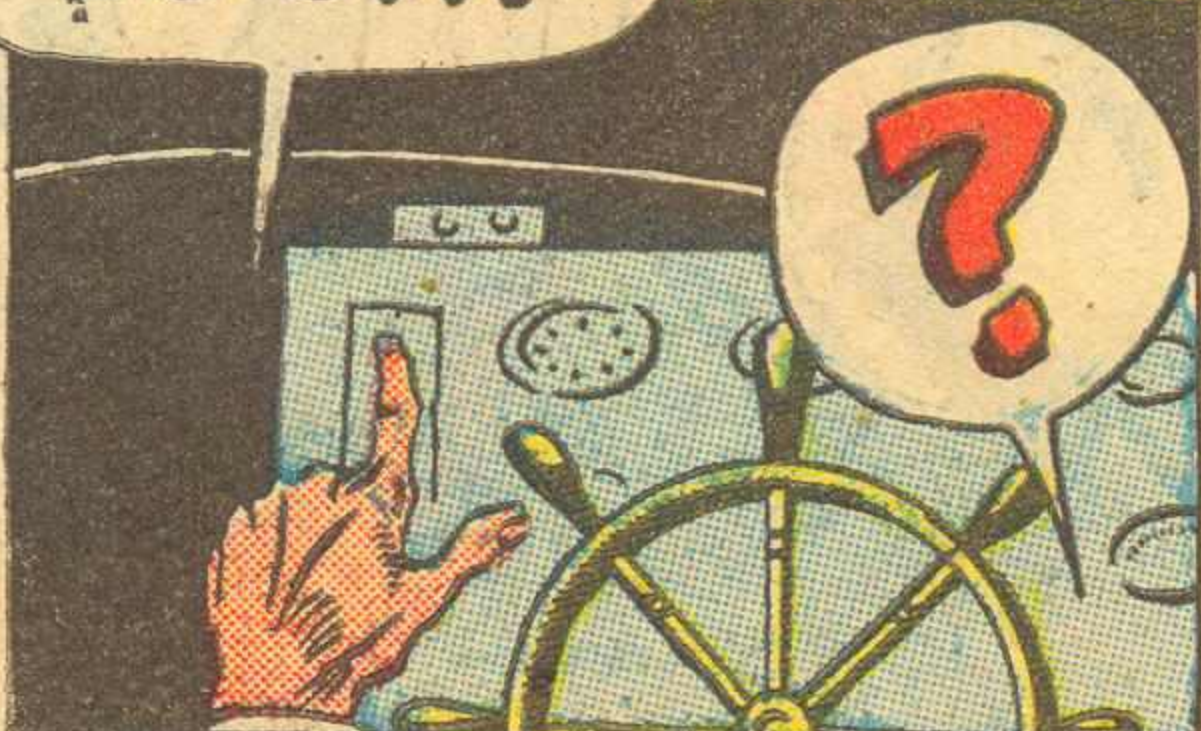


AS A HAND CLAMPS ON THE  
IGNITION SWITCH...A THUNDER-  
CLAP SLAMS THRU THE AIR!



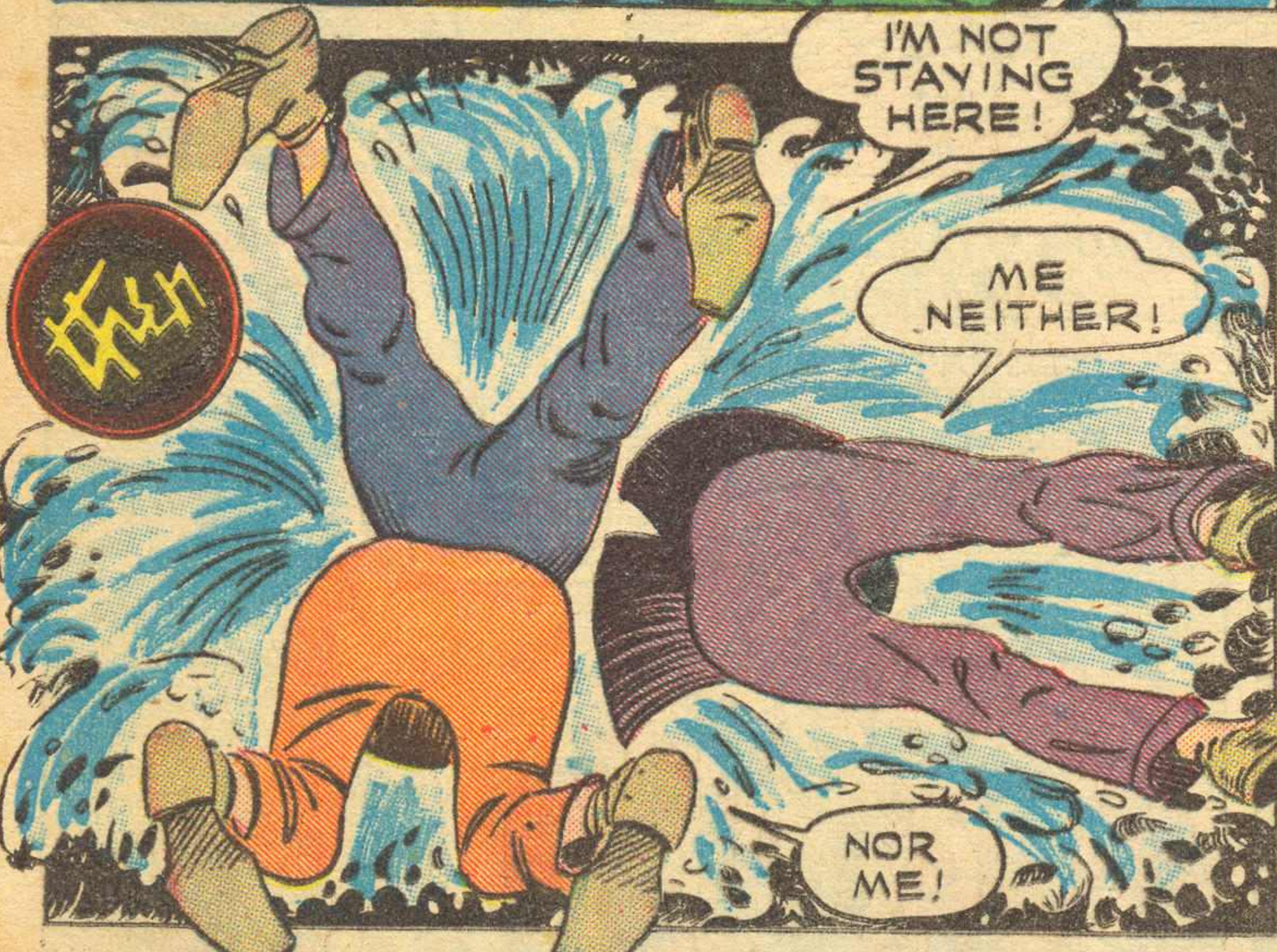
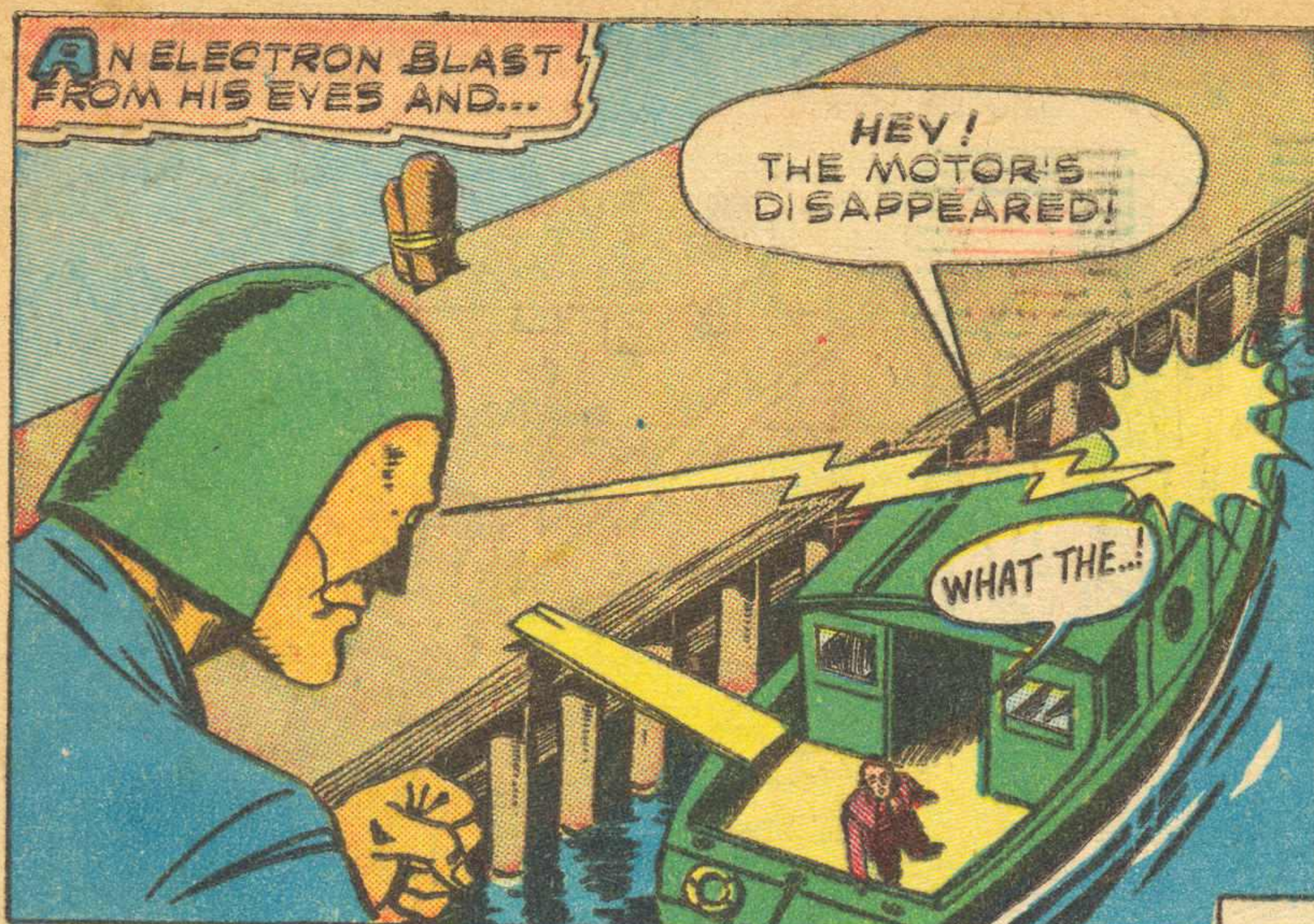
YE GADS...  
LOOK!

?



**A** CRACKLING AURA OF ELECTRONS  
ZIG-ZAG THROUGHOUT THE AIR....  
ORIGINATING FROM THE RUINED  
ADJOINING PIER...THEN A PATH OF  
ELECTRONS ARCHES TOWARD THE  
BOAT AND DOWN FLASHES A RE-  
CREATED FIGURE, BENT ON A  
MISSION OF JUSTICE... IT IS  
THE WHITE STREAK RETURNED  
TO LIFE !!









SORT OF WARM DOWN THERE, EH?

?



WHITE STREAK CAUSES AN ELECTRON JAIL TO FORM AROUND THE CRIMINALS!

CANCEL ALL ENGAGEMENTS, FRIENDS! YOU'RE DUE FOR AN EXTENDED STAY AT THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY!

YEOW!



ANOTHER WELL-SOAKED FIGURE ALSO EMERGES...

WHITE STREAK! I THOUGHT YOU WERE...

NOT QUITE... AS YOU CAN SEE!



WHITE STREAK DOES A LITTLE EXPLAINING...

YOU CERTAINLY HAD ME WEeping FOR YOU!

THANKS, SEAL! IT'S A QUEER INCIDENT IF YOU REMEMBER, I WAS TRAPPED IN THE PIER BY THOSE SABOTEURS AFTER THEY HAD LIGHTED THE FUSE!



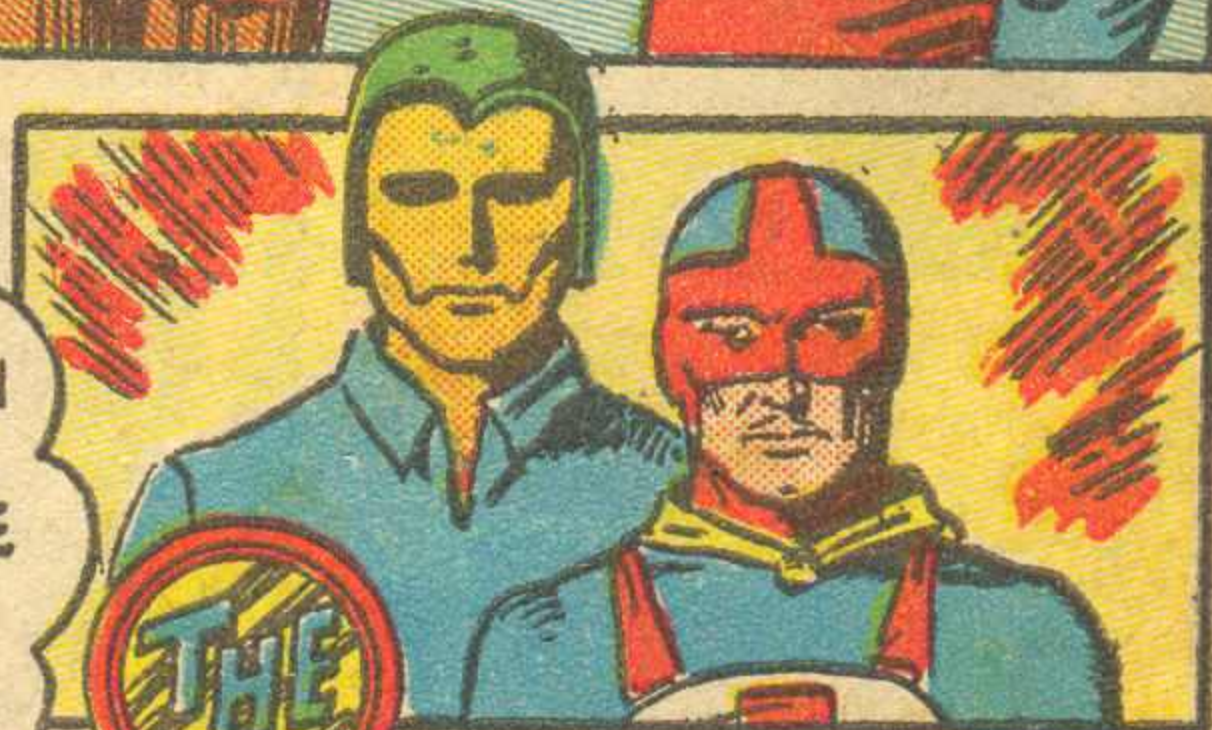
THAT'S RIGHT...I ROUNDED THEM UP AFTER THE EXPLOSION!

THE EXPLOSION MUST HAVE THROWN A LIVE WIRE ACROSS MY BODY AND THE ELECTRICITY CONVERTED ME INTO AN ELECTRICAL MASS, KEEPING ME IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION UNTIL NOW! SO HERE I AM IN MY ORIGINAL FORM!



WOW! SOME EXPERIENCE! HOW ABOUT THEM?

YOU TURN THEM IN! I WANT MY RESURRECTION KEPT SECRET. THERE'S A LITTLE MATTER I WANT TO CLEAR UP, WITH YOUR HELP....



THE ORIGINAL WHITE STREAK HAS RETURNED! FASCINATING ADVENTURES with the RED SEAL AWAIT YOU... IN THE NEXT ISSUE!!!



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